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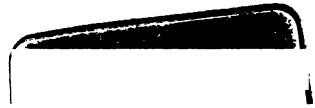

SELECT ORATIONS

OF

MARCUS T. CICERO:

TOGETHER WITH

THE TREATISES ON OLD AGE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. DR. M'KAY, M.R.I.A.,

RECTOR OF MAGHERAGAL.

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PREFACE.

THE object aimed at in preparing the present Edition of "M'Kay's Translation of Cicero" has been to render it more extensively useful.

This has been attempted by substituting for such parts of the original work as have been left out of the College Course two Treatises of Cicero which have been lately introduced into it, viz., that on Old Age, and that on Friendship; and thus the work, as it now stands, embraces *all* that is required for the Term Examinations.

It is unnecessary to refer to the portion of this Translation which has already appeared, as it has long been favourably received; and it is hoped that the portion of it which is new, having been rendered with the same accuracy, and in the same literal style, will be equally approved of, and be found equally useful.

SELECT ORATIONS,

&c. &c.

THE ORATION OF CICERO FOR THE POET ARCHIAS.

I. WHATEVER natural talent I may possess, and sensible I am, judges, how scanty it is; or whatever practice in public speaking, wherein I do not deny that I am tolerably experienced; or whatever [theoretical] skill in that pursuit resulting from the study of, and training in, the most liberal arts, to which I admit that no time* of my life has been a willing stranger:—of all these things is this Aulus Licinius, even in the highest degree, entitled, almost of personal right, to claim from me the advantages. For, so far back as my mind can review the space of time gone by, and recall the most distant recollection of my boyhood, even from thence retracing, I recognise in him my guide, both in first adopting and then entering upon the course of these studies. Now if this voice, modulated by his admonitions and precepts, has ever been the means of safety to any individuals, to that person, surely,—from whom I have received the means whereby I might assist all and preserve some,—am I in duty bound, as far as in me lies, to afford assistance and security. And, lest any one should, perhaps, wonder that I so express myself, inasmuch as he is master of a species of intellectual endowment different from mine, and not this knowledge and practice of oratory,—[be it remembered] that I have never, by any means, been altogether devoted exclusively to this pursuit. For all the arts which belong to polite learning possess a sort of common bond, and are mutually linked together by a species of kindred relation.

II. But, lest it may appear to any of you to be matter of surprise that, in a legal investigation, and on a public trial, when the case is argued before a Prætor of the Roman people—a most

* Or: 'At no time of my life have I been averse.'

distinguished man—and before judges the most grave, in so large an assembly and concourse of men, I should adopt this species of address,—which is not only at variance with the custom of judicial proceedings, but also with the language of the Bar,—I intreat of you to grant me, in this cause, the indulgence befitting the present defendant, and, as I hope, not disagreeable to yourselves: that, while speaking on behalf of a poet of the highest order, and a man of the most profound learning; before such an assemblage of the most eminent literary characters; amidst all the erudition by which you are adorned; and lastly, with a Prætor to preside, such as is here to-day,—you may suffer me to dilate somewhat more freely on the pursuit of polite learning and knowledge; and, as touching an individual [like Archias], who, owing to his privacy and studious habits, is very little conversant with judicial proceedings and trials, to employ a species of pleading almost new and unprecedented: and, if I find that this is allowed and granted me by you, I shall undoubtedly bring you to think, not only that this Aulus Licinius ought not, as being a citizen, to be removed from the roll of the citizens, but that even if he were not, he ought to be annexed thereto.

III. For as soon as Archias withdrew from among his boyish compeers, and from those studies by which the season of boyhood is apt to be trained to polite learning, he applied himself to the study of poetical compositions; [and] he was fortunate enough, first at Antioch (for there he was born, of a noble family, and in a city once populous and wealthy, and abounding with men of the greatest erudition, and with the most polite studies), [he was fortunate enough, I say,] speedily to excel all in the reputation of genius; and afterwards, throughout the other parts of Asia, and all Greece, his coming was so much the theme of all, that the impatience to behold the individual exceeded the fame of his talents: his arrival, again, and the admiration which ensued, exceeded even that impatience.

Italy was then full of the arts and sciences of Greece; and these studies were both pursued with more ardour in the whole of Latium than they now are in its very towns; and here at Rome, owing to the public tranquillity, they were not neglected. Accordingly, both the Tarentines, Rheginians, and Neapolitans, presented him with the freedom of their cities and other honours; and all who were competent to appreciate talents deemed him worthy of their acquaintance and hospitable attention. When he was become known by this celebrity of fame, even to persons remote, he came to Rome in the consulship of Marius and Catulus; and he first* chanced to find two consuls in office, of such remarkable qualifi-

* *Primum* is answered by *statim* for *deinde*, in the next sentence.

cations that one of them was able to supply him with the noblest subjects for his Muse; the other, not only the subjects, but an attentive perusal and audience [of his effusions].* Immediately after, the Luculli, when Archias was even then in the robe of youth, received him into their families. But it was the result, also, not only of his parts and learning, but also of his natural dispositions and virtue, that the same house which was the first retreat of his youth continued the most accessible to his old age. At that time, too, he was the delight of that celebrated Q. Metellus Numidicus, and his son, Pius. He was attended [at his recitations] by M. Æmilius; he lived with Q. Catulus, both father and son. He was caressed by L. Crassus; nay, when he had the Luculli, and Drusus, and the Octavii, and Cato, and the whole family of the Hortensii, united to him in habits of friendship, he was marked by [this] high honour, that not only did those patronize him who were anxious to learn and to hear some of his compositions, but also those who, perhaps, affected to be so inclined.

IV. Meanwhile, after a considerable interval, when he had set out, with L. Lucullus, for Sicily, and when he was leaving that province with the same Lucullus, he came to Heraclea: and, as it was a city possessed of the most favourable privileges and alliance [with Rome], of that city he was desirous of being enrolled as a freeman; and, at the same time that he was thought deserving of it on his own account, he also obtained it from the Heracleans, through the authority and interest of Lucullus. The freedom of Rome was granted by the law of Silvanus and Carbo [on the following terms]:—"If any had been enrolled among [the citizens of] federate states; if, at the time when the law passed, they had a residence in Italy;" and "if they had given in their names for registration to the Prætor within sixty days." Now, when this [Archias] had already for many years a domicile at Rome, he gave in his name for enrolment to Q. Metellus, the Prætor, his most intimate friend. If our proofs are restricted to the citizenship [of Heraclea] and the law [of Silvanus and Carbo], I need proceed no farther: my cause is pleaded [and established]. For which of these proofs, Gracchus, can be invalidated? Will you deny that he was enrolled in Heraclea? Here is a man of the greatest credit, piety, and honour, M. Lucullus, who asserts, not that he thinks, but that he knows; not that he has heard, but has seen; not that he was present at, but transacted [the whole affair]. Here are Heraclean delegates, men of the highest rank, who are come on account of this trial, with the instructions and testimony of their state, and who assert that he was enrolled a Heraclean citizen. Do you here want the public census of the

* Ernesti: 'could, himself, write verses, and feel the beauty of poetical composition;' i. e. *studio is equal to* 'similarity of pursuit.'

Heracleans, which, we all know, perished on the burning of the registry office, during the Italian war? It is ridiculous not to make any reply to the [evidence] which we have, and yet to require what we cannot have; not to say a word of the testimony of men, and yet to demand the testimony of records; and, when you have the solemn asseveration of a most illustrious man, the oath and the faith of a most honourable corporation, to reject what cannot, by any possibility, be corrupted; to insist upon registers which, even you allow, are accustomed to be vitiated. But he did not possess a residence at Rome. He who, for so many years before its freedom was conferred on him, had fixed at Rome the seat of all his interests and fortunes? But [you will say] he did not register. Nay, but he did register; and on that roll, too, which [is] the only one in that registration, and with the college of Prætors, [that] retains the authority of a public census.

V. For when the registry of Appius was said to have been kept but carelessly, and when the corruption of Gabinius, as long as he maintained his credit; and the ruins of his fortunes, after his condemnation, had cancelled all the credit of his registry, Metellus, a man distinguished above all others for his piety and observation of the laws, was of such scrupulousness, that he came before L. Lentulus, the Prætor, and the judges, and declared that he was uneasy at the blotting of a single name. In this census, then, you see no blot against the name of A. Licinius. And as this is the case, what reason is there why you should doubt of his citizenship, particularly when he was enrolled in other free cities also? For when individuals in Greece imparted for nought the freedom of their cities to many men of ordinary talent, and following either none, or else some humble profession, am I to believe that the Rheginians, or the Locrians, or the Neapolitans, or the Tarentines, would have refused to this man, invested with the highest glory of genius, that which they were in the habit of bestowing upon stage performers? What! when others, not only after the grant of citizenship, but even after the Papian law, got themselves by certain means surreptitiously inserted in the census books of their cities, shall he be rejected who does not avail himself even of those in which he has been enrolled, because he always wished to be considered a Heraclean? But you demand, forsooth, our property-census. [What a demand!] For is it a secret, that during the late censorship he was in the army with that renowned general, L. Lucullus; that during the former, he was in Asia with the same general, then Quæstor there; that during the first, that of Julius and Crassus, no part of the people were assessed? But as this assessment does not establish the right of citizenship, but merely shows that he who was assessed did then deport himself as a citizen, [know that] at the time in which you

charge him, that even by his own decision he was not possessed of the right of Roman citizens, he both made a will according to our laws, and succeeded to bequests made him by Roman citizens; and was, by L. Lucullus, both when Prætor and Consul, handed over to the treasury in the list* of persons to be rewarded for services done to the Republic.

VI. Make search, then, for whatever arguments you can; for Archias will never be ousted of citizenship, either by his own decision or that of his friends.

You will ask me, Gratius, why I am so highly charmed with this man? It is because he supplies me [with that store] by which both my mind is refreshed after this forensic din, and my ears, wearied with wrangling, enjoy repose. Do you imagine either that I could be furnished with matter on which I should daily expatiate amidst such a variety of topics, were I not to embellish my mind with learning, or that my mind could bear such perpetual exertions if I did not afford it relaxation by the aid of that self-same learning? I truly am free to confess that I am devoted to these studies. Let others blush, if any there be, who have so immured themselves in literature as to be unable to contribute or bring forward into public view and notice aught therefrom tending to the general good. But why, judges, need I feel ashamed, who have lived so many years in such a manner that from the pressing wants or interests of no man has either my ease withdrawn, or pleasure allured, or sleep detained me? Wherefore, who, pray, can censure me,—who be justly displeased with me,—if as much time as is allowed others for attending to their private concerns, as much as is allowed them for solemnizing the festivals of our public games; for the enjoyment of other pleasures, and for the very repose of the body and mind; as much as others waste on early banquets; and lastly. as much as on gaming, as much as on the diversion of playing ball: so much I afford myself for revising these studies? And this indulgence ought to be granted me even the more, because by these studies is this eloquence and ability of speaking improved; which, in however small a degree I possess it, was never wanting to the exigencies of my friends; and if to any this appears of comparatively trifling importance, I am sensible from what source I derive a qualification [which I will now allude to, and] which at least is of the highest order. For had I not, by the precepts of many philosophic men, and by much private study, brought myself to believe from my youth that there is nothing ardently to be pursued in life save praise and reputation; and that in the pursuit of it, all

* It was found necessary to paraphrase 'beneficia,' which was a technical name for *such persons.—Vid.* Adams' Dictionary.

corporeal tortures, all dangers of death and exile, were to be considered as trivial; I never should have exposed myself, for your welfare, to so many and so severe struggles, and to those daily assaults of unprincipled demagogues. Nay, all books are replete, the language of sages is replete, antiquity is replete, with patterns for our imitation, which would all be buried in obscurity if the torch of learning did not draw near. How many portraits of the bravest men, expressed to the life, have the Greek and Latin writers bequeathed us, not only to contemplate but also to emulate! And these ever setting before me [as models] in the government of the state, I used to mould aright my heart and my judgment by the very contemplation of those excellent men.

VII. Now some one will ask: What! those great men themselves whose valiant deeds have been the theme of history, were they skilled in that learning which you are extolling with your praise? It is hard to establish this of them all; but what I shall answer, however, may be relied upon. I own that there have existed many men of extraordinary talents and virtue, and that they have become well regulated in their minds, and esteemed by the world, without the aid of learning, and by the almost divine bent of Nature itself. Nay, I make this admission, that natural talent, without learning, is more frequently of efficacy in the attainment of glory and virtue, than learning without natural talent; and at the same time I argue, that when to a superior and fine natural talent a certain acquaintance with and embellishment of learning is added, then there is apt to be produced some great and extraordinary result: that in this number was that godlike man whom our fathers beheld, Africanus; of this number, C. Lælius, L. Furius, men of the most remarkable temperance and self-control; of this, that elder M. Cato, the bravest of men, and, considering the times, most learned: who, had they not been aided by literature in the acquisition and improvement of virtue, would never, surely, have applied themselves to its study. But, even admitting that so extraordinary fruits as these were not exhibited to view, if entertainment alone were the object of these studies,—still, in my judgment, you would decidedly consider this a most polite and noble application of the mental powers. For other [pursuits] are adapted neither for all times, nor ages, nor places; but these studies nurture youth, charm old age, embellish prosperity, afford adversity a refuge and a solace; at home they delight; they obstruct not abroad; they spend the night in our company; they sojourn with us in foreign lands; in the country they abide with us.

VIII. Now even if we ourselves were incapable of applying to these [studies], and of relishing them by our perception, we still ought to admire them even when we behold them in others.

Which of us had a heart so barbarous and unfeeling as not to be affected at the recent death of Roscius, who, though he died when he was an old man, yet, owing to his unrivalled skill and gracefulness, seemed to have been deserving of not dying at all? Had he then won to himself so much love from us all, by the attitudes of his body; and shall we overlook the incredible activity of our minds, and the rapid flight of intellect? How often, judges, have I seen this Archias—(for I shall take advantage of your indulgence, since you are listening to me with such attention in this novel mode of pleading)—how often have I beheld him, when he had not written a single letter, pronounce *extempore* a great number of the finest verses on those very affairs which we were then engaged with! How often, when *encored*, [have I beheld] him treat the same subject again, the phrases and sentences being completely altered! But as to the compositions which he had written with pains and study, these I found to be so approved of, as to emulate the glory of the ancient poets. Shall I not then love him? Shall I not admire him? Shall I not deem him worthy of being, in every possible way, defended? Now I have so learned, from even the greatest and most erudite men, that the study of other subjects consists in instruction, and rules, and method; but that the poet derives his force from Nature herself, and is awakened by mental energy, and animated almost by a kind of divine enthusiasm. And so our great Ennius—and well he was entitled—calls poets 'sacred,' because they seem to be recommended to our care, as it were, through some benefaction and munificence of the gods. Let then this name of poet, judges, be sacred with you, men of the most polished minds, which no barbarous land has ever profaned. Rocks and deserts re-echo to their voice; savage beasts are often soothed with song, and stand immoveable: and shall not we, who are trained up in the most useful studies, be charmed by the voice of the poets? The Colophonians assert that Homer is their citizen; the Chians claim him as theirs; the Salaminians demand him; but the Smyrneans affirm him to be their son; and they have accordingly dedicated a temple to him in their city. Very many others besides dispute and contend with each other [for the honour of his birth].

IX. Do they then, even after his death, lay claim to a stranger, because he was a poet? Shall we reject, while yet alive, him who is ours as well by inclination as by the laws, especially as Archias has long ago employed all his learning and all his talents in celebrating the glory and praise of the Roman people? For he both applied himself in his youth to the Cimbric war, and was a favourite with the great C. Marius himself, who was thought to be rather insensible to the beauties of poetry: for there is no man so hostile to the Muses but would readily permit the never-dying

eulogium of his labours to be consigned to poetic strains. They tell us that Themistocles—that illustrious Athenian—when the question was put to him as to what minstrel or whose voice he would most gladly listen to, replied: "His by whom his own virtue should be most ably set forth to the world." Accordingly, the great Marius, likewise, particularly esteemed L. Plotius, by whose talents he believed that the achievements which he had performed could acquire celebrity. Now the Mithridatic war, important and dangerous [as it was], and involved in a vast diversity of fortune by land and sea, has been entirely delineated by [the pen of] Archias; which compositions shed a lustre, not only on L. Lucullus, that most gallant and renowned general, but also on the name of the Roman people. For, under the command of Lucullus the Roman people unbarred the Pontus, formerly secured, not only by the forces of King Mithridates, but also by the nature of the region itself; and the Roman army, under the same general, with an inconsiderable force, routed innumerable hordes of the Armenians. The praise, too, belongs to the Roman people of having, under the guidance of the same [general], rescued and preserved the city of Cyzicum, our most intimate ally, from every assault of royalty, and from the mouth [as it were] and jaws of the whole war. The sinking of the enemy's fleet, accompanied with the death of their generals, and that incredible naval engagement at Tenedos, in which Lucullus was engaged, shall ever be recorded and set forth as our own; ours are the trophies, ours the monuments, ours the triumphs. The fame, therefore, of the Roman people is celebrated by the writers, by whose talents these actions are recorded. Our Ennius was beloved by the elder Africanus, and he, it is thought, was the person formed in marble in the cemetery of the Scipios. But surely not they alone who are eulogized, but the name of the Roman people too, is ennobled by these praises. Cato, the great grandfather of this [Cato, our judge], is exalted to the skies; [and thereby] great honour is attached to the fortunes of the Roman people. In a word, not one of the Maximi, Marcelli, or Fulvii, is covered with glory, without its redounding to the common praise of us all.

X. Did, then, our ancestors receive into their city the man who had accomplished this task, though a native of Rudiæ; and shall we thrust out of our city this Heraclean, courted by many cities, but domiciled in this by the laws? For if any one imagines that a less abundant harvest of glory is reaped from Greek poetry than from Latin, he is greatly mistaken; because Greek is read in almost every country, Latin is confined to its own very narrow limits. If, therefore, these exploits which we have achieved are limited [only] by the confines of the world, we ought to wish that our glory and fame should extend as far as the weapons

with which we are armed have reached; these [poetic effusions] not only shed a lustre on the nations whose actions are recorded, but also form the most powerful incentive both to labours and dangers,—at least to those who risk their lives for glory. How many historians of his deeds is that great Alexander said to have had in his train? And yet when he stood by the tomb of Achilles, in Sigeum, he exclaims: 'O happy youth! who didst find a Homer to be the herald of thy valiant deeds.' And rightly too: for had not that Ilias remained, the same mound which covered his body would also have entombed his name. What! this our Magnus, who raised his good fortune to a level with his bravery, did he not gift with citizenship, in an assembly of his soldiers, Theophanes, of Mitylene, the narrator of his deeds? And those gallant countrymen of ours, though unpolished and mere soldiers, affected by some pleasing charm of glory, as if they were partners in the same applause, approved of it with loud acclamations. Am I to suppose, then, that had Archias not been a Roman citizen by the laws, he could not have procured the presentation to citizenship from some of our generals? Sylla, forsooth, when he was granting it to Spaniards and Gauls, would have refused his request! Sylla, whom, on some sorry and vulgar poet presenting him with a petition—I actually saw in an assembly—only because he had made an epigram upon him in elegiac verse, at once ordering a reward to be given him out of those effects which he was then selling—; on this condition, however, that he should not pen another line. Is it not likely that he who conceived the industry of a bad poet as still deserving of some reward, should have eagerly coveted the genius of Archias, his excellence, and facility in composition? What! could he not, neither by his own interest, nor by that of the Luculli, have obtained this boon from Q. Metellus Pius, his own most intimate friend, and one who had presented many with citizenship? especially as he was so very desirous of having his actions celebrated, that he lent an ear even to the sorry poets of Corduba, strumming forth some stupid and barbarous [strain].

XI. Nor ought this to be disguised, which cannot be kept in the dark, but ought rather to be openly confessed by us all: we are every one influenced by the love of praise, and the best man is most attracted by glory. The philosophers themselves inscribe their names in those treatises which they write upon the [subject of] despising glory: in the very [work] wherein they decry celebrity and distinction, they desire themselves to be celebrated and named. D. Brutus, indeed, that great man and general, decorated the portals of the temples and monuments of his ancestors with the verses of his beloved Attius. The great Fulvius too, who, attended by Ennius, fought with the Ætolians, hesitated not to dedicate to the Muses the spoils of Mars. Now, in

a city wherein generals almost in arms have reverenced the name of poets and the shrines of the Muses,—surely judges in the robe of peace ought not to be averse to the honour of the Muses and the patronage of poets. And that you may the more willingly do so, I shall declare myself before you, judges, and make confession to you of a love of glory which inflames me, too ardent, perhaps, but nevertheless honourable. For, the achievements which I performed in my consulship, in conjunction with you, for the safety of this city and empire, and for the Republic at large, Archias began and attempted [to describe] in verse; and having heard the composition, as it seemed a sublime and gratifying theme, I exhorted him to complete it. For virtue requires no other reward for its labours and perils than that of praise and glory, which, judges, if it were but withdrawn, what object is there for which we should harass ourselves with such fatigues in this career of human life, so contracted and so brief? Assuredly, if the mind did not extend its thoughts to futurity, and if it limited all its ideas by the same confines which bound the space of human existence, it would neither harass itself with such exertions, nor be tortured by so many cares and watchings, nor so often hazard life itself. As it is, there is a kind of virtue inherent in every good man, which, night and day, stimulates his mind with the incentives of glory, and whispers, that the record of our name is not to be obliterated with the period of our life, but that it is to be continued to all posterity.

XII. Do we all, then, who are busied in the Republic, and in these perils and dangers of private life, seem to be of so weak a mind as to think, that when even to the last stage we have not inhaled a single peaceful and quiet breath, all is to die along with ourselves? When several very great men have carefully left behind them statues and images, not the representations of their minds, but of their bodies,—ought we not to be much more desirous of bequeathing a likeness of our counsels and our virtues, drawn to the life, and embellished by the brightest geniuses? But, for my part, even in the very act of performing all the actions which I did perform, I imagined that I was spreading and disseminating them among the never-dying annals of the whole world. But, whether these actions will be withholden from my consciousness after death, or, as the greatest philosophers have conceived, will be attached to some portion or other of my soul, assuredly, I am now, at least, delighted by a sort of reflection and confidence [that they will].

Have respect then, judges, for a man of such modesty, as you perceive he is proved to have, both on account of the high rank and long standing of his friends; and of such talents, as they [redacted] *of course, be esteemed*, which you see courted by men of

the greatest talents; and a cause of such a nature as to be established by the privilege of the law [of citizenship], by the authority of a free city, by the testimony of Lucullus, by the registries of Metellus. Seeing these matters are such, we beg of you, judges, if there ought to be, some not merely human, but even superhuman commendation belonging to so great services, that the man, who has ever embellished [by his pen] yourselves, your generals, and the achievements of the Roman people: who, moreover, professes that he will confer an eternal record of praise on these our mutual and recent domestic dangers, and who is of that class of men which has been esteemed and pronounced sacred amongst all,—you may so receive under your protection, that he may appear rather to be supported by your benevolence than injured by your rigour. What I have spoken on the question, with brevity and plainness, agreeably to my custom—this, I trust, has been approved of by all: what, again, I have expressed, both about the talents of Archias, and, in general, of his profession, neither agreeably to the usage of the Forum or of the Bar—this, I hope, has been received by you in good part; I am sure it has by him at least who conducts the trial.

THE ORATION OF CICERO FOR T. ANNIUS MILO.

I. ALTHOUGH I am apprehensive, judges, that it may appear unmanly in me to give way to fear while entering on the defence of the most fearless of men; and that, when T. Annius is himself more concerned about the safety of the State than his own, it may be very far from becoming in me to be unable to bring equal magnanimity to his cause,—still, this novel form of a novel trial affrights my eyes, which, wherever they light, look in vain for the ancient usage of the Forum, and the original mode of judicial proceedings. For your bench is not surrounded with the usual audience, nor am I encircled by the wonted concourse. For those guards which you discern in front of all the temples, although they have been stationed to check disturbance, do not, however, afford the pleader any grounds of confidence; so that, in the Forum and during a trial, although I am encompassed by conservative and necessary guards, yet I am not able to gain a feeling of security, without a certain degree of apprehension accompanying it.* Now if I thought these guards were opposed to Milo, I should give way to the exigency, judges, and deem that there is no room for the advocate amidst such an array of arms. But the prudence of a most sensible and equitable man, Cn. Pompey, cheers and inspirits me, who surely would deem it neither consistent with his justice to surrender to the weapons of soldiers the very men whom he had delivered over on an indictment to the votes of the judges; nor, with his wisdom, to arm with public authority the recklessness of an infuriated mob. Wherefore, those arms, centurions, cohorts, proclaim not danger to me, but security; and encourage me, not only to be of a tranquil, but even of a courageous mind; neither do they promise assistance only to my advocacy, but also attention. The remaining concourse, indeed, as far at least as it is composed of citizens, is all our own; nor [is] there a man of those whom you behold in every direction, whence any part of the Forum can be descried, looking on and anxiously expecting the issue of this trial, [who] does not both look with favour on Milo's courage, and think that the dispute this day involves the interests of himself, of his children, of his country, and of his fortunes.

* 'Gain a feeling of security;' 'non timere;' 'without some apprehension accompanying it,' 'sine aliquo timore.' For the military guard, by driving away the civil throng, had this effect. Others translate 'sine aliquo timore,' 'without having any real cause for fear.'

II. There is, however, one description of persons opposed and hostile to us: [I mean] those whom the turbulent conduct of P. Clodius has supplied with resources from rapine and flames, and every [species of] public disaster; who, by the harangue of yesterday, also, were spirited on to dictate to you, by their shouts, the decision which you should make: whose clamour, whatever it may chance to be, ought to warn you to retain among you that citizen who has ever, for your welfare, despised that description of wretches, and their loudest huzzas. Wherefore, favour me with your attention, judges, and banish your fears, if fears you have. For if ever you had the privilege of deciding respecting good and brave men; if ever, respecting well-deserving citizens; if, lastly, an opportunity was ever given to chosen men, of the most illustrious orders, wherein they might display, by their actions and votes, that affection for the brave and virtuous which they had often intimated by their looks and expressions,—on this occasion surely you have this power in its full extent: so that you may determine whether we, who have ever been devoted to your authority, should unceasingly be doomed in wretchedness to mourn; or whether, long harassed by the most abandoned citizens, we should at length be cheered in heart by means of yourselves, your sacred oaths, your virtue, and your wisdom. For what can be expressed or imagined more careworn than we two? what more distressed, more harassed,—who, invited to [a share in] the government, by the hopes of the most ample rewards, cannot escape the fear of the most barbarous punishments? For my own part, I always conceived that Milo, because he had ever sided with the good against the turbulent, would likely be called on to buffet with the other tempests and hurricanes in those commotions [and those only] of the popular assemblies; but I never imagined that on a trial, and in a deliberative council, wherein the most illustrious men, from all orders of the State, were to sit as judges, the enemies of Milo would have any hopes, by the agency of such men, not only of depriving him of life, but even of tarnishing his glory. And yet, judges, I will not in this cause take advantage of the tribuneship of T. Annius, and all his achievements, in defence of the Commonwealth, in rebutting this charge, if you shall not [first] see with your eyes that a plot was laid by Clodius against Milo; nor will I intreat you to pardon this accusation, in our favour, on the ground of his many eminent services to the State; nor require that, if the death of P. Clodius has been your safety, you should, on that account, ascribe it to the valour of Milo, rather than the fortune of the Roman people. But if the plot shall be proved more clearly than the light of this day to have been laid by Clodius, then at length will I implore and adjure you, judges, that, if we have forfeited the rest, this at least may be

left us, to be permitted with impunity to defend our lives from the daring attempts and murderous weapons of our enemies.

III. But before I come to that question which is the proper [business] of the present investigation, I seem called on to refute the assertions which have been often made in the Senate by enemies [of Milo], and often in the assembly by wicked [demagogues]; and, a short time before, by his accusers; in order that, every mistake being removed, you may be able to see clearly the matter which is submitted to your decision.

They affirm that it is inconsistent with piety for him to view the light of heaven [be allowed to live] who avows himself guilty of homicide. In what city, pray, do the stupid men argue thus? In that, truly, which saw the capital trial of the gallant M. Horatius, its first one; who, before the State had gained its freedom, was yet acquitted by the assembly of the Roman people, although he admitted that with his own hand he had slain his sister. Is there [let me ask] a man who is ignorant of this fact, that, when an inquiry is instituted about slaying a man, it is usual either to deny the perpetration at all, or else maintain that it was rightly and lawfully perpetrated? Unless, forsooth, you think that P. Africanus was out of his right mind,—who, on his being factiously questioned in an assembly by C. Carbo, a plebeian tribune, as to what he thought of the death of Tib. Gracchus,—replied that he appeared to him justly slain. For neither the great Ahala Servilius, nor P. Nasica, nor L. Opimius, nor C. Marius, nor during my consulate, the Senate could be deemed else than criminal, if it were a crime for wicked citizens to be put to death. Accordingly, judges, the most learned men have, not without reason, left it on record, even in their fabulous stories, that the man who, avenging his father, had slain his mother, while the votes of men were divided, was acquitted, not merely by the vote of a deity, but that deity who is the goddess of wisdom.

Now, if the Twelve Tables permitted the nightly marauder to be slain with impunity, under any circumstances [i. e. whether he is armed or not], and the daylight [marauder], if he employs a weapon in his defence; who is there that can think that, from the naked fact of an individual having been slain, it must be visited with punishment, when he finds that, on some occasions, a sword is handed to us by the laws themselves, for the purpose of committing homicide?

IV. But, if there is any time wherein a homicide may be justifiably committed (and many such there are), surely it is not only just, but necessary [to do so], when force offered is repelled by force. When a military tribune in the army of C. Marius, a relation of that general, made an unnatural attempt on a soldier, he was slain by him to whom he was offering violence; for the

virtuous youth chose rather to act at the hazard of his life, than submit to insult; and him, innocent [as he was] of all crime, that great man released from danger. But what unjustifiable death can there be inflicted on a conspirator and a robber? What mean our attending guards? what our swords? which it surely would not be allowed us to retain, if on no terms it were permitted us to employ them? For this, judges, is not a written, but an innate law—which we have not learned, heard, read of—but derived, imbibed, and extracted from Nature itself; to which we have not been schooled, but formed; not educated, but imbued by instinct; that if our lives had been casually exposed to any plots, if to violence, if to the arms of robbers, or foes, every method of consulting our safety [defending our lives] should be honourable. For laws are mute amidst the din of arms; nor do they command their award to be expected in case an unjust punishment must be suffered by the person desirous to await [their interference] before a just one can be exacted. And yet the law itself, most wisely, and in some manner implicitly, confers the privilege of self-defence; as it forbids, not simply* that a man be killed, but that a weapon be carried with a view to the killing of a man, that the motive [of carrying the weapon], not the weapon itself, being the object of inquiry, he who had employed one in self-defence should not be considered as having carried it with the intention of committing homicide. Wherefore, judges, let this remain a fixed principle in our cause; for I do not doubt but that I shall establish my defence to your satisfaction, provided you bear this in mind—which you cannot forget—that the person who lies in wait for another may be justly slain.

V. The second assertion, which has been very often advanced by the enemies of Milo, is, that the Senate decided that the affray in which Clodius lost his life was an attack on the Commonwealth. Now the fact is, the Senate has approved of it† not only by its suffrages, but also by its favour. For how often have I pleaded this cause in the Senate!—with what approbation of the entire body, how unreserved and undisguised! For when, in the most crowded house, have there been found four, or, at most, five persons who did not approve of Milo's cause? This the expiring (or, lifeless) harangues of that scathed tribune of the people declare; in which he daily used invidiously to inveigh against my power, asserting that the Senate decreed not what it thought, but what I pleased. Now, if this must, forsooth, be called "power," rather than a moderate degree of authority, where the cause is just, arising from my distinguished services to the State;

* Or, according to Orellius, 'which does not forbid the slaying of a man, but the wearing of a weapon with that view.'

† Cicero artfully confounds *illam*, i. e. *cædem*, with 'causam,' i. e. Milo's cause.

or a degree of interest with upright men, on account of my professional exertions, why let it be so denominated, provided I employ it for the protection of the virtuous, against the fury of desperate men. In truth, the Senate never deemed this investigation, although it is not an unfair one, necessary to be appointed; for there were laws, there were trials, whether regarding murder, or regarding riot; nor was the death of P. Clodius causing such anguish and sorrow to the Senate as to call for the appointment of an extraordinary commission. For who can suppose that the Senate deemed an extraordinary trial necessary to be appointed, concerning the death of him about whose incestuous intrigue the power of decreeing a trial had been wrested from the Senate? Why, then, [it may be asked], did the Senate decree that the conflagration of the senate-house, the assault on the mansion of M. Lepidus, this fatal rencounter itself, were attacks on the Republic? Because no act of violence was ever attempted in a free State, among its citizens, without being an attack on the Republic. For this self-defence against assault is never desirable [*per se*], though it is sometimes indispensable; unless, forsooth, [which you will hardly maintain], that day whereon Tib. Gracchus met his fate, or that on which Caius; or on which the arms of Saturninus were crushed, however advantageous to the Republic, did not inflict a severe stroke on the Republic.

VI. As it was evident that an act of blood had been perpetrated on the Appian Way, I accordingly gave it as my own opinion—not that the man who had defended himself acted injuriously to the Republic—but, since there was violence and waylaying connected with the matter, I reserved the question of guilt for a judicial investigation; I recorded my reprobation of the fact. And if the Senate had been permitted, by that turbulent tribune, to execute what they had resolved on, we should, at this time, have no extraordinary commission; for they were coming to a decree, that an inquiry should be instituted agreeably to the ancient laws, only out of the regular routine; the motion was separated [into clauses] at the instance of a certain [senator, whom I shall not specify]; for I am not called on to expose the corruption of all; and thus [while a part was permitted to pass], the remaining resolution of the Senate was got completely rid of by a hired *veto*.

But Cn. Pompey, [it will be urged], decided, by his bill, both on the fact, and on [the merits of] the case; for he made an enactment regarding the affray which had happened on the Appian Way, wherein P. Clodius was slain. What, then, did he enact? Why, that there should be an inquiry? What further is there to be investigated? Is it the question of fact? But that is admitted. Is it as to the perpetrator? But that, too, is

evident. He saw, therefore, that even in the avowal of the fact an advocacy of its justice could still be attempted; for had he not seen that the man who confessed to the fact might yet be acquitted of the guilt, he would never, on witnessing our confession, have directed an inquiry to be instituted, nor have allowed you the disposal as well of that letter, which in judicial decisions saves, as that which condemns. But Cn. Pompey not only seems, in my judgment, to have decided nothing at all severe against Milo, but even to have laid down what you ought to keep in view in making your decision. For he who has not inflicted the penalty consequent on a free avowal, but allowed the privilege of a defence, must have deemed the cause of the death a fit object of inquiry —not the death itself. And Pompey will, himself, tell you presently, whether what he did of his own accord is to be laid to the account of P. Clodius, or to the peculiar difficulty of his situation.

VII. M. Drusus, a plebeian tribune, a man of the noblest family, the defender, and in those times, indeed, almost the patron of the Senate, the maternal uncle of that brave man, M. Cato, our present judge, was slain at his own house: the people were not consulted at all concerning his death, nor was any inquiry appointed by the Senate. What grief have we been told, by our fathers, reigned in this city when that nightly violence was offered to P. Africanus, when retired to rest at his own home? Who did not then heave a sigh? who was not inflamed with resentment? that not even the natural death was waited for, of him whom all, if it were possible to be done, would have desired to be immortal. Was there then any investigation enacted concerning the death of Africanus? None whatever. Why so? Because eminent men are not slain with one [degree of] guilt; obscure individuals, with another. Grant it, that there is a distinction in the rank of life of the highest and the meanest; but let death at least, when brought on by villany, be liable to the same penalties and laws: unless, perhaps, he will be a more heinous parricide who may have slain a consular father than a father in an humble station; or, the death of P. Clodius be deemed more heinous, because he was slain amidst the monuments of his forefathers: for this they frequently urge. Just as if the great Appius Cæcus paved that road, not for the people to travel upon it, but [as a place] where his posterity might commit depredations with impunity. Accordingly, when P. Clodius had slain M. Papirius, a most honourable Roman knight, on that same Appian Way, that atrocity was not to be visited with punishment, for this noble personage had slain a Roman knight amidst his own monuments! What tragic declamation does the name of that same Appian Way now elicit! Yes, that Appian Way, which was heretofore allowed to rest in silence, [though] stained with the blood of an

honourable and innocent man, is often now the theme of conversation, since it has been dyed with the blood of a robber and murderer. But why do I enter into these particulars? A slave of P. Clodius was apprehended in the temple of Castor, a slave, whom he had posted there to assassinate Cn. Pompey. The dagger was wrested from his hands while he avowed [the deed]; Pompey afterwards absented himself from the Forum, absented himself from the Senate, absented himself from the places of public resort; he protected himself by his gate and by his walls, not by the authority of laws, or of judicial procedures. Was any enactment made? any novel investigation decreed? And yet, if any case, if any individual, if any time, called for it, surely these were in that cause most urgent. The assassin was posted in the Forum, and in the very portico of the senate-house: death was designed against that man on whose life depended the safety of the State; at a conjuncture, too, of the Republic, wherein, if that individual had fallen, not only this city, but all nations, would have been involved in his fate. Unless, perhaps, because the intention was not carried into effect, it was not to be visited with punishment; just as if the results of actions, not the motives of the men [who perform them], are punished by the laws. There was less reason for grief, since the attempt proved abortive; but, surely, no less for punishment. How often, judges, have I myself escaped from the daggers of P. Clodius, and his ensanguined hands! from which, if either my own good fortune, or that of the State, had not saved me, who, pray, would have enacted an investigation concerning my death?

VIII. But we are weak in presuming to compare Drusus, to compare Africanus, Pompey, ourselves, to P. Clodius. These [instances] were [quite] supportable; the death of P. Clodius no one can bear with any patience. The Senate laments; the equestrian order grieves; the whole city is wasted away with sorrow; the corporate towns have put on mourning; the colonies are in deep distress; nay, the very fields regret so generous, so benign, so humane a citizen. That was not the reason, judges, —truly it was not—why Pompey thought himself called on to enact an extraordinary investigation; but being a man of sense, and endowed with a profound and an almost godlike understanding, he took many circumstances into consideration: that the former [Clodius] was his foe; Milo his friend. If, in the general exultation of all parties, he too indulged in joyous feelings, he was apprehensive lest the sincerity of their re-established friendship should appear but weakly founded. Many other things met his view, but this above all; that admitting he had himself legislated with severity, yet, would you decide with proper resolution. Accordingly, he selected from the most illustrious orders

their brightest ornaments; nor did he, as some persons flippantly assert, in choosing the judges, set aside my friends. For, being a man of the strictest justice, he never once thought of doing so; nor even, had he wished it, could he, while good men were the object of his choice, have accomplished that intention. For my interest is not confined to private friendship, which cannot be very extensive, simply because habits of intimacy cannot exist with a great number. But if I have any influence, I owe it to this, that the Republic has united me with the virtuous. Out of whom, when he was making a selection of the very best, and conceived it particularly concerned his honour [so to do], he could not but choose men [who were] attached to me. But in his fixing [i. e. in that he fixed] upon you, L. Domitius, especially to preside at this investigation, he had no other qualification in view than justice, integrity, humanity, honour. He enacted, that the president must be of consular rank; I deem, because he conceived it to be the duty of the leading senators to resist the levity of the mob, and the recklessness of abandoned characters. Out of the consular men he appointed you above all others: for you had given most ample proofs, from your youth up, how thoroughly you despised the madness of the people.

IX. That therefore, judges, we may come at last to the point in question, and the indictment; if every avowal of the deed is not usual [i. e. if in some cases it is usual], and if no decision on our case has been made, otherwise than we ourselves might wish; and if the legislator himself, seeing there was no dispute as to the matter of fact, yet wished that there should be a discussion of the matter of right; and if judges have been chosen, and a president appointed over the investigation, who will canvass these [points] with justice and discernment, your sole remaining duty, judges, is to inquire* which of the two waylaid the other. And that you may be able the more easily to obtain a clear view of this point by the arguments [to be adduced], attend with diligence, I beg of you, while I briefly state to you the whole transaction.

When P. Clodius was resolved to harass his country, during his prætorship, with every species of villany, and saw that the election of the preceding year was so protracted, that he should be unable to hold the office many months; he who was not looking to the honour of the preferment,† as other men, but wishing as well to avoid [having] for a colleague L. Paullus, a citizen of peculiar integrity [or, courage], as wanting a complete year

* Verbatim: 'It remains that you are required to ask nothing else unless,' &c.

† Verbatim: 'Rank of honour.' But perhaps 'gradus honoris' means the same as 'suum annum,' inf.; namely, the proper age for obtaining the offices of state; e. g. the prætorship, *forty years of age*. This Clodius notoriously neglected.

[wherein] to rend to pieces the Commonwealth, all of a sudden abandoned his own [proper] year, and transferred himself to the ensuing; not, as is often done, through any conscientious scruple, but to have (as he affirmed) a full and entire year to exercise his office, in other words, to overthrow the Commonwealth. It suggested itself to him, that if Milo were Consul, his praetorship would be paralyzed and feeble; he saw, moreover, that he was being made Consul with the unanimous consent of the Roman people. He joined himself to his [Milo's] opponents; but in such a manner, that he alone, even in despite of them, regulated the entire canvass; that, as he used to say, he supported the entire comitia on his own shoulders. He convened the tribes, he acted, as agent, in distributing bribes: by a levy of the most desperate citizens, he enrolled a new tribe, the Colline; [yet, strange to say], the greater confusion he caused, the more did Milo daily advance in favour. When the fellow, quite ready for every sort of enormity, beheld that a man of undaunted courage, his deadly foe, would be Consul beyond all doubt; and understood that fact to have been often declared, not only by the rumours, but also by the suffrages of the Roman people, he began to act without disguise, and openly to affirm that Milo must be taken off. Rude and savage slaves, by whose agency he had ravaged the public woods and harassed Etruria, he had marched down from the Appenines!—whom you [actually] saw. The thing was no secret, for he publicly asserted, over and over, that the consulship could not be wrested from Milo; that his life might. This he often intimated in the Senate; advanced in the public assembly; nay, to Favonius also, a man of great courage, inquiring from him with what hopes he was maddened, while Milo was alive; he replied, that within three, or at farthest four days, he would be no more; which expression of his, M. Favonius communicated to this M. Cato without loss of time.

X. In the meantime, as soon as Clodius knew (for it was not hard to ascertain) that Milo, on the twentieth of January, had a stated, legally appointed, and unavoidable journey [to make] to Lanuvium, for the purpose of nominating a flamen, because Milo was dictator of Lanuvium, he suddenly left Rome himself the day previous, in order (as was known by the event) to place an ambuscade for Milo in front of his own farm. And he set out in such haste, that he left behind him a tumultuous assembly, in which his turbulent fury was greatly missed; which was held on that very day, and which, if he had not wished to compass a time and place for the atrocious enterprise, he would never have quitted. But Milo, after having been in the Senate on that day till it was adjourned, came home, changed his shoes and clothes, waited for some time while his wife, as is customary, makes the necessary preparations,

and then set forward at such an hour as that Clodius, if he had intended returning at all to Rome that day, had had full time for returning. Clodius meets him equipped for battle, on horseback, without any carriage, any baggage, any Greek attendants, as he usually had; without his wife, which almost never happened; while this conspirator, who had designed that journey [as we are told] to perpetrate a murder, was riding in his carriage, with his wife, muffled in a great coat, attended and incumbered by an effeminate and delicate retinue of male and female slaves. He encounters Clodius in front of his farm, about the hour of five [in the evening], or thereabouts. Without delay, several ruffians, armed with weapons, sally down upon him from a vantage ground; [and] those in front slay the driver of the carriage. And when Milo, throwing aside his travelling-mantle, sprang from the carriage, and began to defend himself with great spirit, those who accompanied Clodius, drawing their swords, began, some to hasten back to the carriage, with the view of attacking Milo in the rear; others, to cut down his slaves who were behind, as thinking himself already slain; out of whom those who possessed a heart faithful to their lord, and truly courageous, were in part slain; the rest seeing the fight maintained at the carriage, and being prevented from succouring their master, and hearing even from Clodius himself that Milo was slain, and believing it to be the fact,—the slaves of Milo, [I say], without the command, or the privity, or the presence of their master, (for I will assert it, not with the view of shifting the charges [from Milo], but, as it is the fact), did what every man would have wished his own slaves to do in a similar emergency.

XI. These circumstances occurred, judges, just as I have stated them: the waylayer was overcome; force subdued by force; or rather temerity was crushed by valour. I insist nothing on what the Commonwealth—nothing on what you—nothing on what all good men, have gained. Let not all this truly profit Milo, who was born to such a destiny as that he could not consult even his own safety, without, at the same time, saving the Republic and you. This if he could not justifiably do, I have nothing to allege in his defence; but if reason has taught this to the refined, and necessity to the barbarous, and custom to nations, and instinct itself to the brute creation, that they were ever to repel, by every possible means, all violence from their bodies, their heads, their lives,—you cannot pronounce this act criminal, without at the same time deciding that all who may have encountered robbers are necessitated to perish, either by their weapons or your verdicts. But if Milo had imagined this, it would surely have been more desirable for him to offer his throat to P. Clodius, not once [only], nor then *first assailed* by him, than to have it severed by you,

because he had not resigned himself to him to meet the same fate. But if not a man of you harbours this thought, then are we come to the decision of this point: not whether he were slain, for that we avow; but whether justly or unjustly: [a point] which has been already investigated in many previous causes. It is evident that a plot was laid; and it is this which the Senate has decided as being done injuriously to the Republic; by which of the two it was laid does not appear. Concerning this point, therefore, it has been enacted that an inquiry should be instituted. Accordingly, the Senate has censured the act, not the individual; and Pompey has appointed an investigation of the matter of law, not of the matter of fact.

XII. Is there anything else, then, come to be determined than, simply, which of the two lay in ambush for the other? Nothing surely: if Milo for Clodius, that it may not go unpunished; if Clodius for Milo, then that we may be acquitted of crime. How then can it be proved that Clodius plotted against Milo's life? It is sufficient in the case of so daring, so abandoned a monster as he [Clodius], to show that he had a strong motive, great hopes, important advantages, held out to him by Milo's death. Let that Cassian dogma, therefore, WHOSE INTEREST IS IT? have weight in the case of these parties: although good men are not tempted to commit a crime by any advantage [however great], bad men often by a trifling one. But by the death of Milo, Clodius gained this acquisition, not only to become Prætor without his being Consul, under whom he could have effected none of his nefarious schemes, but even to become Prætor under those Consuls, if not actually by whose assistance, yet at least by whose connivance he hoped to be able to deceive the Republic in regard of his premeditated schemes of turbulence; whose attempts, as he himself argued, they would not be anxious to restrain, even if they could, since they considered themselves to be under so great an obligation to him, and if they were anxious, would, perhaps, scarce be able to repress the insolence of a most abandoned wretch, now nurtured and strengthened by length of time. But, judges, are you the only persons ignorant? Are you living as strangers in this city? Are your ears on a pilgrimage, and are they unacquainted with this hackneyed talk of the town [as to] what laws (if laws they should be called, and not the firebrands of the city, and the scourges of the Republic) he intended to impose and brand upon us all? Produce, I pray you, Sext. Clodius, that casket of your laws which it is reported that you rescued from his house, and bore off like a Palladium, in the midst of arms and a midnight mob; in order, forsooth, that you might be able to afford a noble present and apparatus for the tribuneship, to some individual (if you could have happened on one) who should execute

the office at your nod. And [as I understand] to those libertines that were distributed through all the tribes (rural as well as city), he had intended by a new law to add all the slaves who might come to continue in liberty* [i. e., be made free], in order that they too might enjoy the franchise equally with the freeborn. Would Clodius have dared to name the law which Sext. Clodius boasts of having discovered at his house, provided Milo were alive, not to say Consul? For of us all†——I dare not state the matter fully. Consider then, how faulty that law is likely to prove, the very reprehension of which is attended with danger. And he has surveyed me, indeed, with that look with which he was wont, when he used to be threatening all penalties to all men. Forsooth, that light [luminary] of the Senate affects me [engages my attention].

XIII. What! do you conceive that I am angry with you, Sextus, whose worst enemy you have punished even with far more rigour than my humane feelings prompted to demand? You flung out of the house the bloody corpse of P. Clodius; you threw it into the public [Forum]; despoiled of images, of pageantry, procession, panegyric; scorched with unhallowed faggots,—you abandoned it a prey to the dogs of night. Wherefore, though you acted so out of necessity, yet, since you vented your cruelty on my enemy, [while] I cannot praise, I have certainly no reason to be angry at your conduct. I have shown you, judges, how deeply Clodius was interested in Milo's death; give your thoughts now in turn to Milo. What interest had Milo in Clodius's death? What reason was there why Milo, I will not say should permit, but wish for it? Clodius opposed Milo in his hopes of the consulship. But he was being appointed in spite of his opposition; nay, truly, was appointed the more on that account; nor did he find in me a better supporter of his cause than in Clodius. The recollection of Milo's services to me and the Republic had weight with you, judges; my tears and prayers had weight, at which I then perceived you were wonderfully affected; but far more weight with you had the fear of impending dangers. For what citizen was there, that would propose to himself the licentious prætorship of Clodius, without the greatest fears of a revolution? But that licentious it would be, you clearly saw, unless he were Consul, who had both the

* The expression qui in libertate morarentur' being unusual, we must explain it by a reference to c. 32, where the words 'leges quæ nos nostris servis addicerent,' are expounded by Ascon. as referring to a law by which *freedmen* should vote in the rural tribes hitherto restricted to the *freeborn*. Hence it would appear that 'qui—morarentur' is intended to limit 'servos' to those who *might* at a future time become free; or perhaps it may be translated, 'that they might live in liberty.'

† This is given by Quint. ix. 2, as an example of *aposiopesis*. There may be doubts whether the whole passage, as restored by Orellius, though evidently Ciceronian, 'haereat apte,' so as to deserve insertion in the text. However, even without it, the connexion is far from clear.

courage and the power to curb it. When the whole Roman people felt that Milo was that man, who would hesitate, by his vote, to release himself from fear, the Republic from danger? But P. Clodius having been removed out of the way, Milo is now obliged to struggle by the ordinary means to maintain his dignity. That extraordinary glory, and which was admitted to be his alone, and which, by his exertions in suppressing the Clodian outrages, was every day increasing, has now vanished on the death of Clodius. You have obtained a riddance from the fear of any citizen; he has lost the school for the training of his virtue, the support of his election to the consulship, the perennial fountain of his glory. Accordingly, the consulship of Milo, which could not be weakened while Milo lived, is begun to be endangered, now that he is dead. The death of P. Clodius, therefore, is not merely no advantage to Milo, but is even injurious to him. But [it will be urged] hatred predominated; he did it under the influence of passion; he did it through enmity; he did it as the avenger of injury, the redresser of his own wrongs. What! if these feelings, I do not say were stronger in Clodius than in Milo, but in the former were extreme, in the latter had no existence—what more do you desire? For why should Milo have hated Clodius, the source and origin of his glory, farther than this patriotic [or, moderate] hatred, which we feel against all bad men? He had reason to hate [Milo]: first, as the supporter of my restoration; next, as the curber of his turbulent rage; as the vanquisher of his arms; lastly, also as his accuser. For Clodius, while he lived, had the accusation of Milo hanging over him under the Plotian law [*de vi*]. With what patience, then, do you think the tyrant brooked this? how deadly was his resentment? and in an enemy to justice, even how justifiable?

XIV. It remains that his peculiar disposition and behaviour stand forward in defence of the one [Clodius], and that these same circumstances convict the other. Clodius never carried a measure by violence; Milo all his by violence! What then, judges? when I took leave of this city while you were overwhelmed with sorrow, was it a trial I feared? and not [rather] slaves, arms, violence? What just grounds should there have been for restoring me to my country, had not those of banishing me been unjust? He had named a day of trial for me, I am to suppose; had imposed a fine; had instituted an action for treason; and of course, as if the cause were either a bad one and mine, and not both most glorious and yours, I must needs have dreaded a trial. [No.] I was reluctant that my fellow-citizens, saved by my measures and my dangers, should, in defence of me, be exposed to the arms of needy and audacious citizens. For I saw, I saw this very Q. Hortensius, [redacted]t and ornament of the Commonwealth, almost killed by a [redacted]laves, when he appeared as my advocate; in which tumult

C. Vibienus, a senator, a most worthy man, happening to be along with him, was so maltreated that he did not survive it. When therefore, has that dagger of his, which he had received from Catiline, rested in its sheath? It was aimed at my breast; I did not permit you to be exposed to it in my behalf; this it was that lay in wait for Pompey; this ensanguined with the massacre of Papirius that Appian Way, the monument of his name; this, this same [dagger] was, after a long interval, again directed against me; lately, indeed, as you are aware, he had well nigh despatched me at the palace [of Numa]. What act of Milo's was parallel [to this]? whose whole violence ever amounted to this, that since P. Clodius could not be brought to trial, he might be prevented from keeping possession of the city, subdued by open force. Him, then, had he wished to slay, how great, how numerous, how glorious opportunities presented themselves! Might he not have fairly avenged himself, when he was defending his family, and his family gods, against his [Clodius's] assault? might he not, when P. Sextius, his own colleague, an excellent citizen, and valiant man, was wounded? might he not, when Q. Fabricius, the best of men, at the time that he was proposing a law to procure my restoration, was driven away from the attempt, after a most barbarous massacre had been perpetrated in the Forum? might he not, when the house of L. Cæcilius, one of the most upright and valiant of Prætors, had been assaulted? might he not, on the day when the law regarding me was enacted?—when the crowded assemblage of all Italy, whom interest in my safety had convened, would have gladly acknowledged the glory of that deed; so that even though Milo had been the agent, the entire State would have claimed that glory as its own.

XV. But what was the peculiar conjuncture? There was a most illustrious and valiant Consul, P. Lentulus, the enemy of Clodius; the avenger of his guilty deeds; the champion of the Senate, the assertor of your decrees; the advocate of that public union, the restorer of my safety; [there were] seven prætors, eight plebeian tribunes, opponents of him, supporters of me; there was Cn. Pompey, the originator and the conductor of my restoration, his open enemy; whose highly dignified and honourable proposition about my safety, all the Senate seconded; who exhorted the Roman people [to do the same]; who, by his having passed a decree at Capua, in my favour, gave, himself, the signal to all Italy, solicitous [for my welfare], and imploring his protection [assurance of safety] to repair to Rome, in order to my restoration; then, and not till then, did all the hatred of the citizens burst forth upon him, through solicitude for me; and of the man who had then despatched him, there would be no thought about his acquittal, but about his reward. Yet Milo governed his temper, and twice summoned P. Clodius to a court of justice; never to a trial of

strength. What! when Milo was in a private station, and arraigned before the people at the suit of P. Clodius, when an assault was made upon Cn. Pompey, haranguing in defence of Milo; what, I will not say opportunity, but even just reason, was there then for crushing Clodius? And lately, too, when M. Antony had inspired all good men with the liveliest hopes of safety, and the noble youth had most gallantly taken in hand a very arduous part of the public service, and was already holding, ensnared, that savage monster, eluding the toils of justice, what a place, what an occasion, immortal gods, was thus presented! When making his escape into the dark recess of a staircase, he had [there] concealed himself, was it a mighty task for Milo to despatch that scourge [of his country], without, himself, incurring any odium; nay, with the most brilliant glory of Antony? What! during the elections in the Campus Martius, how often had he the opportunity! when P. Clodius had broken into the enclosures by force, and given directions that swords might be drawn, and stones thrown; and then, all of a sudden, dismayed by the look of Milo, fled to the Tiber; were not you, and all good men, praying that it might please Milo to exert his bravery?

XVI. The man, then, whom he declined to slay, the favour of all conspiring [to urge him to the deed], him did he wish [to slay], along with the murmurs of some? whom he did not venture [to despatch] with law on his side, in an advantageous situation, at a favourable time, with perfect impunity; him did he not scruple to slay in the face of justice, in a disadvantageous situation, at an unpropitious time, and at the hazard of his life? especially, judges, when the struggle for your highest honours, and the day of election, were close at hand; at which season (for I am aware how nervous a process canvassing for offices is, and how strong and how anxious the desire of obtaining the consulship) we apprehend every charge, not only that can be made openly, but even which can be darkly surmised; when we tremble at mere rumours, at stories invented for the occasion, and devoid of foundation; when we scan the looks and eyes of every one. For there is nothing so nice, so delicate, so brittle, or variable, as the inclination and feelings of our citizens towards us; who are not only exasperated at the profligacy, but often disgusted with the upright actions of the candidates. Did Milo, then, having in full view that much-hoped-for and earnestly expected day of the Campus [Martius], come forward to those venerable auspices of the centuries, proclaiming and avowing his guilt and his atrocity? how incredible is this in his case! how indubitable is it, too, in Clodius's! who conceived that he should bear sovereign sway if Milo were slain. What! who is not aware that the hope of impunity—a thing, judges, which is the source

of all audacity—is the greatest temptation to crime? Now in which of the two was this to be found? in Milo? who, even now, is arraigned on a count [that was] either glorious to him, or, at least, unavoidable [for self-defence]? Or, was it M. Clodius? who had so thoroughly despised trials and penalties, that nothing gave him delight which was either permitted by [the laws of] nature, or allowed by the laws of the land.

But why do I argue? Why press the point further? To you, Q. Petillius, I appeal, an excellent and courageous citizen; I call to witness you, M. Cato, whom a kind of providential allotment has appointed me as judges. You have heard, from M. Favonius, that Clodius declared to him, and you heard it while Clodius was alive, that Milo was to meet his fate within three days. The very day but one after he had made the assertion, the attempt was also made. Now, as he did not scruple to disclose what he had in contemplation, can you hesitate for a moment as to what he carried into effect?

XVII. How, then, [you will ask] did the day not escape him? I have just now explained the reason. There was no difficulty in ascertaining the stated sacrifices of the Lanuvian dictator. He saw that Milo must, of necessity, set forward for Lanuvium the very day that he did. Accordingly, he anticipated him. But on what day? [the very same] on which, as I mentioned before, a most turbulent assembly was held, set on by his own venal plebeian tribune; which day, which assembly, which huzzas, he would never have quitted, if he were not hurrying to a premeditated atrocity. He then had no reason whatever for his journey, nay, even a reason for staying behind; Milo had no power to remain [at Rome], and not only a reason, but even a necessity for leaving it. What! if, as he was aware that Milo would on that day be on the road, so Milo could not have even suspected that Clodius [should]? I ask, first, how he could have come to know it? You cannot put the same question in regard of Clodius. For, though he should have asked no one else but T. Patinas, his intimate friend, yet he might have known, that on that very day a flamen must of necessity be nominated at Lanuvium, by Milo, the provost of the town. But there were very many others, from whom he could most readily have obtained that information; all the Lanuvians, for instance. From what quarter did Milo inquire as to the return of Clodius? but admit that he did inquire; observe, what I concede to you, that, as my friend Arrius has suggested, he even corrupted a slave. Read the evidences of your witnesses. C. Cassinius [surnamed] Schola, a native of Interamna, at once the most intimate friend and companion of P. Clodius; according to whose testimony, lately, Clodius had been at the same hour at Interamna and at Rome; deposed that

Clodius had intended to stay that day in his Alban villa; but that intelligence was suddenly brought to him, that Cyrus the architect, was dead; that, accordingly, he determined speedily to set forward for Rome; C. Clodius, the follower of P. Clodius, also deposed to the same effect.

XVIII. Observe, judges, what material points are settled by these evidences. In the first place, Milo is, at least, freed from the charge of having set out with the intention of lying in wait for Clodius by the way; inasmuch as he was not to meet him at all. Again (for I see no reason why I should not, in passing, settle an affair that concerns myself), you are aware, judges, that there have been persons who, in recommending this measure, asserted that the murder was perpetrated by the hand of Milo, but at the suggestion of some more influential person. That is to say, these low and desperate wretches described me as a bravo and assassin. These persons, then, who assert that Clodius would not have returned to Rome on that day, only for the report about Cyrus, are refuted by their own witnesses. I feel revived; I am freed [from the atrocious charge]; I do not dread lest I seem to have devised that which I could not even have surmised. Now I shall proceed to other points. For this objection meets me: Clodius did not so much as dream of lying in wait, as he was to stop in his Alban villa. [This I readily admit] if, indeed, Clodius had not been to leave it to commit a deed of blood. For it is clear to me, that the person who is said to have announced the death of Cyrus did not announce that intelligence, but the approach of Milo. For what should he announce about Cyrus, whom Clodius, on his departure from Rome, had left expiring? I was present: I sealed the will along with Clodius; for he had publicly made a will, and left him and me legatees. Was it then reported to him at the hour of four on the following evening, that a person was dead, whom at nine on the previous morning he had left breathing his last?

XIX. Well, but admit that such was the case: what motive had he to hasten to Rome? to expose himself to the night? What necessity for haste did his being made legatee bring along with it? In the first place, there was no occasion why despatch should be insisted on: next, if there were any, pray, what was it, that he could have secured on that night, but should lose if he had come early to town the following day? And, as to him, an arrival in the city by night was a circumstance rather to be shunned than desired; so should Milo, considering he was a waylayer, have lain in ambush, and waited [for Clodius], if he knew that [he designed to come to the city by night. [And, further,] he [would have slain him by night, in a place notorious for plots, *infested with robbers*; [if he had] there is none but would

have given credit to him denying [the charge], whose safety all are concerned for, even confessing its truth. First, the very place, the harbour and the asylum of banditti, would have borne this charge; while neither the still solitude would have pointed out, nor the dark night have betrayed Milo; secondly, the numbers assaulted by him there, robbed, plundered of their property; the numbers, too, fearing this treatment, would be liable to suspicion; in fine, all Etruria, arraigned on this charge, would be cited [to appear]. But [passing this] Clodius, returning on that day from Aricia, did, surely, call at his house in Albanum. Now, granting that Milo were informed that he was at Aricia, yet he ought to have surmised that he would call in at his own villa, which skirted the road; [my question then is,] why did he neither meet him *before* his arrival at his villa, lest he might remain there all night, nor lie in wait for him [after he left it], in that place, where he would be obliged to travel by night [between the villa and Rome]. So far, judges, I see all the circumstances coherent: that it was even the interest of Milo for Clodius to live; that to Clodius, the death of Milo was most desirable, for the attainment of the ends which he had set his heart on; that the hatred of the former against the latter was implacable; that of the latter against the former, a mere nullity; that the habit of the former was constant in offering, that of the latter merely in repelling violence; that by the former, death was denounced and openly avowed against Milo; that from Milo, no such thing was ever heard; that the date of the latter's departure was known to the former; the return of the former unknown to him; the latter's journey indispensable; that of the former even rather disadvantageous; that the latter avowed that he would leave Rome on the day in question; the former disguised his intentions of returning on the same day; that the latter had altered his intention in no one respect; the former had invented an excuse for altering his intention; that the latter, admitting he had been in ambush, should have awaited the night, near the city, to do so; that the former, even if he did not fear the latter, yet ought to have feared an approach by night to the city.

XX. Let us now attend to what is the principal point [in every such inquiry]: namely, to which of the parties was the very spot where they met the more opportune for an ambush? But is this, judges, even to be questioned, and further deliberated on? Did Milo imagine that, in front of the farm of Clodius, in which farm, on account of those wild structures of his, at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed, he would be likely, on the high and lofty grounds of his opponent, to come off superior, and had, therefore, particularly chosen that place for the conflict? Or, was he rather waited for in that spot by him, who,

induced by the hope of the ground itself [favouring his design] had there intended to make the attack? The circumstance, judges, speaks for itself; which is always of great weight [on a trial like the present].

If you did not hear of these matters as actual facts, but saw them depicted in colours, yet would it appear evident which of the parties was the waylayer, which of them designed no harm, when Milo was riding in his carriage, wrapped in his cloak, and along with him sat his wife. Which of these concomitants was not exceedingly cumbrous? the mantle, or the vehicle, or the companion? What could be worse prepared for the onset [than he], when he was entangled by his travelling-mantle, incumbered by the carriage, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other party, now, in the first place, sallying on a sudden from his villa; why? because it was evening: where is the need of travelling in the evening? because he was late arriving at his villa. How is that to be accounted for, particularly at that season of the year [January]? [You will say] he called at Pompey's villa. [I ask] was it to see Pompey? He knew he was at his Alsian farm. Was it to inspect the villa? He had been in it a thousand times. What then was the reason? Delay and subterfuge. While Milo was coming up, he was unwilling to leave his post.

XXI. Come, then, compare the march of this accoutred bravo with the incumbrances of Milo. He [Clodius] used always to travel with his wife; then he was without her: never but in a carriage; then on horseback: he had Grecian slaves, wherever he went, even when he was hastening to the Etrurian encampment; then there was no frivolity in his retinue. Milo, as never before, was, then for the first time, accidentally leading in his train his wife's chorister-slaves, and whole troops of handmaids. The other, who used always to bring along with him his courtezans, always his catamites, always his harlots, had then no attendants, whom, you would not say, [were so selected] as if man had been singled out by man. Why, then, was he overcome? Because the traveller is not always slain by the bandit; sometimes, on the contrary, the bandit by the traveller; because, admitting that Clodius [had fallen] in with those [who were] unprepared [to receive him], though fully prepared himself, yet, was he like a woman falling in among men. Nor in fact was Milo ever so unprepared against him as not to be almost well enough prepared. He kept it ever in mind, both how greatly Clodius was interested in his death, what an object of hatred he was to Clodius, and of what audacity Clodius was master. Accordingly, he never exposed his life to danger without defence and safeguard, as he was aware that it was set up for sale, and almost assigned to the highest bidder [greatest rewards]. Take into account the accidents, the

uncertain results of contests, and Mars impartial to all; who, not unfrequently, by the hands of the prostrate adversary, has overthrown and levelled the victor in the dust, even in the act of despoiling and exulting over his foe. Add, moreover, the stupidity of a sated, inebriated, sluggish leader; who, after leaving his antagonist enclosed in the rear, forgot the remote companions of that [antagonist]; whom having encountered, inflamed with resentment, and despairing of their master's life, he met with that punishment which faithful slaves exacted from him for the life of their master. Why, then, did Milo emancipate them? He dreaded, of course, lest they might inform; lest they might not be able to endure pain; lest they might be forced by torture to confess that P. Clodius was slain by Milo's slaves on the Appian Way! What occasion is there for a slave-torturer? What do you seek to know? Is it whether Milo slew him? He did slay him. Is it whether he did so rightly or wrongly? This point pertains nothing to the torturer. For the question of fact rests with the strappado; that of the legality with the judicial process.

XXII. Let us then here discuss what ought to be the subject of inquiry in the present cause, [since] everything that you wish to discover by your tortures, we confess. But if you ask, why he emancipated the slaves, rather than [as you ought to ask] why he presented them with too niggardly rewards; [I reply, that] you are ignorant how to censure the conduct of an antagonist. For this very M. Cato, who always [expressed] all his sentiments consistently and resolutely, asserted, and asserted too in a mutinous assembly, which, however, was tranquillized by his authority, that they who had defended their master's life were most deserving, not of liberty alone, but, in addition to that, of every reward. For what reward is sufficiently great for so benevolent, so excellent, so trusty slaves, by whose means their master lives; although this, in fact, is not of so much importance as that, thanks to the same [individuals], he did not, with his blood and wounds, feast the imagination and the eyes of his most truculent adversary. Now, if he had not emancipated them, those saviours of their master, those avengers of wickedness, and averters of death, must have been surrendered to the torture. He [Milo] however, has nothing in his present misfortunes, which he bears with less uneasiness [i. e. which gives him more pleasure] than that, even if any disaster should happen to himself, yet on them a due reward has been fully conferred. But the examinations by torture, which are now held in the hall of liberty, bear hard on Milo. Of what slaves? Do you inquire? Those of P. Clodius. Who demanded them to the torture? Appius. Who produced them? Appius. Whence [came they]? From Appius. Good gods! what proceeding can be more severe? There is no examination *of slaves against* their master unless for sacrilege, as happened

against Clodius. Clodius has [of all human beings] advanced nearest to the gods; nearer than on that occasion, when he had made his way to their very presence; since about his death inquisition is made as if it were about violated mysteries. But, however, our ancestors would not allow of the examination of a slave against his master, not because the truth could not be elicited, but because it seemed to be degrading and more galling to the masters than death itself. [But], when the examination against the criminal is that of the slaves of the accuser, can truth be discovered? Nay, come, [let us hear] what was the examination, or of what kind? Hark you, Rufio, for instance, beware, I pray you, not to lie. Did Clodius lie in wait for Milo? Yes. Impalement is inevitable. He did not. Liberty [may be] hoped for. What then is more unerring than this ordeal? [Slaves, on other occasions, though] hurried of a sudden to the ordeal, are, notwithstanding, separated from the others, and are thrown into cells, that no one may be able to hold communication with them. But as for these, after they had been a hundred days under the tutelage of the accuser, they are brought forward by that very accuser in person. What can be adduced more fair, what more impartial, than this examination?

XXIII. But if, while the fact itself is made quite apparent by so many clear proofs and tokens, you still do not sufficiently discern that Milo returned to Rome with a pure and upright heart, stained with no crime, disturbed by no apprehensions, distracted by no guilty reflections, do but recollect, by the immortal gods! how great was the celerity of his return; what his entrance into the Forum, amidst the conflagration of the senate-house; what his magnanimity; what his looks; what his words! Nor truly did he intrust himself to the populace alone, but also to the Senate; nor to the Senate only, but also to the public guards and arms; and not to these merely, but also to the authority of that very man to whom the Senate had consigned the whole Commonwealth, the entire youth of Italy, and the whole arms of the Roman people; to whom he never surely would have surrendered himself, if he had not confided in [the justice of] his cause; especially [to one who was] listening to every report, apprehending mighty [dangers], suspicious of many plots, and to some giving credence. Strong is the force of conscience, judges; and strong on the part both [of innocence and guilt]; so that not only are they who have perpetrated nothing in no wise apprehensive, but they who have transgressed imagine that the punishment is continually before their eyes. Nor truly without good reason has the cause of Milo always been approved of by the Senate. For these sagacious men saw the true grounds on which he defended his conduct, the boldness of his mind, and *the steadiness of his* defence. Have you forgot, then, judges,

while that intelligence of the Clodian slaughter was recent, the rumours and reports, not only of the adversaries of Milo, but also of some other weak persons. They affirmed that Milo was no more to return to Rome. For they imagined, that whether he had acted under heated and excited feelings, so as, burning with hatred, to slay his adversary, he rated the death of P. Clodius so highly, that he would contentedly retire from his native land, after he had satiated his resentment with the blood of his enemy; or whether he had desired, even by his death, to free his country, that the heroic man would not scruple, after, by his own peril, he had conferred deliverance on the State, to yield with resignation to the laws, to carry away along with himself never-fading glory, and leave us to enjoy the blessings which he had himself preserved. Many, too, used to talk of Catiline, and those horrid scenes. "He will burst forth; he will seize on some post; he will make war on his country." How wretched at times are those citizens who have deserved best of their country! in the case of whom persons not only forget the most glorious, but often harbour suspicions of the most impious, deeds! Well then, these charges were groundless, which undoubtedly would have proved true, had Milo committed anything which he could not have defended with honour and truth.

XXIV. What! [why mention the calumnies] which were afterwards heaped upon him; [calumnies] which would have struck any man with dismay, [if he were] under a consciousness even of trifling delinquencies,—how did he sustain? Immortal gods! Sustain! nay, but how did he despise and set them at nought! what neither a guilty man, however great his courage, nor an innocent man, unless he were a hero, could have disregarded. A number of shields, swords, reins, darts, and javelins, it was also thought could be detected. They said that there was not a lane in the city, not an alley, wherein Milo had not a hired house; that arms were conveyed down the Tiber to his Ocriculan villa; that his house on the Capitol was stored with bucklers; that every place was full of firebrands, prepared for the purpose of burning the city. These things were not reported merely, but almost believed; nor were they rejected till fully examined into. I, for my own part, applauded the extraordinary vigilance of Cn. Pompey; but I will speak, judges, as I feel. They to whose care is confided the whole government are obliged to listen to too many [stories], and cannot avoid it. Nay, even one Licinius, a sacrificing priest from the Circus Maximus, must be listened to, [while he states how] that the slaves of Milo, being made drunk at his house, had confessed to him of having conspired to assassinate Pompey; then afterwards that he was wounded with a sword by one of them to prevent his [Licinius's] giving information. He con-

veyed the intelligence to Pompey into his gardens; I am summoned among the first; in accordance with the opinions of his friends, he lays the matter before the Senate. I could not, in so strong suspicions of my own and my country's guardian, avoid being terrified with apprehension; but yet I thought it strange that credence was given to a priest; that the confession of slaves was listened to; that a wound in the side, which might seem the puncture of a pin, should be taken for the thrust of a gladiator. But, however, as I understand, Pompey exhibited more caution than he did apprehension, not only in respect of those matters which called for alarm, but in short of everything; that you might be relieved from any fears. [Again], the mansion of C. Cæsar, an illustrious and heroic man, was announced [as being] assaulted for several hours of the night. No one had heard, no one had perceived it, [though it occurred] in so populous a quarter. Still it was listened to. I could not suspect of cowardice Cn. Pompey, a citizen of transcendant valour; I deemed no vigilance too great, when the entire government was taken in charge. A senator was lately found in a crowded assembly, held in the Capitol, to assert that Milo was there [armed] with a weapon. He divested himself of his robes in that venerable temple, that, since the life of such a man and such a citizen was insufficient to gain him credit, the fact itself might speak, though he maintained silence.

XXV. All these were found to be false and treacherous inventions. But if Milo, however, is even now an object of alarm, we do not any more (ὀυκ ἔτι) apprehend this Clodian indictment; but we shudder at your suspicions, Cn. Pompey (for you I here address, and in so loud a tone that it may reach your ears), your, your [suspicions], I say, [we dread]. If you fear Milo, if you think that he either is now impiously plotting, or ever did contrive any design against your life; if, as some of your agents report, the levies of Italy; if these arms, if the battalions of the Capitol, if the sentinels, if the guards; if the choice youth that guard your person and your home, are all called in requisition to resist the attack of Milo, and if all these are designed, prepared, aimed against him, [and him] alone, surely in his person are manifested great fortitude, an incredible spirit, and the power and resources of no single individual; considering that against him alone has been selected a general of the greatest eminence, and the whole Commonwealth put under arms. But who does not see that all the weak and tottering parts of the State have been intrusted to your care, in order that you might restore and re-establish them by these arms? And had Milo been permitted the opportunity, he would have proved to yourself in person, that no [one] man was ever dearer to another than you to him; that he never declined any danger in defence of your dignity; that he very often con-

tended with that most baneful scourge in defence of your fame; that his tribuneship was regulated by your counsels, in order to my restoration, [an object] which you had most at heart; that he was defended by you when on trial for a capital offence; by you was aided in the competition for the prætorship; that he hoped always to have two persons most warmly attached to him: you on account of the favours which you conferred on him; me on account of those which he conferred on me. Which facts, if he did not fully prove; if that suspicion had been so deeply rooted in your mind that it were impossible by any means to be eradicated; if, finally, Italy was never to rest quiet from levies, the city from arms, without the sacrifice of Milo, truly, he (such was his natural disposition, and such were his principles) would, without a scruple, have abandoned his country; yet would he have appealed to you, Magnus, as [by me] he does even now.

XXVI. Observe how uncertain and changeable is the condition of human life, how unsettled and inconstant [a thing] is fortune, what treachery in friends, what time-serving pretences, what desertion of us by our nearest relatives in the time of need, what dastardly apprehensions! There will, there will surely, come the time, and ere long that day will dawn, when, as I trust, your fortunes, still prospering indeed, but altered perhaps by some shock of the public affairs (and how often this happens we ought from experience to know), you will feel the loss of the affection of the most friendly, the faith of the most upright, and the courage of the bravest man, [that has appeared] since the creation of men. And yet, who will credit it, that Cn. Pompey, a man most deeply versed in the laws of his country, in the usages of the ancients; lastly, in the administration of public affairs, when the Senate has given him in charge "to ascertain that the Republic receive no detriment," by which single line the Consuls were always sufficiently armed, even without arms being afforded them; [that] he, when he had an army, when he had a levy granted him, should have awaited a judicial decision in punishing the designs of that man who was disposed to abolish even judicial processes themselves. It is quite fully decided by Pompey that these things were falsely charged upon Milo; as he enacted a law, by which, as I conceive, Milo ought—as all acknowledge—Milo might, be acquitted by you. But inasmuch as [in that] he is seated in that spot, and surrounded by those bands of public guards, he sufficiently declares that he is not overawing you (for what is less becoming his character than to oblige [or, convene] you to condemn him, whom he could himself visit with punishment, both in accordance with the usages of the ancients, and in virtue of his inherent right?) but that he is here for your protection;

that you may see that, in defiance of that yesterday's harangue, you are at liberty to decide freely whatever you think.

XXVII. And in point of fact, judges, this charge of having killed Clodius does not give me any uneasiness; nor am I so senseless, so unacquainted with, and so little of an adept in, your way of thinking, as not to know what your opinion is of the death of Clodius; regarding which, though I were even unwilling to refute the charge so fully as I have done, yet might Milo with perfect safety exclaim, and proudly lie: "I have slain, I have slain, not a Sp. Mælius, who, because he was deemed to court the rabble too much, by lowering the price of grain, and by largesses from his patrimony, incurred the suspicion of aiming at regal power; not a Tib. Gracchus, who seditiously deposed his colleague from his office: the slayers of whom have filled the world with the glory of their name, no, but that man—(for he would dare to assert it, inasmuch as he had freed his country at his own peril) whose impious amours matrons of the highest rank have detected in the most venerable shrines; that man by whose punishment the Senate frequently decreed that the solemn rites of religion demanded expiation to be made; that man, whose actual commission of an impious incest with his sister-german, L. Lucullus, her husband, after an examination of her slaves by torture, asseverated on oath that he had discovered; that man, who banished, by the arms of his slaves, a citizen whom the Senate, whom the people, whom all nations, decided to be the saviour of the city, and of the life of the citizens; that man, who bestowed and took away kingdoms, who parcelled out the whole world to whom he pleased; that man, who, after numerous murders being perpetrated in the Forum, confined to his house a citizen of pre-eminent virtue and glory; that man, who considered nothing ever unlawful, whether in enormity or unhallowed passion; that man, who set fire to the temple of the Nymphs, in order to obliterate all public record of the review [of his infamous conduct], entered on the public registers; that man, in a word, who acknowledged no law, no right of citizens, no limits of property; who attempted to gain possession of the farms of others, not by the chicanery of lawsuits, not by illegal claims of possession and litigations, but by a camp, by an army, and by advancing his standards [to the attack]; who, by arms and an encampment, endeavoured to drive out of their possessions, not merely the Etrurians (for them he had utterly despised), but this Q. Varius our judge, a courageous man and excellent citizen; who traversed with architects and measuring-rods the villas and gardens of many; who bounded his hopes of usurpation by the Janiculum and the Alps; who, after he had failed in obtaining from M. Paconius, an illustrious Roman knight and brave man, the sale of an island in the Prelian lake, at once conveyed by rafts into

that island, timber, limestone, quarried stones and tools; and, while the owner was looking on across the bank, did not scruple to build on ground belonging to another; who, to this T. Furfanius, to what a citizen? immortal gods! (for why speak of the unprotected Scantian? why of the young Aponius? to both of whom he threatened death, if they should not give him up the possession of their gardens); but he dared [I say] to tell Furfanius, that unless he gave him the money which he had demanded, he would convey a corpse into his house; by the odium resulting from which circumstance this honourable man, it was intended, should be overwhelmed; who ousted his brother Appius from his estate in his absence—a man who is attached to me by the most faithful friendship; who determined to run a wall in such a manner through his sister's court-yard, and so to direct the foundations, as to deprive that sister, not only of a court, but of every avenue and entrance [to her mansion].

XXVIII. And yet these things, forsooth, were now beginning to be thought supportable; although he directed his attacks equally against the Republic; against private individuals; against the distant, against the near; against strangers, against friends; but unaccountable as it is, the amazing patience of the city had now, by custom, become hardened and callous. But, [let me ask], by what means could you either have warded off, or borne the [dangers] which were near and impending [over you]? Had he obtained magisterial authority; I insist not on allies, foreign nations, kings, provincial monarchs: for you would now be pouring forth prayers, that he should let himself loose upon them, rather than on your lands, your houses, your money; money, do I say? from your children, from your children, by Hercules, and your wives, he never would have restrained his unbridled passions. Do you think these things fabricated, which are plain? which are known to all? which are in your possession? that he meant to enrol armies of slaves in the city, by whose instrumentality he might possess himself of the whole Commonwealth, and the private property of all? Wherefore, if T. Annius, holding the bloody sword [in his hand], were to exclaim: "Citizens, I pray you, approach and give ear; I slew P. Clodius; his fury, which we were unable at the present to curb by any laws, any trials, with this sword and this right hand did I ward off your neck; so that to my single arm it is owing, that right, equity, laws, liberty, modesty, chastity, continued in the city;" would it truly be requisite to fear how the State would tolerate it? For, who is there now but approves of it? but applauds it? but affirms and feels that T. Annius alone, within the memory of man, has most benefited the Commonwealth; hath filled the Roman people, all Italy, all nations, with the deepest joy? I cannot estimate *how high* may have risen those rejoicings of the Roman

people in the olden time. Our age, however, has now witnessed many splendid victories of the most accomplished generals; and yet none of them has been productive of so lasting, so general joy. Treasure up this in your memory, judges. I trust that you and your children will live to see many blessings in the Republic; as these individually arise, you will always bear in mind, that had P. Clodius lived, you should have witnessed none of them; we are [now] buoyed up with the highest, and, as I trust, the best founded expectations, that, with this eminent man himself as our Consul, the licentiousness of men being curbed, their avarice restrained, the laws and judicial proceedings established, this very year will prove beneficial to the State. Is there then any man so infatuated as to dream that this could have occurred, and P. Clodius alive? What! under the domination of this furious man, [let me ask you], what right of permanent possession could that private and personal property which belongs to you have retained?

XXIX. I do not fear, judges, lest exasperated by hatred, arising from my private wrongs, I may seem to have thrown out these charges against him with more readiness than truth. For although my hatred of Clodius ought to be the most prominent, yet so universal an enemy was he of all, that [it] almost ranked on an equality with that of the public. It is impossible to be sufficiently expressed, or, indeed, imagined, what wickedness, what mischief, he was master of. But view [the matter], judges, in this light:—the present, namely, is an investigation concerning the death of P. Clodius. Picture to your minds, for our imaginations are free, and contemplate whatever they wish, just as we distinguish the objects which we behold; picture then to your fancy the idea of this my proposal; if I were able to bring you to acquit Milo, but on the condition that P. Clodius should be recalled to life. What horror have you betrayed by your looks? how would he impress you, if alive, who, though dead, has scared you by the bare imagination of him? What! if Cn. Pompey himself, who is a man of such bravery and fortune as to be always able to accomplish what none but himself [could hope]; if, I say, as he had been able to appoint an investigation into the death of P. Clodius, so [he were able] to evoke himself from the Shades, which alternative were he the more likely to choose? even if he were willing, on a principle of friendship, to recall him from the Shades, he would not have done so, through regard for the Commonwealth. You are placed on the bench, therefore, the avengers of the death of him whose life, if you thought it possible to be restored by your means, you would hesitate [as to restoring it]; and an investigation has been appointed into his death, of whom, if the restoration to life were possible by the same law, that law had never been enacted.

Need he then, who was the destroyer of this [wretch], in avowing the fact, fear punishment from those persons whose deliverance he had accomplished? Grecian men bestow the honours of the gods upon those heroes who have slain tyrants. What have I witnessed at Athens? what in the other cities of Greece? what divine honours instituted to such men? what songs? what odes? They are all but consecrated to the veneration and fame of immortality. Will you not only visit with no distinctions, but even permit to be dragged off to punishment, the saviour of so mighty a people; the avenger of so enormous a guilt? Had he perpetrated the deed, he would have confessed, would have confessed, I say, that with a courageous and willing mind he performed it for the general good; which deed surely he ought not only to have confessed, but also to have made a matter of boasting.

XXX. For if he does not deny an action [sc., his slaying Clodius in self-defence] from which he claims nothing except to be pardoned [for doing it]; would he scruple to acknowledge that [sc., killing him for the public good] for which even the rewards of praise would deserve to be claimed. Unless, indeed, he thinks it more agreeable to you, to have stood forward as the defender of his own life than yours; especially as by that avowal, if you were disposed to be grateful, he might attain to the most illustrious honours. But if the action were not approved by you (and yet how could their own safety fail of being approved by all?)—still, however, if the bravery of a most undaunted man had not proved acceptable to his fellow-citizens, with a noble and resolute soul he would have retired from an ungrateful country. For what more ungrateful return could be imagined than that others should be rejoicing, and he alone mourning, by whose instrumentality those others were made to feel joy? And yet, we have always been of this feeling in regard to putting down the traitors to their country; that considering ours was to be the glory, we should consider ours also the danger and the odium. For what praise [I ask you] ought to have been bestowed even on myself, when I had ventured so much in my consulship for you and your children, if I imagined that I was likely to run every risk which I was preparing [to run], without the greatest personal dangers? what woman would not be bold enough to slay a wicked and mischievous citizen, if she did not fear the danger? The man who with odium, death, punishment, set forth to his view, no less zealously defends the State, is to be considered a man indeed. It is the duty of a grateful country to crown with rewards the citizens who have deserved well of the State; [that] of a brave man, not to be influenced even by punishments, so as to regret his having acted bravely. Titus Annius, therefore, would [if he had done the deed] adopt the same confession as Ahala, as *Nasica*, as *Opimius*, as Marius, as myself; and if his country

were grateful, he would rejoice at it; if ungrateful, would, however, in his adverse fortune, seek support in conscious [rectitude].

But, judges, the fortune of the Roman people, and your felicity, and the immortal gods, think the gratitude for this favour justly their (not Milo's) due. And, indeed, no one can think otherwise, except the man who denies the existence of any divine power or providence; whom neither the majesty of your empire, nor yonder sun, nor the motions of the heavens and constellations, nor the revolutions and successions of nature, affect; nor, what is greatest of all, the wisdom of our ancestors; who both themselves most religiously observed the sacrifices, the ceremonies, and the auspices, and have handed them down to us, their posterity.

XXXI. There is, there is, beyond all doubt, such a power; nor in these our bodies, and in this our imbecility [of frame], does there exist a certain [principle], which is possessed of animation and thought, and [which] does not [also] pervade this so great and so admirable a system of nature; unless, perhaps, these people imagine that it has no existence, because it is not apparent nor visible; just as if we are able to see our thinking principle itself, or plainly perceive what is its nature, or where it resides; from which we derive our wisdom, from which we derive our foresight, by which we plead and urge these very [arguments]. This, this, then, is the very power which has often brought to this city amazing [instances of] good fortune and assistance; which has destroyed and removed that scourge [of a man], whom it first inspired with the idea of venturing to enrage with violence and attack with the sword, the bravest of men; and [thereby effected] that he should be conquered by him, whom, if he had conquered, he should have enjoyed unceasing impunity and scope for his licentiousness. This [great] object, then, has been effected, judges, not by the counsels of men; [nay], not even by an ordinary vigilance of the immortal gods. The objects of our religious regards themselves, which witnessed that monster fall, seem to have bestirred themselves, and in his case to have asserted their rights. For you now, ye Alban mounts and groves; you, I say, I implore and attest, and ye demolished altars of the Albans, the partners and coequals of the sacred rights of the Roman people, which, driven headlong by folly, after having hewed down and levelled the most inviolable groves, he had overwhelmed with reckless piles of buildings; your altars then, [then] your sacred ceremonies exerted their energy; your power bore sway, which he had contaminated with every guilt. And you, O holy Latian Jove, whose lakes, woods, and domains, he had often polluted with every abominable impurity and wickedness; at length, from your exalted mount, have you opened [illegible]ur eyes to punish him; to you, to you was rendered, in your *presence, the tardy* but withal just and due penalty. Unless,

perhaps, we will say that it too was owing to accident, that when he had engaged in fight before the very shrine of Bona Dea, which stands on the estate of T. Sextius Gallus, an eminently illustrious and honourable youth, before, I repeat it, Bona Dea herself, having engaged in fight, he first received that wound by which he died a most ignominious death; so that he did not appear to be acquitted by that infamous judicial decision, but reserved for this signal punishment.

XXXII. And truly it was the self-same wrath of the gods that inspired his followers with such frenzy, as to cause his body, cast forth [not *compositus*, laid out] to be [as it were] scorched; without images, without chants, without games, without pomp, without lamentation, without panegyric, without a funeral; defiled with gore and mire, deprived of the solemnity of that last day, to which even enemies are wont to yield their claims. It was not, I believe, consistent with piety, that the images of the most illustrious men should impart any dignity to that most detestable parricide; nor that his remains should be mangled in any other place than that wherein his life had been condemned. Hard, indeed, and cruel at this time seemed to me the fortune of the Roman people, which for so many years saw and suffered him to trample on the Republic. He had contaminated with his intrigues the most holy rites; had broken the most solemn decrees of the Senate; had openly ransomed himself from the judges by money; had harassed the Senate in his tribuneship; had annulled the acts [passed] for the good of the State, with the concurrence of all; had driven me from my native land; had plundered my property; had burned my house; had persecuted my children and my wife; had proclaimed an execrable war against Cn. Pompey; had occasioned the murder of both public and private men; had set fire to my brother's house; had devastated Etruria; had ousted many from their homes and their fortunes; he was pressing on; he was urgent; his frenzy the city, Italy, provinces, kingdoms, could not confine. At his home, laws were now actually engraven on brazen tablets, which were to consign us over to our slaves; there was nothing belonging to any one, provided only that he had coveted it, which he did not think would this year be his own. No one withstood his designs but Milo. He deemed Pompey himself, who could have opposed him, in some sort attached to his cause, by their late reconciliation. Cæsar's power he used to say was his power; in the case of my misfortunes also, he had despised the sentiments of all good men. Milo alone resisted him.

XXXIII. Here, then, the immortal gods, as I have already remarked, inspired that desperate and turbulent man with the thought of lying in wait for Milo; otherwise that scourge [of a man] could not have been exterminated. The Commonwealth

could never, by its own authority, have avenged on him its wrongs. The Senate, forsooth, would have curbed him as Prætor; it had not at all succeeded, even when it used to make the attempt in regard of Clodius ranking merely as a private citizen. Would the Consuls have been resolute in keeping the Prætor in check? In the first place, by the death of Milo, he should have had his own [creatures] as Consuls. In the next place, what Consul would have such resolution, where the Prætor was one by whom, as tribune, he would call to mind that a consular man was most grievously persecuted? He would have borne down everything, would possess, would keep master of it. By an unprecedented law, which was found at his house with the other Clodian laws, he would have made our slaves his freedmen; in a word, had not the immortal gods inspired him with the thought of attempting, effeminate creature though he was, to slay the bravest of men, to-day you would be in possession of no constitution. Would he, indeed, as Prætor—would he, as Consul—provided these temples and very walls could have stood so long and he alive, and awaited his consulship; would he, in fine, as a living man, have done no mischief, who, when dead, under the guidance of Sext. Clodius, one of his followers, set the senate-house on fire? Than which [spectacle] what have we seen more wretched, more galling, more lamentable? That the temple of piety, of dignity, of wisdom, of public counsel, the head of this city, the sanctuary of the allies, the harbour of all nations, the seat vouchsafed to one order [of the citizens] by all the Roman people, should be set on fire, razed, defiled? and that this should not be done by an ignorant mob, though that itself were a wretched alternative, but by an individual, who, having dared so much as a corpse-burner for the dead, what would he not have dared as standard-bearer for the living? He threw Clodius into the senate-house above all other places; that, as dead, he might set fire to that temple, which, alive, he had overturned. And are there persons who complain of the Appian Way, and say nothing of the senate-house? and think that the Forum could have been defended from his attacks, while alive, whose corpse the senate-house has not resisted? Evoke, evoke him from the Shades if you can. Will you restrain his violence alive, whose fury, even buried, you hardly withstand? unless, forsooth, you did withstand those who ran to the senate-house with torches; to Castor's temple with halberts; who flitted through the whole Forum with swords. You saw the Roman people massacred, an assembly dispersed with swords, just when M. Cælius, the tribune of the people, was listened to with attention, a man both of undaunted courage in the service of the Commonwealth, and most resolute in the cause which he had espoused; both *devoted to the party* of the good, and the authority of the Se-

nate; and in regard of this, whether unwonted odium of Milo, or singular good fortune, of superhuman and incredible fidelity.

XXXIV. But I have now spoken quite enough in relation to the cause, even too much, perhaps, irrelevant to the cause. What remains, but to entreat and humbly beseech you to extend that clemency to an undaunted man, which he himself does not implore; but which, against his consent, I both implore and earnestly demand? If, in the weeping of us all, you have beheld no tear of Milo, if you see his countenance always the same, his voice, his speech, firm and unfaltering, do not the less spare him for this. I know not whether he has not a much greater claim to your protection. For if, in gladiatorial combats, when persons of the lowest rank and fortune are concerned, we are apt even to hate the cowardly, the suppliant, and those who beg for life; [but] wish to save the brave, the intrepid, and those who cheerfully offer themselves to death; and if we feel more for those who do not need our clemency than those who importunately crave it, how much the more are we called on to act so in the case of the bravest citizens? The words of Milo, judges, which I continually hear, and at which I am daily present, dishearten and scare me to death. "Farewell," he exclaims, "farewell, my fellow-citizens; may they be powerful, prosperous, and happy: [long] may this famous city stand, and native country to me most dear, however she shall have deserved at my hands; may my fellow-citizens (since I may not with them) of themselves without me, yet still through me, continue in the enjoyment of public tranquillity. I will retire and withdraw. If I am not allowed to enjoy a well—at least I shall escape an ill—governed Republic. And the very first well-organized city to which I shall have come [in my wanderings], there shall I repose. Alas!" cries he, "my fruitless toils! my illusive hopes! my empty schemes! Could I, after I had, when the whole State was trampled under foot, devoted myself in my tribuneship to the Senate, which I had found abolished, to the Roman knights, whose strength was debilitated; to good men, who had lost all authority through the Clodian arms; could I [I say] think that the protection of good men would ever be wanting to me? After I had restored you to your country (for he very often converses with me), could I imagine that a place in that country would be wanting to myself? Where now is the Senate which I supported? Where are those, those, your Roman knights? Where the affectionate regards of the corporate towns? Where the acclamations of Italy? Where, in fine, M. Tullius, is that voice and advocacy of yours, which was of aid to so many? Am I the only person it cannot assist, who so often exposed myself to death for you?"

XXXV. Nor, judges, does he utter these sentiments with

tears, as I do now, but with these very looks which you behold; for he denies, he denies, that he did what he has done for ungrateful citizens; he does not [deny that he did it] for citizens who are timorous and watchful against every danger. The plebeians and dregs of the people, which, under the direction of P. Clodius, threatened your fortunes, in order that your life might be the more secure, he declares that he managed* so as not only to restrain by his firmness, but also to sooth at the expense of his triple patrimony; nor is he afraid, lest, when he appeased the plebeians with largesses, he should fail in conciliating you by his eminent services to the State. He affirms that the affection of the Senate towards him has been often displayed during these very times; and that, whatever path fortune shall have pointed out, he will carry along with him the respectful addresses, the tokens of affection, the [friendly] conferences, of you and of your respective orders. He bears in mind also that the voice of the herald only was wanting—the want of which he least of all regretted; but that by the universal suffrage of the people—the only thing which he was really anxious for—he was declared Consul. In fine, that, if now these arms are likely to turn against him, the suspicion of the deed, not the crime of the perpetration, lies at his door. He adds these words, which are certainly true, THAT BRAVE AND WISE MEN are not so apt to pursue the rewards of upright actions, as upright actions themselves; that he has performed no action of his life except most nobly; that is to say, if nothing is more noble in a man than to rescue his country from perils, that they are happy for whom such conduct has obtained the meed of honour from their citizens; but that, at the same time, they are not [to be esteemed] unhappy, who have outdone their citizens in benefits; but, however, that of all the rewards of virtue, if a concern for rewards were to be entertained, the noblest is glory; that it is this alone which consoles us for the shortness of life, and causes us, [though] absent, to be present; [though] dead, to be alive; in fine, that it is this [glory] by whose steps men seem to mount up to heaven. "Of me," he says, "the Roman people shall ever, all nations ever, converse; no distant age shall ever be mute. Nay, at this very instant, when an entire train is laid to kindle odium against me, yet am I celebrated in every assembly of men, by returning of thanks, by congratulatory addresses, and by every conversation [that may arise]. I pass over the festal days of Etruria, both celebrated and permanently instituted. This is the hundred-and-first day, if I mistake not, from the death of Clodius. Wherever the boundaries of the empire of the Romans extend, thither hath reached, not merely the fame of, but also the joy at

* Or with *suam*, 'declares that he gained over to his side,' &c.

that occurrence, I am not therefore anxious," he says, "as to where this *person* may be; since the glory of my name, even now, spreads through every land, and [there] will ever dwell."

XXXVI. Thus have you often [conversed] with me, when these, your judges, were absent; but in their hearing I thus converse with you. I cannot indeed sufficiently applaud you for being of this temper of mind; but the more godlike is this virtue, with the more concern am I torn from your arms. Nor, indeed, if you are forced away from me, is this complaint left to console me, that I can be angry with those from whom I met the wound; for not my enemies, but dearest friends, will wrest you from me; not those who have ever deserved evil at my hands, but invariably the very best. No such acute pain, judges, will you ever inflict on me (though [why say *no*; for] can any future pain be so acute?), nay, not even this very one [will you inflict on me to the degree] that I shall forget how highly you have always esteemed me. And if this forgetfulness has gained possession of you, or, if you are displeased at anything in my conduct, why is not that atoned for by my life rather than Milo's? For I shall have lived nobly, if some casualty befall me before I come to witness this signal calamity. Now one consolation supports me, that, T. Annius, no office of love, none of attention, none of affection, has been wanting to you at my hands. For you did I covet the frowns of the powerful; my person and my life I often exposed to the arms of your enemies; for you I prostrated myself at the feet of numbers; the property and the fortunes of myself and my children I embarked in the partnership of your exigencies; lastly, on this very day, if any violence is prepared, any hazard of life intended, I demand [a share]. What now remains? What have I to say, what to do for your services to me, except to consider that fortune, whatsoever it will prove, as my own; I refuse it not, I decline it not; and I implore you, judges, either to enhance the favours which you have conferred upon me by his preservation, or to witness their approaching obliteration in his fall.

XXXVII. Milo is not affected by these tears. He is possessed of some incredible fortitude; he deems that exile only exists there, where there is no room for virtue; that death is nature's bourn, not a punishment. Let him then [continue] in that sentiment with which he was born. What, judges, [will you think], and of what sentiments, pray, will you be? Will you retain the memory of Milo, and banish himself? And will there be found any place in the earth more worthy of giving shelter to such magnanimity, than that which gave it birth? On you, on you, I call, ye gallant men, who have profusely shed your blood for your country; I call on you, ye centurions, and you, ye soldiers, in this peril of an invincible hero and citizen. Shall

this amazing worth be expelled from this city, cast out, banished, while you are not only spectators, but also with arms in your hands, and protecting this tribunal? Wretch that I am! unfortunate being! could you, Milo, by means of these men, restore me to my country; shall I not be able, by means of the same, to retain you in your country? What answer shall I make to my children, who look on you as another father? what to you, my brother Quintus, who are now absent, the mutual partner of these dangers? Is it that I was unable to insure the safety of Milo by means of the very men by whom he had secured mine? But in what cause that I could not? One which is approved of by the world. From what persons that I could not? From those who most of all were gratified at the death of Clodius. At whose solicitation? My own? What mighty scheme of guilt did I devise, what enormous crime commit, judges, when I traced, discovered, laid before you, and quashed* those proofs that the destruction of the Republic was in contemplation? All miseries flow from that source on me and mine. Why did you wish me restored? was it, that in my view, those by whose instrumentality I had been restored, should in turn be expelled? Do not, I implore you, allow my return to be a source of bitterer pangs to me than was that departure itself. For how could I conceive myself restored, if I am torn from the arms of those through whom I was restored?

XXXVIII. Oh! that the immortal gods had so arranged (with your permission, my country, I speak it, for I fear lest I may express with impiety towards you what I say through affection for Milo)—that P. Clodius not merely were alive, but also were Prætor, Consul, Dictator, rather than I should behold this sight. O immortal gods! [how] brave a man, and [how] worthy, judges, of your preserving! Not so, not so, he replies. Nay, but let him have suffered merited punishment; and let me, if it must needs be so, undergo unmerited. Shall this man, born for his country, die anywhere but in his country, or if it be so, for his country? Will you retain the memorials of his mind, and allow in Italy no sepulchre for his body? Will any man expel him from this city by his vote, whom every city will invite within its walls, when you shall have expelled him? Oh! happy the land which shall have sheltered this man! ungrateful this country if it shall banish him! wretched, if it shall lose him! But let me conclude: for I cannot now speak for tears; and he forbids himself to be defended by tears. You, judges, I entreat and conjure, in giving your votes, to dare to act as you think. Your courage, your justice, your honour (trust me), he will most of all approve, who, in selecting judges, made choice of the best, the wisest, and bravest of men.

* '*Quashed—proofs*,' an incorrect expression found in the original—*indicia—extinxi*.

THE FIRST ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE.

I. How far, then, Catiline, will you trample upon our patience? how long will your fury turn us into mockery? to what lengths will your unbridled insolence proceed? has the nightly guard of the Palatium nothing daunted you? nothing, the sentinels of the city; nothing, the trepidation of the populace; nothing, the concourse of all honest men; nothing, this most impregnable place for convening the Senate; nothing, the countenances and the looks of these [senators]? Are you not aware that your designs are discovered?—see you not that your conspiracy has already come within [is held bound by] the privity of them all? Who of us, do you imagine, is ignorant what you did last night? what the night preceding it? where you were? whom you convened? what designs you formed? What times! What principles! The Senate is apprized of, the Consul sees these things; yet he lives. Lives! nay, but comes even into the Senate; shares in the public deliberations; marks and singles out every one of us for massacre. But we, gallant men, think that we do our duty to the State, if we escape his fury and his darts. Catiline, you ought long ere now to have been dragged to execution by order of the Consul; on you should that ruin have been hurled, which you are a long time plotting against us all. But did that illustrious man, P. Scipio, the High Pontiff, [acting merely] in a private capacity, slay Tib. Gracchus, when slightly weakening the stability of the Commonwealth; and shall we, Consuls, tolerate Catiline, desirous of devastating the whole world with bloodshed and conflagration? For I omit these [instances as] too remote, how Q. Servilius Ahala slew with his own hand Sp. Mælius, who was favouring a scheme of revolution. There was, there was once, such virtue in this Republic, that brave men inflicted severer punishment on a factious citizen than on the most inveterate enemy. [Not so now, for] we, Catiline, have a decree against you, full of force and severity; the State wants not the wisdom nor the authority of this order; we, we, the Consuls, I say it plainly, are lacking in our duty.

II. The Senate once decreed that the Consul, L. Opimius, should ascertain that the Republic received no detriment. Not a night intervened: C. Gracchus, descended of a most illustrious father, grandfather, and ancestors, under some suspicions of

[exciting] commotions, was put to death; [on the same occasion] M. Fulvius, an ex-Consul, and his children, were slain. The Commonwealth was, by a like decree, intrusted to the Consuls, C. Marius and L. Valerius. Did death and the vengeance [of the Republic] respite for a single day L. Saturninus, the plebeian tribune, and C. Servilius, the Prætor? But we are now, this twentieth day, permitting the weapon of the authority of these senators to lose its keenness in our hands. For we have a decree of the same kind, but shut up among our records, as a sword sheathed; in conformity to which decree, you, Catiline, should at once have been put to death. [Yet] you live, and live not to relinquish, but strengthen your effrontery. I am desirous, conscript fathers, to be merciful; I am desirous not to seem remiss in so great perils of the State; but already do I condemn myself of sloth and irresolution. A camp is pitched in Italy against the Republic in the defiles of Etruria; the number of the enemy is every day increasing; yet still we see the director of the camp, the captain of the rebels, within the city, and even in the Senate, daily plotting some intestine mischief against the State. If, Catiline, I should now order you to be apprehended, if to be put to death, I doubt not my fear must be, lest all good men may charge me with being too late in doing so, rather than that any one [should charge me with being] too severe. But for certain reasons, I am not yet induced to do what ought long since to have been done. Then, and not till then, shall you [Catiline] suffer death, when not even a man can be found so wicked, so desperate, so like yourself, as not to confess that it was justly inflicted. As long as there will be a man who may venture to defend you, you shall live; and live just as now you are living, beset with many and powerful guards of my placing, so that you cannot make one movement against the Republic. The eyes also and ears of many shall, as they have hitherto done, watch and guard you [when] unperceived.

III. For what is there, Catiline, that you can any longer expect, if neither night by its gloom can shade your traitorous meetings, nor a private mansion with its walls keep within it the voice of your conspiracy? if every thing is declared, is forced [into notice]? Do now at least change that intention: be advised by me; think no more of bloodshed and conflagration. You are hemmed in on every side; all your plans are clearer to us than the noon-day, which along with me you may here review. Do you recollect that on the twenty-first of October I asserted in the Senate, that on a certain day, which day was to be the twenty-eighth of October, C. Mallius, the partisan and agent of your audacious enterprise, would appear in arms? Did there escape me, Catiline, not only an attempt so enormous, so nefa-

rious, so surpassing belief, but that which is much more to be wondered at, the [very] day? I said, likewise, in the Senate, that you had fixed on the twenty-seventh of October for the massacre of the nobles, at a time when many leading men of the city had retired from Rome, not so much in order to save themselves, as to disconcert your plans. Can you deny, that on that very day, beset by my guards, by my vigilance, you could not take one step against the Republic, when, on the departure of the others, you, nevertheless, expressed yourself satisfied with the murder of us who had remained. What! when you relied, that on the first of November you would seize on Præneste by a nocturnal assault, did you not find that colony, in pursuance of my orders, secured by a garrison, by guards and sentinels of my appointment? You are doing nothing, plotting nothing, thinking nothing, which I do not only hear, but see, and clearly understand.

IV. Review, then, now with me that night preceding [the last]; presently shall you perceive that I am much more keenly on the watch for the preservation, than you for the destruction, of the State. I affirm, then, that on the preceding night, you came to the Falcarian street (I shall deal openly with you), to the house of M. Læca; that thither assembled several of the associates in that insanity and crime. Dare you deny this? Why are you silent? I shall prove it if you deny. For I see here in the Senate certain persons who were [assembled] along with you. Immortal gods! in what quarter of the world are we? what Republic have we? in what city do we live? Here, here, conscript fathers, in our own order, in this, the most venerable and respectable assembly in the world, there are [men] who are meditating the destruction of me and of us all, who are meditating the ruin of this city, and, consequently, of the world. I, the Consul, am looking at them, am asking their opinions about the public affairs! and am not as yet wounding with my voice those who ought to be slain with the sword! You were, therefore, Catiline, at Læca's that night; you did distribute the parts of Italy; you did appoint [the place] to which it was agreed that each should repair; you did select whom to leave at Rome, whom to take along with you; you did point out the quarters of the city for conflagration; you did assert that you were yourself already on the point of setting out; you did say that it caused even then a trifling delay to you that I was alive. There were found two Roman knights to free you from that solicitude, and promise that, on that very night, a little before dawn, they would slay me in my own bed. All these things I discovered, your assembly being hardly as yet dismissed; I secured and strengthened my house with additional

guards; I refused admittance to those whom you had sent to my house in the morning to salute me; those very persons having come, who, I had already stated to several persons beforehand, were to come to me at that very time.

V. Now these facts being so, Catiline, proceed as you have begun; leave at length the city; the gates are open; do set out. That Mallian encampment of yours is too long regretting the absence of their commander. Take out with you also all your confederates; if not all, as many as you can. Purge the city. You will relieve me from great apprehensions, provided there be a wall between you and me. You can now no longer have any intercourse with us. I will not tolerate, not suffer, not permit it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this Jupiter Stator himself, the most ancient guardian of this city, that we have so often already escaped so cruel, so dreadful, and so dangerous a pest of the Republic. The supreme safety of the State is not to be again and again endangered by an individual. As long, Catiline, as you plotted against me, the Consul elect, I defended myself, not by a public guard, but by private vigilance. When at the late consular election, you wished to slay me, the Consul, and your competitors, in the plain [of Mars], I defeated your atrocious attempts by a guard and forces of my friends, without exciting any public tumult; in a word, as often as you aimed at my life, I withstood you singly, though I was aware that my ruin was linked to some signal calamity of the Republic. Now, indeed, you openly attack the whole Commonwealth, the temples of the immortal gods, the dwellings of the city, the lives of all the citizens. All Italy, in short, you are devoting to slaughter and devastation. Wherefore, since I dare not do that which is the primary and proper act of this command [which I hold], and of the discipline of our ancestors, I shall do that which is milder in point of severity, and more useful for the public safety. For if I should order you to be put to death, a remnant of the conspirators will remain in the State; but if you depart, as I am long since exhorting you, the numerous and destructive *canaille* of the Republic, composed of your followers, shall be cleared out from the city. What is the matter, Catiline? do you hesitate to do that at my bidding, which you were on the point of doing of your own accord? The Consul orders a traitor to quit the city. Do you ask me [is it] for exile? I do not so direct; but if you ask my advice, I recommend it.

VI. For what is there, Catiline, that can now give you pleasure in this city; in which there is nobody, unconcerned in that conspiracy of desperate men, but dreads, no one but hates you. What stigma of domestic infamy is not branded on your life? What scandal of private conduct does not cling to your infamy?

What lust has ever been a stranger to your eyes, what enormity to your hands, what pollution to your whole body? to what youth, whom you had entangled by the allurements of vice, did you not present either a dagger for his audacity, or a torch for his passions? But what! when lately, by the death of a former wife, you had prepared your house for a new alliance, did you not heighten this crime by another incredible act of guilt? but this I pass over, and readily suffer to remain in silence, lest the enormity of such an act may seem either to have had being in this city, or not to have been punished. I pass over the wreck of your fortune, which you shall find wholly to impend over you the next Ides. I come to those things which appertain not to the ignominy of your private vices, not to your domestic embarrassments and scandals, but to the whole Republic, and to the lives and safety of us all. Can this light, Catiline, or the breathing of this air, be grateful [to you], when you are aware that there is none of these [here present] but knows that, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, on the last day of December, you stood in the Comitium [armed] with a weapon? that you collected a gang to slay the Consuls and leading men of the city? that no remorse nor fear of yours, but the fortune of the Republic, thwarted your wicked and frantic attempt? And I now omit those matters. For they are neither obscure, nor your after-offences few. How often did you attempt to slay me, the Consul elect, how often, Consul! how many strokes, so aimed, that they did not seem possible to be parried, have I shunned by a certain slight side-movement, and as they term it, by [a deflection of] the body! You are doing nothing, effecting nothing [plotting nothing]; yet you cease not from making the attempt and harbouring the wish. How often has that dagger been wrested from your hands? how often has it by some accident dropped, and slipped [out of them]? [yet you cannot dispense with it very long]: and I know not indeed by what rites it has been initiated and consecrated by you, that you deem it necessary to plant it in the body of a Consul.

VII. But now, what is this your life? For I shall now address you in such terms that I may not seem to be influenced by hatred, as I ought; but by commiseration, to which you have no claim. You came a little while ago into the Senate. Who, of this so large an assembly, of so many personal friends and relations, saluted you? If, within the memory of man, this happened to none [but you], do you await the reproofs of the voice, when you are overpowered by the most solemn decision of silence? What! [shall I say] that on your approach the benches were forsaken; that all the consular senators, who were very often marked out by you for massacre, as soon as you took your seat, left that part of the benches bare and vacant! With what feelings do you

think it your duty to bear this? By Hercules! if my slaves were to fear me as all your fellow-citizens do you, I should think I ought to abandon my house: do you not think [that you ought to leave] the city? and if I beheld myself undeservedly the object of such heavy suspicion and hatred to my fellow-citizens, I should rather withdraw myself from their view, than be looked upon by the menacing eyes of all; when you, through the consciousness of your crimes, acknowledge the hatred of all [to be] just, and long since your due, do you hesitate to avoid the look and presence of those whose souls and senses you are wounding? If your parents dreaded and hated you, and you could not by any means mollify them, as I imagine, you would withdraw somewhere from their presence; now your country, which is the common parent of us all, hates and fears you, and judges that you are this long time meditating upon nothing but her ruin. Will you neither respect her authority, nor submit to her decision, nor stand in awe of her power? Who thus reasons with you, Catiline, and [though] silent, in a manner addresses [you]?—"No enormity has happened now, these many years, except through your agency; no crime without you; in you alone the murders of many citizens, in you the pillaging and spoliation of the allies, have gone unpunished and unrestrained; you were able not only to neglect the laws and judicial trials, but also to subvert and destroy them. These, your former [acts], intolerable though they were, I yet bore as I best could; but that I should now, on your account alone, be wholly [the slave] of fear; and that, whatever alarm may have been raised, Catiline should be dreaded; that no plot seems possible to be entered into against me, which is at variance with your guilt—[these things, I say] are [quite] intolerable. Wherefore, begone, and deliver me from this fear, that, if just, I may not be crushed by its weight; but if groundless, I may at length cease to fear."

VIII. If your country, as I said, should hold this language with you, ought she not to obtain [her wishes], even in case she may not be able to employ force? What! need I say that you voluntarily [*ipse*] resigned yourself up to custody? What! that you alleged that, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, you wished to live in the house of M. Lepidus, by whom, when rejected, you even presumed to come to me; and you asked me to keep you safe at my house! When from me, also, you received for answer that I could by no means be safe within the same house with you, who was in great peril at our being contained within the same city's walls, you came to Q. Metellus the Prætor! And being repulsed by him, you repaired to your friend M. Marcellus, a vastly good man, whom you of course imagined likely to be most vigilant in guarding you, most shrewd in suspecting you, and most resolute

in bringing you to justice! But how far does that person seem deserving of escaping a prison and bonds, who has already pronounced himself worthy of confinement? And since these things are so, Catiline, if you cannot die with resignation here, do you hesitate to retire to some [distant] land, and consign to banishment and retirement that life rescued from many just and due punishments? "Refer it," you say, "to the Senate;" for this you demand; and if that order shall decree that it meets their wishes for you to go into banishment, you say that you are ready to obey. I shall not—a thing which is at variance with my habits—lay such a matter before the Senate; and yet I will take such means as that you shall be apprized of the sentiments which these men hold about you. Leave the city, Catiline: deliver the public from apprehension: proceed, if all you are waiting for is this word, into banishment. What is the matter, Catiline? Are you at all considering, are you observing their silence? They are passive; they are mute. Why wait for their sentence in words, whose wishes you discern by their silence? But if I had given the same advice to this most excellent youth, P. Sextius; if to the brave M. Marcellus, the Senate would by this time have, with the best right, laid violent hands on me, their Consul, in this very temple. But regarding you, Catiline, in holding their peace, they approve; in bearing with, they decree; in preserving silence, they proclaim. And not the senators only, whose authority, forsooth, is precious, whose life most worthless in your eyes; but also those Roman knights, the most honourable and best of men, and other brave citizens, who are surrounding the Senate; whose numbers you might have seen, and whose sentiments you might have learned, and whose voices, not long ago, distinguished. The men, [then], whose hands and weapons I am long with difficulty keeping off your person, these I shall easily induce to attend you, even to the gates, on your quitting these [walls] which you are long ago studying to level with the ground.

IX. And yet, what am I saying? [is it] that anything will shake you [from your purpose]? that you will ever reform [your manners]? that you will meditate any exile? that you will think of any banishment? Oh! that the immortal gods may inspire you with that resolution! although if, intimidated by my words, you prevail on yourself to go into banishment, I see what a storm of odium lours over me, if not at the present time, while the recollection of your crimes is fresh, at least hereafter. But it is of small importance to me, provided that it may be [limited to] private calamity, and be separated from the dangers of the Republic. But it is not to be required from you to be ashamed of your vices, to be intimidated by the penalties of the laws, or to

yield to the exigencies of the Republic. For you, Catiline, are not such a character as a sense of shame might reclaim from dishonour, fear from peril, or reason from madness. Therefore, as I have already often said, begone; and if you wish to excite odium against me, your enemy, as you assert, go away directly into banishment: hardly shall I support the censorious observations of men, if you take that step: hardly shall I bear up under the weight of that odium, if by the Consul's command you shall retire into exile. But if you are more willing to minister to my praise and glory, march out with your wicked gang of ruffians; betake yourself to Mallius; rouse the desperate citizens; withdraw yourself from the virtuous; wage war upon your country; triumph in your unnatural rebellion; so that you may appear to have repaired, not to strangers, on expulsion by me, but to your own [associates] by my invitation. Though why should I invite you, by whom I know that [persons] have been sent forward to await you in arms at the Forum Aurelium? by whom I know that the day has been concerted and fixed on with Mallius? by whom I know that that silver eagle, also, was sent forward, which I trust will prove ruinous and baneful to you and yours, in whose honour there was built at your house a shrine for your crimes? How can you any longer want that eagle which you were accustomed to worship on setting out to deeds of blood? from whose altars you often transferred that impious right hand [of yours] to the murder of your citizens.

X. You will go at length, whither that unbridled and infuriate ambition of yours was long ago hurrying you. For this circumstance affects you not with grief, but with a sort of inconceivable pleasure. To this [act of] frenzy, nature produced you, your inclination trained you, your fortune reserved you. You not only never made peace the object of your wishes, but not even war, unless it were an impious one. You have got a gang of ruffians collected out of abandoned wretches, and [men] bereft not only of all property, but even of hope. What transports will you here enjoy! in what delights will you revel! in what pleasure will you riot, when in so large a band of your followers you shall neither hear nor see any honest man! To this bent of life your labours, as they are [emphatically] styled, have been directed: to repose on the ground, not only to lie in wait for an amour, but also to perpetrate a villany: to keep awake, not only to plot against the slumbers of husbands, but also against the effects of the victims. You [now] have [a field] wherein to display your far-famed endurance of hunger, cold, and general destitution; by which, in a short time, you shall find yourself exhausted; this much did I gain at the time when I repulsed you from the consulship: that, as an exile, you might

rather attack, than, as a Consul, harass the Republic; and that this exploit, which was impiously engaged in by you, should be named a rebellion rather than a war.

XI. And now, conscript fathers, that I may solemnly remove and deprecate from myself a well-grounded complaint of my country, I pray you, observe diligently what [words] I shall say, and commit them thoroughly to your hearts and minds. For if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life, if all Italy, if the entire Republic address me:—"M. Tullius, what are you doing? will you suffer him to depart, whom you discovered to be an enemy, whom you see about to become the leader of the war, whom you perceive expected as general in the camp of the enemy, the originator of rebellion, the prime mover of conspiracy, the enlister of slaves and ruined citizens; so that he seems not to have been sent by you out of the city, but let in upon the city? will you not order him to be dragged to prison, to be hurried to execution, to suffer condign punishment? What then restrains you? Is it the precedent of our ancestors? But very often [persons], even in a private capacity in this Republic, amerced with death dangerous citizens. Is it the laws, which are ordained about the punishment of Roman citizens? but those who have withdrawn their allegiance from the Republic, have never, in this city, possessed the privileges of citizens. Do you dread the odium of future times? You make a noble return to the Roman people, who so early exalted you through all the grades of public honours to the supreme command, a man known but through yourself, without any recommendation from your ancestors—if, on account of odium or the fear of any danger, you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But, admitting that there is a fear of odium, is the odium arising from firmness and courage more strongly to be dreaded than that arising from sloth and inactivity? When Italy shall be wasted by war, cities plundered, houses wrapped in flames, do you not then expect that you yourself shall be consumed in the conflagration of public odium?"

XII. Well, then, to those most sacred appeals of my country, and to the reflections of those persons who join in sentiment with her, I shall make a brief reply. If I thought it most expedient, conscript fathers, to punish Catiline with death, I should not have given that gladiator the enjoyment of life for a single hour. For if the greatest men and most illustrious citizens were so far from polluting [their hands], that they even graced their characters by [shedding] the blood of Saturninus, and of the Gracchi, and of Flaccus, and many other ancient men; surely I need not fear, that, by slaying this parricide of his citizens any odium should fall upon me with posterity. But if that were

to threaten me in the highest degree, yet this was ever a fixed principle with me, to reckon odium excited by obeying the calls of duty, glory, not odium. And yet there are some in this assembly, who either do not see those [dangers] which threaten us, or pretend to be blind to those which they do see; who, by their lenient measures, have cherished the hopes of Catiline; and by their incredulity have strengthened a nascent conspiracy; in deference to whose authority many men, not only unprincipled in their lives, but also ignorant of the world, would assert, that, if I had punished him with death, it were the act of a monster and a tyrant. Now I know that if he once reached the Mallian camp, whither he is destined, there is none so foolish as not to see, none so wicked as not to confess, that a conspiracy was entered into. But if he alone were slain, I know that this pestilence of the Republic would abate for a little, but could not be radically suppressed. But if he has hurried himself out of the city, and taken with him his friends, and congregated together the other companions of his shattered fortunes, collected from every quarter, not only will this so full-grown plague of the State, but also the root and germ of all the public evils, be eradicated and destroyed.

XIII. For we are now, conscript fathers, a long time involved in the perils and machinations of this conspiracy; but how it is I know not, the [full] maturity of every wickedness and inveterate madness and audacity has been reserved for the period of my consulship. Now, if he alone were removed from that powerful band of traitors, we should seem, perhaps, for some short time relieved from our anxiety and apprehensions; but the danger will still remain, and will be enclosed deeply in the veins and vitals of the Republic. As often men labouring under severe disease, when they are harassed with burning heat and fever, if they have drunk cold water, seem at first relieved, but are afterwards seized with much more severe and violent symptoms, so this disease which is in the Republic, lightened by his punishment, will, supposing the remaining confederates to survive, rage with redoubled force. Wherefore, conscript fathers, let these wicked men retire; let them separate themselves from the good; let them herd together; in fine, as I have often already said, let them be kept apart from us by a wall; let them give over plotting against the Consul at his own home; environing the tribunal of the city Prætor; investing the senate-house with swords; preparing firebrands and torches to burn the city; in short, let it be inscribed on the forehead of every citizen what are his sentiments about the Republic. This, I promise you, conscript fathers, that such vigilance will be found in us your Consuls, such majesty in you, such bravery in the Roman knights,

such unanimity in all good men, that on the departure of Catiline, you shall see everything detected, exposed, suppressed, and punished. With these omens, Catiline, with the perfect safety of the Republic, and your own ruin and destruction, and with the overthrow of those who have united themselves with you in every wickedness and parricidal act, depart to this unnatural and wicked war. Then, you, Jupiter, who were established by Romulus, under the same auspices as this city, whom we truly name the supporter of this city and empire, shall repel him and his associates from your altars, and other temples, from the houses and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and shall pursue with eternal punishments, alive or dead, all the foes of the good, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, mutually linked together in the partnership of crime, and confederacy of guilt.

THE SECOND ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE.

I. At length and at last, Romans, we have either cast out of the city, or permitted to escape, or escorted with our valedictions, as he made a voluntary exit, L. Catiline, intoxicated with audacity, breathing forth wickedness, atrociously plotting ruin against his country, threatening you and this city with fire and sword. He is gone, has departed, has escaped, has broken away. No mischief shall now be prepared by that monster and that prodigy within the city walls against those walls themselves. And we have, without doubt, quelled at least that one leader of this civil war. That dagger will not now be employed in aiming at our sides; neither in the plain [of Mars], nor in the Forum, nor in the Senate, nor, lastly, within the walls of our houses, shall we have it for a dread. He has been dislodged from his post, the moment he was driven from the city. We shall now openly wage a regular war with the enemy, and none to hinder. Without question we ruined the man, and gloriously conquered, when we forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. But with what anguish, then, do you imagine he was cast down and dashed prostrate, that he did not, as he wished, carry off his poniard bathed in gore, that he departed and we alive, that we wrested the dagger from his hands, that he left the citizens safe and the city undemolished. Now he lies prostrate, Romans, and feels himself discomfited and scorned; and often truly turns back his eyes upon this city, which he grieves at being snatched from his jaws; which indeed seems to be full of joy that it has disgorged so dangerous a pest, and flung it abroad.

II. But if there be any man such as all ought to be, who gravely accuses me for this very thing, in which my speech exults and triumphs, that I did not seize rather than send away so deadly a foe; the fault is not mine, citizens, but that of the times. Catiline ought long ago to have been slain, and visited with the severest punishment; and this, both the custom of our ancestors, and the rigour of this consular authority, and the Commonwealth, demanded at my hands. But how many do you imagine were there who would not credit what I charged [him with]? how many, who through simplicity, would not imagine it? how many, who would even defend him? how many, who through viciousness, would patronize him? And if, by his

death, I had thought that every danger would be removed from you, I should, long since, have taken off Catiline, not only at the risk of odium against myself, but even at the risk of my life. But when I saw that, the fact not being even then proved to the satisfaction of you all, if I had punished him with death, as he deserved, the consequence would be, that, overwhelmed by odium, I should be unable to prosecute his associates; I brought the matter to this, that you might then openly engage when you plainly saw your enemy. Which enemy, indeed, you may judge from hence, Romans, how much I deem to be dreaded abroad, because I feel uneasiness even at this, that he departed from the city with so slender a retinue. I wish sincerely he had taken all his forces along with him! He drew off Tongilius, to be sure, with whom he had commenced an amour, in the robe of youth: Publicius and Munatius [too], whose debts, contracted in a tavern, could not have produced any commotions in the State: what men did he leave behind! sunk in what debt! how influential! how noble!

III. In comparison, therefore, of the Gallican legions, and this levy, which Q. Metellus has raised in the Picenian and Gallic district; and the forces which are every day raising on our side, I hold in utter contempt that army [of his], composed of hoary desperadoes, of country debauchees, of rustic vagabonds, of bankrupts, of those who choose to forfeit their recognizances rather than that army; to whom not only if I were to show the array of our forces, but even the Prætor's edict, they will lose all courage. I should prefer that he had taken with him his own soldiers, those whom I see fluttering through the Forum, standing around the senate-house, and even coming into the Senate; who are shining with unguents, who are glittering in purple; on the supposition of whose remaining here, keep in mind that it is not that army which we ought so much to dread, as those who have abandoned the army. And dreaded they ought to be still more for this, that they are aware of my knowing what they are plotting, and yet are not alarmed. I see the man to whom Apulia has been assigned; who is to have Etruria, who the Picenian, who the Gallic district, who has claimed for himself this city plot of bloodshed and of conflagration. They know that all their plans of the preceding night are conveyed to me; I laid them open yesterday in the Senate; Catiline himself was dismayed, and fled. For what are these waiting? They are egregiously mistaken indeed, if they expect that my former clemency shall still continue.

IV. What I have been waiting for, I have now attained; that you should, every individual, see evidently that a conspiracy has been formed against the State. Unless there be some, who think

that men like Catiline do not hold the sentiments of Catiline. There is now no room for clemency; the case itself importunately demands severity. One thing even now shall I concede: let them depart; let them set forward; let them not suffer poor Catiline to pine with regret for their absence. I shall point out the road: he travelled by the Aurelian Way. If they choose to make haste, they will overtake him in the evening. O Republic of felicitous destiny, if of a truth it has drained off this sink of the city! By Hercules, upon the removal of Catiline alone, the Republic seems to me to be lightened and relieved. For what mischief, what villany, can be invented or devised of which he did not conceive the idea? What dealer in poisons throughout all Italy, what gladiator, what robber, what assassin, what parricide, what forger of wills, what swindler, what debauchee, what spendthrift, what adulterer, what common procuress, what corrupter of youth, what depraved, what desperate wretch, can be found, but acknowledges that he lived with Catiline in habits of the greatest intimacy? What deed of blood has been perpetrated, of late years, without him? What scandalous amour [that was] not [carried on] by him? Nay, what so powerful temptations for youth were ever met with in any man as in him, who personally indulged in the most shameful passions for some, and was himself the vilest slave to the lusts of others? to a third class he promised the object of their loose desires; to a fourth, the death of their parents, [and that too] not only by impelling them [to the deed], but also by assisting [in its perpetration]. Nay, now, how suddenly had he congregated, not only from the city, but also from the country, a prodigious number of desperate characters! There was nobody overwhelmed with debt, not only in Rome, but in not a single corner of Italy, whom he did not invite to this incredible confederacy of guilt.

V. And that you may be able to appreciate his varied talents for the most opposite courses of life, there is nobody in a gladiatorial school at all enterprising in the commission of crime, but confesses himself to be intimate with Catiline; no debauched or profligate stage-player, but recounts himself to have been almost his boon companion. And he, too, inured to the practice of debauchery and crimes, was styled brave by these his associates, for bearing cold, and hunger, and thirst, and want of sleep, at the time that he was spending, in profligacy and audacity, the supplies of industry and the aids of virtue. But were his companions to follow him, were the unprincipled gangs of desperate wretches to leave the city, how happy should I be! how fortunate the Commonwealth! how illustrious the glory of my consulate! For now the lusts of these wretches are not moderate, nor their audacity befitting the species they belong to, and capable of

being endured; they devise nothing but bloodshed, but conflagration, but rapine; their patrimony they have squandered, their fortunes spent in riot; their resources long since, their credit lately, began to fail; still that sensuality which was [theirs] in abundance remains unchanged. But if, amidst their cups and dice, they sought for revels only, and courtezans, they would, no doubt, be past all hopes, but still endurable. But this who can bear, that the cowardly should plot against the brave, the most silly against the most prudent, the drunken against the sober, the drowsy against the vigilant? who, lolling, forsooth, at their banquets, encircling harlots in their arms, enervated with wine, surfeited with food, crowned with garlands, besmeared with unguents, enfeebled with debauchery, hiccup forth in their talk the murder of loyal men, and the conflagration of the city; over whom, I trust, some fate is impending; and that the penalty due to villany, to profligacy, to guilt, and to lust, is either now manifestly hanging over, or at least approaching them. And if my consulship, since it cannot heal, shall cut off these [men], it will add, not a vaguely brief period, but many ages, to the Republic. For there is now no nation which we need dread; no king that can wage war against the Roman people. Everything extern to our city by land and sea is, through the bravery of an individual, reduced to peace: a domestic war remains: within [our walls] there is treachery; within them is danger enclosed; within is an enemy; we are to struggle against luxury, against madness, and against crime. In this war, Romans, I profess myself your leader: I brave the hostility of desperate men. What can be healed, I will heal as best I may; what must be cut off, I will not suffer to spread to the ruin of the city. Let them, therefore, either depart or remain peaceful; or if they continue in the city, and the same resolution, let them expect what they deserve.

VI. But, Romans, there are men who even assert that by me has Catiline been banished; which, were I able to effect by a word, I should expel the men themselves who make these assertions. For the fellow, forsooth, being timid and bashful to a degree, could not bear the Consul's rebuke; and, as soon as he was desired to go into banishment, obeyed and went. After being well nigh murdered in my house, I yesterday convened the Senate to the temple of Jupiter Stator; I laid the whole affair before the conscript fathers. And when Catiline had arrived thither, what senator accosted him? who saluted him? who, in short, looked upon him as a citizen of ruined fortunes, and not rather as a most audacious enemy? Nay, even the heads of that order left clear and unoccupied that part of the benches to which he had approached. In this [juncture], I, that outrageous Consul, who, by a word, impel citizens into exile, inquired of Catiline,

whether he had been in the nocturnal convention at M. Læca's? When that most daring fellow, conscience-stricken, had at first kept silent, I disclosed the other circumstances; explained what he had done on that night; where he had been; what he had appointed for the next; how the plan of the whole war had been settled. When he faltered, when he was embarrassed, I inquired why he hesitated to proceed thither where he had already designed; when I was aware that the arms, that the axes, that the rods, that the trumpets, that the military standards, that the silver eagle, for which he had even raised at his house that shrine of his iniquity, were [all] sent forward. Was I banishing the man whom I saw already embarked in the war? For that Mallius, the centurion, forsooth, who has pitched his camp in the Fesulan district, proclaimed war against the Roman people in his own name; and that camp is not now anxiously expecting Catiline, its leader; and he, when banished, will, as they say, repair to Massilia [and] not to his camp!

VII. Oh! wretched terms, not only on which to govern, but even to preserve, a State! If now, L. Catiline, hemmed in and paralyzed by my counsels, my labours, and dangers, is suddenly struck with dismay, alters his resolution, deserts his associates, drops his design of waging war, turns his path from this course of guilt and war to flight and to exile: he will not be said to have been disarmed by me of the weapons of audacity, overwhelmed and confounded by my vigilance, hurled from his hopes and his aims, but to have been banished by the Consul, by force and by threats, an uncondemned and innocent man! and there will be [found men] who, if he has done so, shall wish him to be thought, not wicked, but unhappy; me, not a most vigilant Consul, but most cruel despot. It is of small importance to me, Romans, to encounter the storm of this false and unfair odium, provided that from you the peril of a horrible and impious war be warded off. Let him, indeed, be said to have been banished by my means, provided he depart into exile. But credit me, he is not intending to go. Never shall I wish from the immortal gods, Romans, that for the sake of lightening my own reproach, you may hear of L. Catiline leading an army of the enemy, and hovering about in arms; yet hear it you will, within three days; and this I far more fear, lest I may be sometime or other reproached, because I let him escape rather than because I forced him away. But as there are persons who will say that on his setting out he was expelled, what would the same persons say had he been put to death? And yet they who repeatedly assert that Catiline is going to Massilia do not so much complain of this [being the case], as fear [whether it may]. None of them is so feeling as not to prefer his going to Mallius rather than to

the Massilians. But if, by Hercules, he had never before dreamt of this [project] which he is engaged in, yet, would he prefer to die in arms as a rebel, to living in exile. But now, when nothing has befallen him contrary to his wishes and designs, except that he left Rome, while I was still alive, let us rather wish that he may retire into banishment, than complain of his doing so.

VIII. But why do we dwell so long on one enemy; and on that enemy, who now avows that he is an enemy; and whom, because, as I always wished, there is the city's wall between us, I do not fear; and say nothing of those who disguise the fact, who remain at Rome, who are living among ourselves? whom I, indeed, do not so much seek to punish, as, if it were at all possible, to reclaim and reconcile individually to the State;—nor, if they would only listen to me, do I perceive any impossibility in it. For I will explain to you, Romans, of what description of men these forces are composed; I will then apply to each, as far as I can, the remedy of my advice and my exhortation.

One species consists of those who, being overwhelmed with great debts, have still greater possessions, through an attachment to which they cannot be at all induced [by disposing of them] to pay off their creditors' demands. The outward appearance of these men is most respectable; for they are wealthy; but their dispositions and conduct most shameless. Are you provided with, and do you abound in lands, houses, money [or plate], establishments, everything; and do you hesitate to subtract somewhat from your possessions, and thereby add to your credit? For what is it you expect? Is it a war? What! In the spoliation of everything, do you then imagine that your property will be inviolable? Is it new accounts [a compulsory arrangement with their creditors]? Those persons are mistaken who expect such a thing from Catiline. New accounts shall be brought forward by my kindness, but they shall be accounts [advertisements] for an auction of their property. For they who have property can by no other means be preserved from ruin. And if they had wished to adopt this at an earlier period, and not (what is most foolish) struggle against the interest of borrowed money by means of the produce of their farms, we should experience them wealthier and better citizens. But these men I deem not in the least to be dreaded, because they can either be disengaged from their designs, or, if they will persevere, seem more likely to indulge in prayers than in wielding arms against the State.

IX. A second species consists of those who, though they are overwhelmed with debts, are yet expectants of despotic power; they *wish to possess* the chief authority; the honours, which, in *times of public* tranquillity, they despair of being able to attain,

they think they can, in times of public disturbance. And to these, this seems the proper advice, one and the same, indeed, as to all the rest, to despair of being able to attain that which they are attempting; that first of all, I, myself, am vigilant, am active, am attentive, to the public [interests]; again, that among the well-affected citizens, there is great courage, great unanimity, and the greatest numbers, besides large military forces; in fine, that the immortal gods are ready propitiously to aid this unconquered people, this most illustrious empire, this most beautiful city, against such wicked violence. But, admit it, that they have attained the object which they are with downright insanity pursuing, do they dream that amidst the ashes of the city, and the blood of the citizens, they will become Consuls, and Dictators, or even Kings; as with an impious and atrocious mind they have coveted? and do they not perceive that they are aiming at this, which, if they shall have reached, must, of necessity, be yielded up to some fugitive slave or gladiator? A third class is now advanced in age, hardened by exercise, in which class is that Mallius himself, whom Catiline is now gone to join. These are fellows, out of those colonies which Sylla planted, which, as a body, I hold to be the best of citizens, and bravest of men; but still these are individually settlers, who have launched into too great extravagance and insolence in consequence of their unexpected and rapidly acquired fortunes. While these men build mansions, as if they were possessed of solid wealth, while they are indulging themselves in estates, in litters, large establishments, expensive entertainments, they have entangled themselves with such debt, that if they wish to be extricated [from it], Sylla must be evoked by them from the Shades; who have, moreover, hurried on some peasants, poor and needy wretches, to that same hope of the old plunder. Both of these, Romans, I set down in the same class of pillagers and plunderers. But this I advise them, to cease from their madness and their dreaming of proscriptions and dictatorships. For such a horror of those times has been impressed upon the State, that now, I do not say human beings, but not even brutes, seem disposed to brook [the repetition] of these [enormities].

X. The fourth is indeed a motley, mixed, and turbulent group; who are long ago depressed in circumstances; who never will emerge; who, partly through indolence, partly through bad management, partly also through extravagance, are tottering under [the weight of] long-standing debts; who, tired out with citations, judgments, sales of property, are said to be resorting in great numbers to that camp both from the country and from the city. These I do not so much consider to be active soldiers as procrastinating cheats. Now if these men cannot keep their

ground, why let them sink down; but so that not even their next neighbours, much less the city, may hear the fall. For I see no reason why, if they cannot live with credit, they should choose to die with disgrace, or think it would be less painful to perish in company with many, than to perish by themselves. The fifth class consists of parricides, assassins, in a word, of every species of villains; whom I recall not from Catiline, for in truth they cannot be severed from him; and let them perish then in their unnatural warfare, as being too numerous for a prison to contain. The species which ranks last, not only in number, but also in the description of its members, and their life, is Catiline's *own*, [the men] of his choice, nay, of his embrace and bosom; whom you see with their well-trimmed hair, quite spruce, either beardless, or with neatly trimmed beards; in tunics, furnished with sleeves, and reaching to the ground; wrapped in light drapery instead of gowns; whose whole labour of life and toilsome vigilance are exhausted on nocturnal revels. In these gangs are found all gamesters, all adulterers, all lewd and polluted characters. These youths, so graceful and so slim, are taught not barely to woo and be won, nor to sing and dance, but also to brandish daggers, and distribute poison; now if these characters do not depart, if they do not perish, even though Catiline have perished, be assured of this, that there will remain in the city a nursery of Catilines. But what object have these miserable wretches in view? will they carry their mistresses with them into the camp? but how will they endure to be without them, particularly during these nights? and how will they bear the Appenines, and those frosts and snows? except they think they shall better bear [rude] winter from having learned to dance naked at revels.

XI. What a truly formidable war, when Catiline is to have a prætorian cohort of these debauchees! Marshal now, Romans, against these gallant troops of Catiline, your garrisons and armies; and first oppose your Consuls and generals to that worn-out and maimed gladiator; then lead on the flower and strength of all Italy against that outcast and enfeebled crew of men of ruined fortunes. Moreover, the cities of the colonies and free towns will prove a match for the woody heights of Catiline; nor ought I indeed to compare your other resources, equipments, garrisons, with the want and the indigence of that rebel. But if, omitting all those advantages with which we are supplied, but he in need of,—a Senate, Roman knights, people, city, treasury, revenues, the whole of Italy, all the provinces, foreign nations, —if, I repeat it, omitting these things, we wish to compare the causes themselves which are at issue, we can form a judgment from this very [process], how very low Catiline and his party are reduced. For on the one side contends modesty, on the

other, insolence; here chastity, there lewdness; here integrity, there knavery; here religion, there profanity; here stern resolve, there turbulent frenzy; here honour, there disgrace; here continence, there licentiousness; in short, equity, moderation, bravery, prudence, and every virtue, contend against injustice, against extravagance, against cowardice, against rashness, and against every vice; in fine, wealth is at war with poverty, excellent with desperate means of existence; sound intellect with drivelling folly; and lastly, well-grounded hopes with absolute despair. In a struggle and conflict of this nature, even though human efforts fail, will not the immortal gods themselves compel so multiplied and aggravated vices to be triumphed over by these most illustrious virtues?

XII. Such, Romans, being our present situation, do you, as I have before now advised, defend your houses with sentinels and guards; I have consulted and provided for the city being sufficiently defended, without any commotion of yours or any disturbance. All your colonists and freemen, being certified by me of the nocturnal retreat of Catiline, will easily defend their cities and frontiers; the gladiators which he expected to prove his greatest and most trusty force (and yet they are better affected than a portion of the patricians) will, however, be easily curbed by my authority. Q. Metellus, whom, foreseeing this, I sent forward into the Gallican and Picenian district, will either overpower the wretch, or prevent all his movements and attempts. With regard to settling, accelerating, and executing the remaining affairs, we shall presently consult the Senate which you see convened.

Now, with respect to those who have remained within the walls, and who were left behind by Catiline, specially against the safety of the city, and of you all, though they are traitors, yet, seeing they are citizens born, I am willing to give them repeated admonitions. My lenity, if so far it has appeared to any too remiss, waited [but] for this, that the treachery which was concealed might develop itself. As for the rest, I cannot now forget that this is my native country; that I am its Consul; that I must either live with them, or for them shed my blood. There is no sentinel at the gates; no spy set over the road; if any wish to depart, they may consult their own wishes; but whoever shall have made himself active in the city, in whom I shall detect, I do not say an overt act, but any design or attempt against his country, he shall find that there are in this city watchful Consuls; that there are excellent magistrates; there is a resolute Senate; there are arms; there is a prison, which our forefathers meant to be the avenger of atrocious and manifest crimes.

XIII. And all these measures will be so conducted, Romans,

that the greatest disorders shall be quelled with the least possible disturbance, the most imminent dangers without any alarm; an internal and civil war, the most atrocious and extensive in the memory of men—by me, its sole conductor and general, wearing the robe of peace. And this I shall so manage, Romans, that if it be at all possible, not even any guilty wretch in this city shall suffer the penalty of his crimes. But if the violence of avowed audacity, if danger threatening my country, shall of necessity draw me aside from this clemency of disposition, I will certainly effect what, in so great and so dangerous a war, seems hardly to be expected, that no good man shall fall, and that by the punishment of a few you shall all presently be in security. And these promises, indeed, I make to you, Romans, not confiding in my own prudence, or in human counsels, but in the repeated and infallible intimations of the immortal gods, under whose guidance I have been inspired with this hope and persuasion; who are not now from afar, as once they were wont, against a foreign and distant foe, but here, in person [as it were], by their providence and aid, defending their own temples and the buildings of the city; whom, Romans, you ought to pray to, to worship, and implore, that the city which they designed to be the most beautiful, flourishing, and powerful, when every army of the enemy is conquered by sea and land, they may defend from the atrocious treason of the most desperate citizens.

THE THIRD ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE.

I. ROMANS, by the distinguished love of the immortal gods towards you; by my labours, counsels, and dangers, you this day behold, rescued from fire and sword, and, I had almost said, from the jaws of fate, and preserved, and to you restored, the Commonwealth and lives of you all; your property, fortunes, your wives and children, and this seat of a most renowned empire, this highly-favoured and most lovely city. And if the days on which we are saved [from destruction] are no less joyous and remarkable than those on which we are born, because the joy arising from preservation is sure, the condition of birth precarious, and because we are born without being conscious of it, but find pleasure in being preserved; surely since we have elevated, by our affection and our praise to the immortal gods, the great Romulus who founded this city,—that man will deserve to be held in honour by you and your posterity, who has preserved this city [now] founded and enlarged. For we have extinguished the flames now almost applied to and environing the whole city, the temples, the sanctuaries, the buildings and the walls; and we too have blunted the swords [that were] unsheathed against the State, and turned aside their points from your throats. And as these things have been cleared, explained, and proved by me in the Senate, I shall now, Romans, briefly lay them before you, that such of you as are ignorant and are wanting [to learn] may be enabled to know both how important and manifest they were, and how they were traced out and discovered. In the first place, when Catiline, a few days before, burst out of the city, as he had left at Rome the accomplices of his conspiracy, and the boldest leaders of this execrable war, I was always, Romans, upon the watch, and was considering how we might be secured amidst plots so dangerous and so disguised.

II. For at the time that I drove Catiline from the city (for now I do not fear the odium arising from this expression, when that odium is more to be feared which is likely to arise from his departing alive), but at the time that I wanted him to be expelled, I thought either that the remaining gang of conspirators would depart along with him, or that those who had stayed behind, being deprived of their leader, would prove weak and disabled. And when I saw that those whom I knew to be inflamed

with the greatest fury and most mischievous spirit continued with us and had remained at Rome, I spent all my days and nights in devising how I might discover and observe what they were doing, what they were plotting, in order that as, on account of the enormity of the crime, my representation might not gain full credence in your ears, I might so develop the whole affair, that you might make provision for your safety with all your resolution, when with your eyes you beheld the mischief itself. Accordingly, when I found that the ambassadors of the Allobrogians were tampered with by P. Lentulus, with the view of raising a Transalpine and Gallic commotion, and that they were sent into Gaul to their own countrymen, with a letter of instructions for Catiline, [to be delivered] on the same journey, and that Vulturcius was joined in commission with them, and a letter given to him for Catiline, I thought I had an opportunity offered to me, not only (what was most difficult, and what I was always heartily wishing for, from the immortal gods) of openly detecting the whole plot myself, but also of the Senate and you [doing the same]. Accordingly, I summoned yesterday to my house L. Flaccus and C. Pomptinus, the Prætors, men of the greatest bravery and attachment to the Commonwealth; I laid open the whole affair; I pointed out what I wished to be done. But they who entertained every noble and generous sentiment with regard to their country, without any hesitation or delay undertook the commission; and when evening approached, repaired secretly to the Mulvian bridge, and were there disposed among the nearest villas in two parties, so that the Tiber and the bridge was between them. But thither both they themselves brought many brave men, without any body suspecting it, and I had sent from the præfecture of Reate, as a guard, a number of select young men; whose assistance I am continually making use of in defence of the Republic. In the meantime, almost at the close of the third watch, just when the ambassadors of the Allobrogians, with a numerous train, and along with them Vulturcius, began to enter the bridge, a sally is made upon them; swords are drawn both by them and by our men. The secret was known to the Prætors alone; the others were ignorant of it.

III. Then, on the intervention of Pomptinus and Flaccus, the affray that was begun is quelled. Whatever letters were in that retinue are delivered, sealed, to the Prætors; and being seized themselves, they are brought before me, just when it was dawn. And I immediately summoned before me, as yet suspecting nothing of it, Cimber Gabinius, the most wicked contriver of all these villanies. Then also is summoned L. Statilius, and after him C. Cethegus. But last of all came Lentulus, I suppose, because, contrary to his custom, he had sat up last night, to present

the despatches. But when the greatest and most illustrious men of this city, who, on hearing of the affair, had come to me in crowds early in the morning, were of opinion that the letters should be opened by me before they were referred to the Senate, in order that, if there was nothing [treasonable] discovered [in them], such a disturbance might not, on my part, appear to be occasioned to the city on slight grounds; I refused to take any other steps than to lay the whole matter respecting the public danger, just as it was, before the public council [of the State]. For, Romans, even if the [statements] which had been laid before me were not found [therein], still I did not conceive it my duty, in so pressing dangers of the Republic, to be fearful of too much vigilance. I speedily convened a full Senate, as you saw; and, in the meantime, by the advice of the Allobrogians, sent straightway C. Sulpicius, the Prætor, a man of bravery, to remove from the house of Cethegus whatever arms there were. From which he conveyed away a very considerable number of daggers and swords.

IV. I introduced Vulturcius without the Gauls; by order of the Senate I pledged to him the public faith; I exhorted him to discover boldly whatever he was acquainted with. When he had with difficulty recovered from his strong apprehensions, he said that he had verbal instructions, and a letter from Lentulus to Catiline, to employ the assistance of the slaves, and to march as soon as possible with his army to Rome; and this, with the design that, when they had set fire to the city in all its parts, as had been marked out and distributed, and had committed a general massacre, he should be at hand to intercept the fugitives, and join himself with these city leaders. But the Gauls, being brought in, said that an oath was administered, and letters, directed to their nation, handed to them by P. Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and that they were instructed by these men and L. Cassius to send, in all haste, a cavalry force into Italy; that infantry would not be required; but that Lentulus assured them, that, according to the Sybilline oracles, and responses of the Augurs, he was that third Cornelius, on whom the sovereignty and command of this city must necessarily devolve; that before him had been Cinna and Sylla; and that he too had asserted that this was the year fated for the destruction of this city and empire, as being the tenth year after the acquittal of the Vestal Virgins, and the twentieth since the conflagration of the Capitol. They said that there was, however, this difference of opinion between Cethegus and the others, that, while Lentulus and the rest agreed that the massacre should take place, and the city be set fire to, on the Saturnalia, that time seemed to Cethegus to be *too* remote.

V. And, to be brief, Romans, we order the tablets to be produced, which were said to have been given by each. We first showed Cethegus his seal; he acknowledged it. We cut the thread; we read. There was written with his own hand, to the Senate and the people of the Allobrogians, that he would perform whatever he had promised to their deputies; and he entreated them also to do whatever their deputies had enjoined upon them. Then Cethegus, who a little before had made some reply about the swords and daggers which had been discovered at his house, and had urged that he was always fond of handsome armour, on the letter being read, overpowered and dejected, suddenly held his peace, being overcome by conscious guilt. Statilius was introduced; he owned both his seal and hand. The letter is read nearly to the same effect; he confessed his [guilt]. I then showed his letter to Lentulus, and asked him whether he acknowledged his seal. He bowed assent. "But it is," cried I, "a well-known seal, the likeness of your grandfather, a very eminent man, who felt a singular love for his country and his fellow-citizens; which surely, even though mute, ought to have restrained you from so heinous a crime." His letter to the Senate and the people of the Allobrogians is read to the same effect. I gave him permission to state whatever he thought proper on this subject. And at first, indeed, he declined; but a little after, upon the full exposition and declaration of the entire evidence, he demanded from the Gauls what business he had with them; why they had come to his house; and [so] also from Vulturcius. And when they had briefly and unvaryingly answered him, by whose agency, and how often they had come to him; and had questioned him as to whether he had any conversation with them regarding the Sibylline predictions, then, distracted by guilt, he suddenly demonstrated how powerful was the force of conscience. For, wher he might have denied the [charge], contrary to the general ex pectation, he confessed it. Thus, not only that ready inventior and expertness of language, in which he ever excelled, but even the effrontery and hardihood in which he surpassed all, failed him through the force of manifest and developed guilt. But Vulturcius on a sudden desired the letter, which he said was given him by Lentulus for Catiline, to be produced and opened. And there, Lentulus, though he was struck with the utmost confusion, acknowledged, however, both his seal and hand. The letter was anonymous, but couched in the following terms: "Who I am you will know from him whom I have sent to you. See that you approve yourself a man, and reflect into what a situation you have advanced. And consider what necessity is now impending over you. Be sure to join to yourself the aid of all, even of the meanest." Lastly, Gabinius being brought in, though at first

he began to give insolent replies, in conclusion denied none of the charges which the Gauls made. And, Romans, to me indeed there appeared not only those most unerring proofs and tests of guilt—letters, seals, hands, and lastly their several confessions, but also those [if possible] more convincing still—complexion, eyes, looks, silence. For they were so astounded, so fixed their eyes on the ground, so occasionally exchanged stolen glances with one another, that they seemed no longer to be informed against by others, but to have been mutually informing upon themselves.

VI. The proofs being laid open and divulged, Romans, I advised with the Senate as to what they thought proper to be done for the public safety. The most vigorous and resolute opinions were pronounced by the leading men, which the Senate, without any discrepancy of opinion, adopted. And as the decree is not yet transcribed, I will explain to you, Romans, from memory, what the Senate decided on. First of all, thanks are returned to me in the strongest terms, for the State having been rescued from the greatest perils by my courage, counsel, [and] foresight; then the Prætors, L. Flaccus and C. Pomptinus, are deservedly and justly applauded, because I had found their co-operation vigorous and faithful; and also on that brave man C. Antonius, my colleague, is praise bestowed, for having removed from his own and the public counsels those who were concerned in this conspiracy. And they came to the resolution, that P. Lentulus, as soon as he had divested himself of the prætorship, should be committed to custody; and that C. Cethegus, L. Statilius, P. Gabinius, who were all present, should also be committed to custody; and the same thing was decreed against L. Cassius, who had warmly solicited for himself the commission of setting fire to the city; against M. Cæparius, to whom, as was stated in our information, Apulia had been assigned, that its shepherds might be solicited to a rising; against P. Furius, who belongs to the colonists whom L. Sylla settled at Fesulæ; against Q. Manlius Chilo, who, together with this Furius, had been constantly engaged in this solicitation of the Allobrogians to rebellion; against P. Umbrenus, a freedman, by whom it was ascertained that the Gauls were first introduced to Gabinius. And, Romans, the Senate showed such lenity, as to conceive that by the punishment of nine most desperate men, out of such a conspiracy, and such a strength and number of domestic foes, the minds of the others were capable of being reclaimed, and the safety of the State secured. And farther, Romans, a public thanksgiving was decreed in my name to the immortal gods, in consideration of their extraordinary deserts; which fell to my lot, the first since the foundation of Rome, while wearing the robe of peace, and it was decreed in these terms: "Because I had freed the city from

flames, the citizens from massacre, Italy from war." And if this supplication is compared with other supplications, this difference will be found, that others were appointed for successfully administering, this alone for preserving the State. And what was necessary first to be done has been despatched and performed. For though P. Lentulus, convicted on evidence and his own confession, by the decision of the Senate, had forfeited, not only the right of a Prætor, but even of a citizen, yet he divested himself of his magistracy; so that, what had been no scruple to C. Marius, a most illustrious man, to prevent him from putting to death C. Glaucia, the Prætor, against whom nothing had been expressly decreed, even from that scruple were we freed in punishing P. Lentulus, now reduced to the rank of a private man.

VII. Now, Romans, as you hold the wicked leaders of this most impious and dangerous war already in custody and prison, you ought to conclude, that these dangers of the city being dispelled, all Catiline's resources, all his hopes and strength, are foiled. And when I was driving him out of these walls, I foresaw this clearly, Romans, that if Catiline were disposed of, neither the somnolency of P. Lentulus, nor the obesity of L. Cassius, nor the reckless desperation of C. Cethegus, need be an object of dread. He was the only man of them all to be feared; but feared no longer than he was confined within the walls of the city. Everything was within his knowledge, he had access to all; he had ability, he had courage to address, to tamper with, to solicit; he had the prudence requisite for enterprise; while to his prudence neither a [ready] tongue nor hand was wanting. He had at the present time particular persons selected and appointed to carry certain affairs into execution. Nor when he had issued a mandate, did he conceive it performed. There was nothing which he did not personally see to, meet, watch, and toil over; he was able to support cold, thirst, hunger. Had I not driven this man, so keen, so prompt, so daring, so crafty, so alert in villany, so assiduous in desperate designs, from his intestine plots into open rebellion (I will express, Romans, what I think), I should not with ease have averted from your necks so ponderous a weight of mischief. He would not have appointed against us the feast of Saturn, nor denounced against the Republic so long before [hand] its day of destruction and of doom; nor have so acted as that his seal, and lastly his letters, should be detected as the proofs of evident guilt. Which [affairs] have been so managed in his absence, that no theft in a private house was ever so openly discovered, as this monstrous conspiracy against the Republic has been clearly detected and developed. But if Catiline had remained in the city to this day, although, as long as he did, I would have met and opposed all his contrivances, yet, to say the lightest,

we should have been obliged to engage in contest with him, nor, while that traitor was in the city, should we ever have delivered the Commonwealth from such perils, with so much peace, tranquillity, and silence.

VIII. And yet all these transactions, Romans, have been so managed by me, that they appear to have been both conducted and preconcerted by the will and direction of the immortal gods. And this [conclusion] we can not only arrive at by considering that the guidance of so important affairs seems hardly possible to be [the work] of mere human prudence; but also, indeed they have in this conjuncture so obviously brought us help and succour, that we might almost visibly behold them. For, to omit those miraculous appearances, the meteors seen in the west during the night-season, and the blazing of the heavens, the falling of thunderbolts, the earthquakes, and other prodigies which have taken place in such numbers in my consulship, that the immortal gods would appear to be foretelling those events which are now occurring: this at least, Romans, which I am about to say, ought neither to be passed by unnoticed nor neglected. For, doubtless, you recollect, that in the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus, several turrets in the Capitol were struck [with lightning] from the sky, when both the images of the immortal gods were overthrown, and the statues of ancient men displaced, and the brazen titles of the laws melted. Even that Romulus, who founded this city, was scathed, whom you remember in the Capitol, a gilded statue, infantine and sucking, gaping for the teats of a wolf. And at this time, the soothsayers, convened from all Etruria, declared that bloodshed, and conflagration, and the extinction of laws, and civil and domestic war, and the ruin of the whole city and empire, were drawing near, had not the immortal gods, conciliated in all possible ways, in a manner retroverted by their will the destinies themselves. In consequence, therefore, of their responses, games were celebrated for ten days, and nothing was neglected which pertained to appeasing the angry gods; and they ordered, moreover, to construct a larger image of Jupiter, and to place it on an eminence, and turn it to the east, contrary to its former position; and they expressed a hope that if that statue, which you [now] behold, looked to the rising sun, the Forum, and the senate-house, the result would be, that such plots as might have been laid against the safety of the city and the empire would be so clearly developed that they could be seen apparent by the Senate and people of Rome. And those Consuls directed it to be so posited; but such was the delay of the work, that neither by the preceding Consuls nor myself was it fixed in its position till this day.

IX. Who can be here so disinclined to truth, Romans, so head-

strong, so infatuated, as to assert that all these things which we see, and in particular this city, are not guided by the will and power of the immortal gods? For when the response was to this effect, that bloodshed, conflagrations, and the downfall of the constitution, were designed, and that, too, by [desperate] citizens, which, owing to the enormity of the guilt, then seemed to some persons incredible, these you perceived not only devised, but also attempted by evil-minded citizens. But is it not so providential as to seem to be effected by the interposition of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, that this morning, when the conspirators and their detectors were by my orders carried through the Forum to the Temple of Concord, at that precise moment the statue was erecting in its place; upon the setting up of which, and its being turned towards you and the senate-house, both the Senate and you beheld every [machination] which had been devised against the general safety developed and exposed. Therefore, those wretches who have attempted to involve in destruction and impious flames, not only your mansions and houses, but also the temples and shrines of the gods, are deserving of greater punishment. Now if I should assert that I myself have made effectual opposition to those persons, I should arrogate too much to myself, and be insufferably presumptuous: that mighty Jove withstood [them]; he vouchsafed the salvation of the Capitol, of these temples, of this city, of you all. With the immortal gods as my guides, Romans, I formed this resolution and intention, and arrived at these most important discoveries. Nay, further, that tampering with the Allobrogians, a matter of such importance, would never surely have been so madly confided to strangers and barbarians, nor the letters so intrusted by Lentulus and the other intestine foes of the State, had not common prudence been withdrawn by the immortal gods from that most audacious enterprise. But what! that certain Gauls, belonging to a half-conquered State (which people is the only one remaining that would seem both able and well-inclined to make war on the Romans) should slight the hopes of empire and aggrandizement voluntarily held out to them by patrician men, and prefer your safety to their own interest,—do you not think that this arose from divine interposition? particularly as they were able to gain the mastery, not by fighting, but by observing silence.

X. Wherefore, Romans, as a supplication has been decreed at all the shrines, celebrate those days together with your wives and children. For many deserved honours have been often paid and due to the immortal gods, but truly never more deserved. For you have been rescued from a most cruel and deplorable end, and rescued without slaughter, without blood, without an army, without a struggle; in the robes of peace you have gained the victory under me, your sole leader and commander, similarly

habited. For, call to mind, Romans, all the civil discords, not only those which you have heard of, but those too which you yourself remember and have witnessed: L. Sulla overpowered P. Sulpicius; he expelled from the city C. Marius, the guardian of that city; and many brave men he partly banished from the State, partly slaughtered. Cn. Octavius, the Consul, expelled his colleague from the city by force of arms. All this place was filled with piles of dead bodies, and drenched with the blood of citizens. Cinna afterwards, in conjunction with Marius, prevailed. Then, of a truth, were the luminaries of the State quenched by the death of the most illustrious men. Sulla subsequently avenged the cruelty of this victory; it is superfluous to say, with what a havoc of the citizens, and what a calamity of the Republic. M. Lepidus disputed with Q. Catulus, a most illustrious and brave man. His death did not afflict the State so poignantly as did that of others. And these dissensions, Romans, were such as tended, not to the abolition, but the alteration, of the constitution; the contending parties meant, not that there should be no Commonwealth, but that they themselves should be leaders in that which was; not that the city should be in flames, but that they should themselves be conspicuous in the city. And yet all these dissensions, none of which had in view the downfall of the State, were of such a nature as not to be decided by uniting into concord, but by the massacre of citizens. But in this war, one the most dangerous and cruel within the memory of man—a war such as no barbarous nation ever waged with its tribes,—in which war the condition laid down by Lentulus, Catiline, Cassius, Cethegus, was to this effect, that all whose safety was identified with that of the city should be considered as enemies,—I so conducted myself that you were all preserved untouched; and when your foes had imagined that only so many citizens would remain as had survived an endless slaughter, and so much of the city as the flames could not reach, I have kept both the city and the citizens untouched and unharmed.

XI. And for these so important services, Romans, I demand from you no reward of my zeal, no badge of honour, no monument of praise, save the perpetual remembrance of this day. I want all my triumphs, all my honorary rewards, my monuments of glory, and trophies of renown, to be hoarded and deposited in your breasts. No mute memorial can charm me, nothing silent, in a word, nothing such as inferior merit can compass. In your [redacted]emories, Romans, my actions shall be cherished; from your [redacted]*verse they* shall derive growth; by your literary records they *[redacted]ll flourish* and gain strength; and I think that the same day,*

*According to Orellius's suggestion, the translation will be: 'and I think and [redacted]at the same day will be eternal; and will be kept up both for maintaining [redacted]r of the city, and preserving the memory of my consulship.'

which I hope will be perpetual, has been propagated both to maintain the safety of the city, and preserve the memory of my consulship; and that at one and the same time there flourished in this Commonwealth two citizens, one of whom was to fix the limits of your empire, not by the boundaries of the earth, but by the horizon itself; the other to preserve the residence and seat of that same empire.

XII. But as the fortune and circumstances of those deeds which I have achieved is not the same as that of those who have waged wars abroad, because I am obliged to live among the persons whom I conquered and subdued,—they left behind them their enemies either slain or enthralled,—it is your part, Romans, to ascertain that if the good conduct of others benefit them, mine may never prove detrimental to me. For I have taken due care that the wicked and detestable intentions of the most audacious wretches might not injure you; it belongs to you [in return] to see that they may not injure me. And yet, Romans, I cannot now indeed be injured by them in any respect. For powerful is the protection afforded by the good, which I have perpetually secured to me; great is the dignity of the State, which will ever silently defend my cause; strong is the force of conscience, the despisers of which, in aiming at violating my personal safety, will betray themselves. There is also in my breast such a spirit, Romans, as not only to give way to the audacity of none, but also, to be ever voluntarily attacking all dishonest men. But if every assault of domestic foes, repelled from you, be turned against me alone, it will be for you, Romans, to consider in what condition you chose them to be, who, for your safety, shall expose themselves to every odium and peril. For me, indeed, what is there that can now be added to the enjoyment of life; especially as, neither in the honours you confer, nor the reputation attached to virtue, do I see any higher step which I should covet to ascend? This, truly, I shall accomplish, Romans, that the achievements which I performed in my consulship, I may defend and grace in my private sphere; that whatever odium has been incurred in preserving the Commonwealth may prove detrimental to the malicious, and redound to my glory. In a word, I shall so behave in the Republic, as to be ever mindful of the deeds I have performed, and to see that they may appear to have been conducted by virtue and not by chance. Do you, Romans, since it is now night, worship that Jupiter, the guardian of this city and your persons, and retire to your homes; and though the danger is now removed, yet, just as on the preceding night, defend them by sentinels and watches. I shall take care that you may not be obliged to do so much longer, and that you may be able to live hereafter in uninterrupted peace.

THE FOURTH ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE.

I. I PERCEIVE, conscript fathers, that the looks and eyes of all are turned on me. I perceive, that you are anxious not only regarding your own and your country's danger, but, even were that repelled, regarding mine. Your affection to me I find grateful in my calamities and pleasing in my distress: but by the immortal gods, I conjure you, lay it aside; and, forgetful of my safety, think of yourselves and your offspring. Upon me, truly, were the consulship conferred on such terms as that I should support all annoyances, all pains, and tortures, I would bear them not only resolutely, but cheerfully, provided that, by my exertions, dignity and safety accrue to you and the Roman people. I am that Consul, conscript fathers, who neither found the Forum, in which all equity is concentrated; nor the Campus Martius, sacred to the consular auspices; nor the senate-house, the last succour of all nations; nor home, that common asylum; nor couch, allotted to repose; nor, lastly, this honourable seat, the curule chair, ever secure from the danger and snares of death. Many a thing have I suppressed, many have I borne, in many have I given way, and, amidst your fears, have remedied many disorders at the expense of my personal ease. If now the immortal gods have destined this to be the termination of my consulship, that I should rescue you, conscript fathers, and the Roman people from a most pitiable massacre, your wives and children, and the Vestal Virgins, from the bitterest persecution; the temples and shrines, this most lovely city, the birth-place of us all, from the most execrable conflagration, all Italy from war and devastation: whatever fate be destined to myself individually must be undergone. For if P. Lentulus, persuaded by the soothsayers, deemed his name to be destined to the ruin of the State, why may not I rejoice, that my consulship has been almost reserved by fate to the salvation of that same State?

II. Wherefore, conscript fathers, think of your safety; provide for your country; save yourselves, your wives, your children, and your fortunes; defend the dignity and safety of the Roman people; forbear to pity me and to think about me. For in the first place I must hope that all the gods who patronize this city will reward me according to my deserts; and in the next place, if anything befall me, I shall die with a patient and resigned spirit.

For a dishonourable death cannot occur to the brave man; nor a premature, to the consular man; nor a deplorable, to the wise man. Yet, am I not so hardened as to be unmoved at the grief of a most beloved and affectionate brother [here] present; and by the tears of all those by whom you see me surrounded. And often do a terrified wife, a daughter disquieted by fears, and an infant son whom the Republic seems to me to embrace as the pledge of my consulship, recall me to my home; and that son-in-law, too, who stands in view awaiting the issue of this day. I am rendered anxious by all these things; but [my solicitudes are] so [directed] as to insure the safety of all, together with you, even should some violence overpower myself, in preference to both them and us perishing in one wreck of the Republic. Wherefore, conscript fathers, exert [all your energies] for the safety of the State; guard against all the storms which, if you are not wary, are impending. [It is] not a Tiberius Gracchus, who desired to be a second time Tribune of the people; nor a C. Gracchus, who endeavoured to excite the agrarian demagogues; nor a L. Saturninus, who slew C. Memmius, [that] is subjected to a degree of peril, and to the award dictated by your strict impartiality; the persons are in custody who remained at Rome for the purpose of setting fire to the city, for the massacre of you all, and for the admission of Catiline. In [our] possession are the letters, the seals, the signatures, finally, the confession of each; the Allobrogians are tampered with; the slaves are called out; Catiline is summoned; a conspiracy is entered into, the object of which is, that by a general massacre no one may be left behind, not even to deplore the name of the Republic, and lament the catastrophe of so mighty an empire.

III. All these facts the informers have discovered, the defendants have confessed, you have already adjudged by many decisions; first, because you returned me thanks in peculiar terms, and decided that by my abilities and vigilance a conspiracy of desperate men was discovered; next, because you compelled P. Lentulus to resign the prætorship; again, because you voted into custody him and the others whom you sentenced; and most particularly, because you decreed a thanksgiving in my name, which honour was enjoyed by none in a civil capacity before me; lastly, because you yesterday conferred most ample rewards on the deputies of the Allobrogians and Titus Vulturcius. All which proceedings tend to show that the persons who were committed to custody by name seem without any hesitation to have been condemned by you. But I have resolved, conscript fathers, to refer to your consideration, as a point yet undetermined, both what you will decide as respects the fact, and what you will vote as respects the punishment. I shall premise the following remarks

which are called for from me as Consul: I was long observing that an unaccountable frenzy was working in the State; and that some untoward mischief was hatching and stirring up; but I never dreamed that a conspiracy so extensive and so destructive as this appears to have been was entered into by [men calling themselves] citizens. At present, let it be what it may, and however your minds and opinions may incline, you must decide upon it before night. You see what a heinous charge has been brought before you. If you think that few are concerned in it, you are greatly mistaken. This mischief is more widely diffused than is imagined; it has not only overspread Italy, but also crossed the Alps; and, imperceptibly insinuating itself, has now seized many provinces. This can by no means be suppressed by forbearance and delay. Whatever course meets your pleasure, you must inflict the punishment without delay.

IV. I see there are as yet two opinions: one, of D. Silanus, who holds that those persons who attempted to destroy this empire ought to be punished with death; the other of C. Cæsar, who excludes the penalty of death, but embraces all the severities comprised in other punishments. Both these senators, as well in consideration of their dignity as the magnitude of the charge, deal in extreme severity. The former thinks that the men who have attempted to deprive us all, [who have attempted to deprive] the Roman people, of their existence, to destroy the empire, and obliterate the name of the Roman people, ought not for a moment of time to enjoy existence and this common air [we breathe]; and he remembers that this species of punishment was often adopted in this city against depraved citizens. The latter is of opinion that death is appointed by the immortal gods not as a punishment, but that it is either the necessary condition of our nature, or a cessation from toils and miseries. Accordingly, the wise of every age have never faced it unwillingly; the brave often even with pleasure. But imprisonment, and that, too, perpetual, has been contrived as the peculiar punishment, it would seem, of atrocious guilt. He, therefore, orders them to be distributed among the free-towns. This measure seems to have unfairness, if you wish to impose it as a command; difficulty, if to request it. Let it be decreed, however, if it meets your wishes. For I shall undertake, and, as I hope, shall find persons who will not think it befitting their dignity to refuse, what you may determine for the general safety. He imposes a heavy penalty on any of the freemen who may have assisted in releasing them from their bonds; he besets them with a formidable guard, and adds a sanction called for by the guilt of those desperate men, that none, either through the agency of the Senate or the people, may lighten the punishment of those whom

he condemns; he even deprives them of hope, which is wont to be the only solace of mankind in misery. He directs their estates also to be confiscated; he leaves to the wicked wretches a bare existence; which, if he had deprived them of, he would have rid them, by a single pang, of many tortures of mind and body, and all the punishment due to their guilt. And hence it was that the ancients chose to have certain punishments of this nature settled in the other world, in order that there might be some intimidation held out to the wicked in life; that is to say, they saw that without them death itself would present no terrors.

V. I now see, conscript fathers, how deeply all this concerns my interests. If you second the proposition of C. Cæsar, as he has always pursued that course in public affairs which is reckoned popular, perhaps with him as the proposer and advocate of this measure, I may the less dread the violence of popular fury; but if you second the other proposition, I am not sure whether there are not more difficulties thrown in my way. But, however, let the welfare of the Republic supersede any consideration of my own dangers. For just as his personal dignity and the lustre of his ancestry demanded, we have from C. Cæsar a proposition, which is, as it were, a pledge of his eternal affection towards his country. By it is understood the difference between the clemency of idle declaimers, and the truly patriotic spirit, consulting for the salvation of its country. I see a certain person—one of those who are anxious to be thought patriotic—absent [on this occasion], that he may not, forsooth, give his vote concerning the lives of Roman citizens; [yet] he, the day before yesterday, consigned to prison the Roman citizens, Cethegus and P. Lentulus, and voted me a *supplication;* and yesterday bestowed the highest rewards on the informers. Now it is a question with none what was his judgment of the whole affair and cause, who voted the arraigned a prison, the investigator a congratulatory address, and the informer a reward. But C. Cæsar is aware, that the Sempronian law [which he has urged], was enacted respecting Roman citizens; but that the man who is an enemy to his country can be in no sense a citizen; and lastly, that the enactor of that law himself suffered capital punishment by the order of the people. The same [senator] does not hold that even the generous and prodigal P. Lentulus himself, when he laid so bloody and cruel a plot for the destruction of the Commonwealth and the ruin of this city, can be called a citizen. Therefore he, though a man of the greatest mildness and clemency, makes no scruple to consign P. Lentulus to a perpetual dungeon and bonds; and enacts, that no one for the future may, by mitigating his punishment, affect popularity, and be afterwards a favourite at the expense of the ruin of the Roman people. He adds also the con-

fiscation of his estates, that poverty, too, and beggary may follow in the train of every species of mental and corporeal torture.

VI. Wherefore, if you resolve upon adopting this latter proposition, you shall give me, as a coadjutor in the popular assembly, a man who is at once the object of the esteem and affection of the Roman people; or, if you prefer to embrace that of Silanus, you will easily vindicate us both from the charge of cruelty; and I shall prove it to have been much the milder course. And yet, conscript fathers, what cruelty can there be in punishing the enormity of such guilt? For I judge from my own feelings. For may it so be granted me to enjoy with you my country in safety, as I am not urged by cruelty of spirit to any unusual vehemence on this occasion (for who is milder than I?), but by a singular tenderness and compassion. For I seem to behold this city, the light of the universe, and the citadel of all nations, suddenly involved in one [general] conflagration; I figure to my imagination my country in ruins,—the wretched and unburied piles of citizens;—before my eyes appear the looks and the fury of Cethegus revelling in your blood. But when I have pictured to my mind Lentulus in possession of sovereign power, as he confessed that by the oracles he was encouraged to hope, he would be; that this Gabinius is clothed in the purple of royalty; that Catiline has arrived with an army, then am I horror-struck at the wailings of matrons, then at the flight of maidens, and of youths, and the persecution of the vestal virgins; and because these circumstances seem to me wretched and deplorable, therefore do I evince myself rigorous and unrelenting towards the persons who have designed to perpetrate them. For I put it to you, if any father, on the murder of his children, the massacre of his wife, and the burning of his house, has not inflicted on his slaves the most rigorous punishment, shall he be deemed to be mild and merciful, or inhuman and most cruel? nay, to me he would appear barbarous and hard-hearted, who would not soothe his own anguish and torture by the anguish and torture of the guilty cause! In like manner, with regard to those men who intended to butcher us, our wives, and children; who endeavoured to destroy the dwellings of each of us individually, and this seat of government in general; who had it in contemplation to settle the nation of the Allobrogians on the ruins of this city, and on the ashes of a burning empire,—if we be ever so rigorous [in punishing them], we shall be accounted compassionate; but if we please to be too lenient, we must bear the character of consummate cruelty for ruining our country and citizens. Unless, *indeed, L. Cæsar*, a man of the greatest courage and most ardent *affection for the* State, appeared most unfeeling three days ago, *when he asserted*, in the presence and hearing of the husband of his

sister, a most distinguished woman, that that husband deserved to be put to death; when he stated [by way of proof] that his own grandfather was executed by order of a Consul, and that his son, yet a youth, who had been sent by his father as an envoy, was slain in prison. And what act of these men resembles this? what design of overturning the Commonwealth was laid? A propensity to bestow largesses was then rife in the State, and a sort of party struggle. And on that occasion the grandfather of this Lentulus, a most illustrious man, pursued Gracchus in arms: he then, too, received a dangerous wound, rather than that aught should be diminished of the dignity of the Republic; [whereas] this man summons the Gauls to overthrow the foundations of the empire, stirs up the slaves, invites Catiline, consigns us senators to Cethegus to be massacred, and the other citizens to Gabinius to be slaughtered, to Cassius the city to be set in flames, to Catiline the whole of Italy to be wasted and plundered. You dread, I imagine, lest in this so monstrous and unnatural guilt, you may seem to have decided aught severely; when it is far more to be apprehended, lest by your lenity in punishing, you may be thought too cruel to your country, than that, by the rigour of your animadversion, you should be deemed too severe against your most implacable enemies.

VII. But, conscript fathers, what I hear [distinctly] I cannot disguise. For reports are spread, which reach my ears, of those who seem to fear that I have not a sufficient force to execute what you shall decide upon this day. Every precaution, preparation, and arrangement have been made, conscript fathers, not only with indefatigable care and application on my own part, but also, with a still greater devotion on that of the Roman people, to retain imperial sway and preserve our common fortunes. All men of all ranks are here present, and finally, of all ages: the Forum is thronged, the temples about the Forum are thronged, all the avenues of this place and sacred edifice are thronged. For this has been found to be the only question since the building of the city in which all were unanimous in their sentiments, with the exception of those who, when they saw the necessity of their own destruction, preferred perishing in company with all the citizens to solitary ruin. These men I gladly except and separate; for I do not deem them to be reckoned in the number of degenerate citizens, but of most implacable foes. But, immortal gods, in what crowds, with what eagerness, with what courage, do all the other citizens conspire for the general dignity and safety? Why need I here mention the Roman knights, who resigned to you the superiority of rank and counsel only to vie with you in patriotism; whom, recalled to the alliance and concord of this order, this day and this cause unite with you after a separa-

tion of many years; which union, strengthened [as it has been] in my consulship, if we perpetuate in the Commonwealth, I assure you that no civil or domestic calamity will hereafter affect any part of the Republic. With like zeal for defending the Republic, do I see the tribunes of the treasury assembled, most brave men, and also all the secretaries; whom, when this day had by chance convened them in numbers at the treasury, I see turned aside, from the expectation of the allotment of offices, to the general safety. The whole body of free-born citizens is present, even the most indigent. For who is there to whom these temples, the face of this city, the possession of liberty, nay, this very light, and common soil of our country, is not both dear and, in fact, sweet and delightful?

VIII. It is worth while, conscript fathers, to remark the zeal of the freedmen, who, having by their merit attained to the rank of citizenship, consider this in reality to be their native land; which some men born here, and born, too, in the highest rank, look upon, not as their native city, but the city of their enemies. But why need I mention these persons and these orders of citizens whom their private fortunes, whom a common country, lastly, whom liberty—which is the dearest object of life—have roused to defend the safety of their native land? There is not a slave, who is at all in a tolerable condition of servitude, but looks with horror on the daring attempts of those desperate citizens; but is anxious that this empire should stand; and who would not contribute to the general safety of the State as large a share of good will as he dares and as he can. Wherefore, if this common report alarms any of you, that a certain pander of Lentulus is visiting the shops, is hoping that the affections of the needy and inexperienced may be gained over by bribes, the thing indeed has been begun and attempted: but there were none found either so desperate in their fortunes, or so abandoned in their inclination, as not to wish the very site of their shops and trade and daily profits, as not to wish their beds and their couches, in a word, this peaceful tenor of their lives, to be preserved. But much the greatest part of those who live in shops, nay, truly (for this is the proper assertion), this whole description of people, is most attached to peace. For all their stock, all their trade and profits, depend upon the populousness of the citizens, and are fostered by peace; and if their profits are usually diminished by the closing of their shops, what then will be the case if they are burned?

IX. Now since these things are so, conscript fathers, the aids of the Roman people are not wanting to you; beware then lest you be wanting to the Roman people. You have a Consul preserved from the greatest dangers and plots, and from the midst of death, not for [the extension of] his own life, but of your

safety: all orders of citizens conspire in heart, inclination, zeal, courage, voice, to preserve the Republic; beset with the firebrands and weapons of an impious conspiracy, our common country suppliantly stretches forth her hand to you; to you she commends herself, to you, the life of all the citizens,—to you, the citadel and capitol,—to you, the altars of the household gods,—to you, that unceasing and eternal fire of Vesta,—to you, all the temples and shrines of the deities,—to you, the walls and the houses of the city. Moreover, you are this day called upon to decide on your own lives, on the lives of your wives and children, on the fortunes of all, on your houses and on your hearths. You have a leader mindful of you, forgetful of himself; an advantage of which you cannot always boast; you have all the orders of the State, all men, [in fact] the entire Roman people (a thing which we witness for the first time this day, on a question affecting the citizens), completely unanimous. Reflect how a single night almost destroyed an empire, founded with such exertions, a liberty established with such bravery, and fortunes augmented and heightened by such munificence of the gods. You are this day to see that this attempt be so far from being afterwards accomplished that it may never more be thought of by the citizens [of this State]. And these things I have said not to animate you who in zeal almost outstrip myself, but that my voice, which ought to be the foremost in the Republic, should seem to have fulfilled the duty of a Consul.

X. Now, conscript fathers, before I return to [collect] the votes upon this question, let me say a few words about myself. I am aware that large as is the number of conspirators, and very large you see it is, just so many enemies have I drawn upon myself; but I consider them base and impotent, contemptible and mean. But if ever that gang, urged by the frenzy and the wickedness of any man, should overpower the dignity of you and of the Republic, yet will I never regret my measures and my counsels. For death, with which perhaps they threaten me, is allotted to all; but no one has acquired such reputation of life as you have honoured me with by your decrees. For on others you were always conferring votes of thanks for conducting the Republic well, on me alone, for preserving it. Let Scipio be illustrious, him, by whose courage Hannibal was obliged to return into Africa and depart from Italy; let the second Africanus be crowned with extraordinary glory, who destroyed two cities most obnoxious to this empire, Carthage and Numantia: let that L. Paullus be deemed a superior hero, whose triumphal car Perses, once a most potent and noble king, graced; be Marius in deathless glory, who twice freed Italy from a blockade and from the fear of slavery; let Pompey be preferred before them all, whose achievements and virtues are bounded by the same climates and limits

as the course of the sun. Still, amidst the praises of those men, there will be some room for my glory; unless, perhaps, it has more merit to open new provinces whither we may retire, than take care that even they who are absent may have [a country] to return to in triumph. And yet in one point the circumstance of a foreign excels a domestic victory, inasmuch as foreign enemies are either reduced to slavery on being completely crushed, or deem themselves laid under an obligation, by being received into an alliance; but whoever out of the rank of citizens, led astray by some infatuation, have once begun to be enemies of their country, these, after you have driven them from ruining their country, you can neither restrain by force, nor mollify by kindness. I therefore see an eternal war engaged in by me with [those] desperate citizens, which I trust can be easily warded off me and mine by the aid of you and of all good men, and by the recollection of so imminent dangers, which will always find a place, not only in this people who have been preserved, but also in the records and in the hearts of every nation. And in fact, no force so powerful will be found as can overcome and weaken such a union of you and of the Roman knights, and such a confederacy of all good men.

XI. And since these things are so, conscript fathers, instead of the command, instead of the army, instead of the province which I declined, instead of a triumph and the other distinctions of glory, which by me were rejected for sake of guarding the city and your safety, instead of provincial patronage and friendships;—which, however, I maintain by my influence in the city, with no less exertion than I procure them; in return for all these things, and in return for my peculiar zeal for your welfare, and for this vigilance in preserving the State which you are witness of, I ask nothing else from you, but the memory of this time and of all my consulship; which, as long as it remains fixed in your minds, I shall consider myself fenced by an impregnable wall. But if the force of depraved men disappoint and baffle my expectations, I recommend to you my infant son, who shall indeed possess a sufficient guard, not only for his security, but also his dignity, if you recollect that he is the son of that man, who at his sole hazard preserved this whole empire. Wherefore, conscript fathers, decide, as you have begun, with vigour and firmness, on what concerns your own safety and that of the Roman people, on the fate of your wives and children, your altars and hearths, your shrines and temples, the roofs and dwellings of the whole city, your empire and liberty, on the safety of Italy and the whole Republic. For you have a Consul who will not hesitate to obey your decrees, and who, as long as he lives, can maintain, and, on his own responsibility, execute whatever you shall have decreed.

THE FIRST ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS.

I. Conscript fathers, before I proceed to the remarks which I think it necessary to make at this time upon the state of public affairs, I shall briefly explain to you the motives both of my departure and my return. When I had hopes that the government had at length reverted to your direction and authority, I thought it my duty to continue, as it were, on a sort of consular and senatorian watch. And in truth I neither retired at all, nor withdrew my eyes from the Republic, from the day that we were convened in the temple of Tellus, in which temple, as far as in me lay, I laid the foundations of peace, and revived the ancient precedent of the Athenians; nay, I adopted the Greek word which that State had made use of in allaying discord, and judged that all remembrance of disunion ought to be sunk in eternal oblivion. Noble, on that occasion, was the harangue of M. Antony, extraordinary also his dispositions [towards the State]; a peace, in short, was confirmed, through him and his children, with our most distinguished citizens. And to this commencement the rest [of his conduct] was agreeable. He summoned the leading members of the State to those deliberations on public concerns which he used to hold in his house; he laid the most important matters before this assembly; replied with the greatest resolution to the queries which had been put [to him]. There was nothing then found in the memoranda of Cæsar but what was known to everybody. Have any exiles been restored? One, he replied; and none besides. Any exemptions from taxes granted? He answered, none. He even wanted us to comply with Servius Sulpicius, a most illustrious man, [who had proposed] that no placard of any decree or grant of Cæsar should be posted up after the Ides of March. I omit many [particulars], and those, too, remarkable [ones]; for I am hastening to state an extraordinary act of M. Antony. He completely removed from the Republic the dictatorship which had now usurped the force of regal authority, about which we did not even intimate our opinions. He brought forward the decree of the Senate which he wanted to pass, and, on its being read, we agreed to his motion with the utmost readiness, and returned him thanks, by an act of the Senate, in the most honourable terms.

II. A ray of light seemed [to be] shed [upon us], not only

regal power which we had tolerated, but even the apprehension of regal power being removed; and a signal pledge was given by him to the Republic, that he wanted the city to be free; since, owing to the recent recollection of a perpetual dictatorship, he had entirely eradicated from the State the name of Dictator, though it had been often a legitimate [assumption]. A few days after, the Senate seemed [to be] freed from the peril of bloodshed; the hook was thrust into that slave who had usurped the name of Caius Marius. And all these [things were done] in conjunction with his colleague. [There were] other [matters] to be sure, peculiar to Dolabella, which, had not his colleague been absent, I have no doubt would have been their joint [act]. For when a universal contagion was overspreading the city, and was daily extending itself more widely, and they who had performed that unfinished interment were raising a monument in the Forum, and abandoned men with slaves of the same stamp were every day more and more threatening the houses and temples of the city, such was Dolabella's castigation, as well of the daring and miscreant slaves as of impious and profligate freemen, and so complete his demolition of that accursed pillar, that it seems strange to me how widely the subsequent time has differed from that single day. For lo! by the first day of June, on which day he had summoned us to attend, all was changed; nothing [was done] by the Senate; many and important [acts] by the populace, in the absence and against the will of the people. The Consuls elect denied that they durst come into the Senate; the deliverers of their country, whom yet the Consuls themselves used to extol both in the public assemblies and in every private conversation, were exiled from that city from whose necks they had cast the servile yoke. The veterans, who were called up, for whom this house had most carefully provided, were stimulated not to the preservation of the property which they had, but to the hopes of obtaining fresh booty. And when I wished rather to hear than witness these proceedings, and had the privilege of an honorary lieutenancy, I departed with the intention of being present on the first of January, which seemed likely to be the commencement of convening the Senate.

III. I have explained, conscript fathers, the reason of my departure; I shall now briefly advert to that of my return, which has something in it more strange. When I had, not without cause, avoided Brundisium, and that road which is the common route to Greece, on the first day of August, I came to Syracuse, because the passage from that city to Greece was highly spoken of; which city, however, linked [as it is] most closely to my affections, with all its eagerness to detain me, was unable to [*prevail] for more than a single* night. I was apprehensive lest my

sudden arrival among my friends, if I had made any stay with them, should awaken some mistrust. When the winds had wafted me from Sicily to Leucopetra, which is a headland of the Rhegi-nian district, I set sail from that place, to cross over; and not having proceeded very far, I was forced back by a southerly wind to the very spot from which I had embarked. And as it was late at night, and I had remained at the seat of my companion and friend, P. Valerius, and was spending the following day with the same friend, waiting for a fair wind, several freemen of Rhegium came to me; of these, some that were fresh from Rome; and from them I first heard of Antony's speech, which so delighted me, that, upon reading it, I first began to have thoughts of returning. And not long after, the edict of Brutus and Cassius is brought me; which, to be sure, seemed to me full of equity, it may be, because I love them even more on public than private grounds. They added besides (for it generally happens that the persons who wish to be the bearers of any good news invent something additional, in order to make what they communicate more agree-able), that matters were likely to be settled; that there would be a full Senate on the first of August; that Antony having dis-carded his evil advisers, and given up his pretensions to the Gallic provinces, would again come under the authority of the Senate.

IV. Then, indeed, I was inflamed with so great an ardour for returning, that neither oars nor wind could equal my impatience; not that I thought I should not arrive in time, but that I might not be later than I wished in congratulating the Republic. And after a speedy passage to Velia, I saw Brutus, with how much personal grief I cannot express. It appeared to me a shameful circumstance, that I durst return into that city which he left; and was desirous of remaining in safety in a place where he could not. Nor did I, indeed, see him affected in the same degree as I myself was. For, elevated by the consciousness of his very great and glorious achievement, he uttered no complaint about his own situation, but many about yours. And from him I first learned of what nature had been the speech of L. Piso in the Senate on the first of August; who, though he was but badly seconded by those on whom it was incumbent (for this, too, I heard from Brutus), yet, both by the testimony of Brutus (than which what can be of greater weight?), and by the declaration of all whom I saw afterwards, seemed to me to have acquired great glory. I made haste, therefore, to second him, whom those [that were] present, did not second: not that I could be of any service, for that I neither hoped nor could effect; but that if anything had befallen me (and many things seem to threaten, even out of the course of nature, and at variance with the decrees of fate), I might bequeath to the Republic the speech of this day, as an evi-

dence of my lasting affection towards it. As I trust that the motives of my conduct in both respects have met your approbation, before I begin to speak about the public affairs, I shall briefly complain of the injurious treatment of M. Antony, yesterday, whose friend I am; and that, owing to some services of his, I ought to be so, I have ever acknowledged.

V. What was the reason, then, why I was so harshly summoned to the Senate yesterday? was I the only person absent? have you not often had a thinner attendance? was the question in debate of such a nature, that it was requisite even for invalids to be carried [thither]? Hannibal, I suppose, was at the gates, or the question was about the peace of Pyrrhus,—a measure to which it is recorded that the great Appius, both blind and old, was carried? [No.] The debate was about supplications, in which class of deliberations there is usually no lack of senators. For they are not assembled by reason of their pledges, but a regard for those whose honour is in question; a thing which occurs, too, when the motion is about a triumph. In consequence of this, the Consuls are so unconcerned on the occasion, that it is almost discretionary for a senator to attend or not. Now when this form was known to me, and I was fatigued with my journey and dissatisfiod with myself, I sent a messenger, in consideration of our friendship, to inform him of it. But he, in your hearing, said that he would come himself to my house with workmen. Too passionately [expressed] indeed, and very intemperately! For what crime demands so signal a punishment as this, that he should dare to assert in this assembly, that with the workmen of the public he would demolish a house raised by the public, according to a decree of the Senate? But who ever summoned a senator on such a penalty? or what farther is there than the pledge or the fine? But if he had known what opinion I was about to express, he would have relaxed somewhat from his strictness of convening.

VI. Do you imagine, conscript fathers, that I would have voted to have funeral obsequies blended with supplications, [a thing] which you seconded against your will? to have inexpiable rites introduced into the State? to have supplications decreed to a dead man? I am not saying to whom. Admit it to have been to that L. Brutus, who both in his own person freed the State from regal despotism, and now, nearly five hundred years after, has raised an offspring for the exhibition of similar virtue and the performance of similar exploits—still I could not be induced to join any dead man with the religious rites of the immortal gods, to have him prayed to on the authority of the State, whose tomb was nowhere in existence for obsequies to be offered at. *But, conscript fathers,* [had I been present] I would have given

utterance to such sentiments, as that in case of any severe misfortune befalling the Republic, in case of war, of pestilence, of famine, [things] which partly exist already, and partly, I fear, are impending, I could easily have justified myself to the Roman people. But this I pray the immortal gods may forgive the Roman people who approve it not, and this body which unwillingly decreed it. What! is it permitted us to discuss the other grievances of the State? To me truly it is, and ever shall be permitted, to assert my dignity and despise death. Let me have but the liberty of ingress to this house; I shrink not from the danger of speaking [my mind]. And, conscript fathers, would that I could have been here on the first of August! not that it would have availed anything; but that not one consular [senator] only, as was then the case, should be found worthy of that honour, worthy of the State. And at this circumstance I feel indeed much vexation; that the men who have enjoyed the amplest favours of the Roman people did not second L. Piso, the mover of an excellent resolution. Did the Roman people elevate us to the consulship for this; that, placed in the highest grade of honour, we should feel no regard for the Commonwealth? No consular man supported L. Piso, I do not say with his voice, but not even with his countenance. Shame on it! what a voluntary thraldom is this? Admit that some degree of it is necessary. Nor do I require this from all who deliver their sentiments from the consular benches. The case of those whose silence I pardon is one; that of those whose voice I require, another. Which persons I grieve at falling under suspicions with the Roman people, not only of fear, which would itself be base, but that each, from a different cause, is wanting to his own dignity.

VII. In the first place, therefore, I both feel and express the deepest gratitude to L. Piso, who did not debate what he could effect in the Republic, but what he himself ought to do; in the next place, I beg of you, conscript fathers, that even though you will not venture to second my speech and example, yet that you may, as you have hitherto done, grant me a favourable hearing.

First, then, I am of opinion, that the acts of Cæsar are to be maintained; not that I approve of them; for who indeed can do so? but because I think that the highest regard ought to be paid to [the public] peace and tranquillity. I could wish that Antony were present, provided [it were] without his partisans; but, as I imagine, he may be indisposed, [a thing] which was not allowed me yesterday by him. He might inform me, or rather you, conscript fathers, how even he would defend the acts of Cæsar. Shall the acts of Cæsar be valid, found in memoranda, minutes, and records, brought forward on his own single authority, and [*sometimes*] not even brought forward, but asserted

[to exist]? and shall those which he had engraved on brass, whereon he desired [them] to continue [as] the enactments of the people and the permanent laws, be regarded as nothing? [For my part] I am of this opinion, that there is nothing so strictly among Cæsar's acts as Cæsar's laws. [Thus] if he made any promise to a person, shall it have the force of a law, which [promise] even he could not perform? just as he left unperformed many promises to many persons. Which, by the way, have been found much more numerous since his death than the favours bestowed and conferred during all the years of his life. But these I am not for altering—not for disturbing; for I am defending with my utmost zeal his splendid acts. Would that the money were still in the temple of Ops! Blood-stained it was, to be sure, but, since it is not restored to those who are its rightful owners, necessary for the present times. And yet let that, too, be lavished if so it were in his acts. What is there [I repeat it] which can so properly be called an act of him who in a civil capacity is invested in the Republic with power and authority as a law? Inquire for the acts of Gracchus; the Sempronian laws will be produced. Inquire for Sylla's, the Cornelian. What! of what acts did the third consulate of Pompey consist? Why, of his laws. If you were to ask from Cæsar himself what he had done in the city and in the civil gown, he would reply that he had made many and noble laws; but his minutes he would either alter or not give [at all]; or, if he had given, would not account those things among his acts. But even these I concede; some things I even pretend not to see; but in the most important points, that is, in his laws, I conceive it intolerable for Cæsar's acts to be annulled.

VIII. What law was better, more useful, or more frequently demanded, even in the best days of the Republic, than for the prætorian provinces not to be held more than one, nor the consular more than two years? This law being repealed, do Cæsar's acts seem to you to be maintained? What! by that law which has been promulged about the third order of judges, are not all the judiciary laws of Cæsar annulled? and do you defend the acts of Cæsar who abolish his laws? Unless, perhaps, if Cæsar set down anything on his tablet by way of memorandum, that shall be accounted among his acts, and, however unfair and pernicious, be defended; [while] that which he laid before the people at the election by centuries, shall not be deemed among the acts of Cæsar. But what is that third order? Of centurions, replies [Antony]. What! was not the judicial office open to that order of men by the Julian law, and even before [that] by the Pompeian and Aurelian? [Yes, but] a certain property was prescribed, says he. And, [rejoins Cicero], not to the centurion

alone, but also to the Roman knight. Accordingly, the most brave and honourable men who commanded battalions both do act and have acted in a judicial capacity. I do not want these [men], says [Antony]. Let every man that has led a battalion sit on the bench. But if you were to propose [adds Cicero], that whoever had served as a knight, which is more reputable, [should sit as judge], you would gain the approval of no man; for in the judge both fortune and respectability should be kept in view. I want not these qualities, he replies; I am for adding manipular judges from the legion of the Alaudæ. For my friends assert that they cannot otherwise obtain security. O honour, insulting to those, whom, contrary to their expectation, you are calling to the seat of judgment! for this is the drift of the law, that persons should judge in the third decury who dare not judge impartially. Wherein how great is their error, immortal gods! who have devised that law! For, according as each shall appear to be the meanest, so will he most readily obliterate his meanness by strictness in his decisions, and will strive to seem worthy of the honourable orders, rather than be justly thrust into that which is marked by disgrace.

IX. Another law has been promulgated, that persons convicted of violence and treason may, if they please, appeal to the people. Is this then a law, or the abrogation of all laws? For who is there, at this day, whose interest it is for this law to remain? No one is arraigned by these laws; there is no one whom we think likely to be arraigned; for acts of armed violence will never truly be brought before the bench. But [you will say] the thing is popular. I wish sincerely you were willing that something should be popular! For all the citizens now concur with one heart and voice about the safety of their country. What then means this rage for passing such a law as brings with it the deepest disgrace and [confers] no favours? For what is more disgraceful than for him, who, by open violence, has infringed the majesty of the Roman people, on conviction by trial, to revert to that very violence of which he was justly convicted? But why do I argue farther about the law? as if, forsooth, the question were that any should appeal. [It is] this [that] is intending, this enacting, that no one at all may be ever arraigned by those laws. For what accuser shall either be found so frantic as to be willing, on convicting a criminal, to be himself exposed to a hired mob; or judge, who shall venture to condemn the accused, that he may be dragged himself the moment after before mercenary artisans? An appeal then is not granted by this law; but two highly salutary laws and judicial investigations are abolished. What else is the encouraging of young men to aim at becoming turbulent, seditious, and pernicious citizens [if this

be not]? But to what fatal extremities will not the tribunitian power be capable of being pushed, these two laws regarding violence and treason having been repealed? why [say] that there is an abrogation of Cæsar's laws, which enact an interdiction of fire and water in the case of him who may have been convicted of public disturbances, and also of him [convicted] of treason? to whom when an appeal is granted, are not Cæsar's acts rescinded? Which [acts], conscript fathers, I, who never sanctioned them, was so fully persuaded ought to be maintained for the sake of concord, that the laws which Cæsar had enacted while alive, I not only deemed should not now be invalidated, but not even those which you see brought forward and hung up since his death.

X. By a dead man persons have been restored from exile; by a dead man the freedom of the city has been presented, not only to individuals, but also to whole nations and provinces; by a dead man the revenues have been taken away through countless immunities. These [acts] then, brought from his own house, upon a single but most unquestionable authority, we defend; with regard to the laws, which, while you were looking on, he read in person, set forth, enacted, of whose enactment he was vain, and fancied that in those laws the very Commonwealth was comprehended—those laws, I say, about the provinces and judicial proceedings, do we, who defend the acts of Cæsar, think that they are to be abolished? But still we can at least complain of the laws that have been promulgated; of those which are said to be already enacted, not even was this permitted. For they were enacted without any promulgation, previously to their being drawn up [for public inspection]. But some persons ask, why either I or any of you fear bad laws under good tribunes of the people. We have them ready to intercede; ready to defend the Republic by their religious forms; [therefore] we ought to be devoid of fear. What vetoes, what religious forms, he says, do you name in my hearing? Those, forsooth, on which the safety of the State depends. These we slight and look upon as antiquated and silly. The Forum shall be blocked up; every entrance shut; armed men posted in many places as guards. What then? What shall be thus enacted will be a law; and you will, forsooth, order to be engraved on brass that legal formula: "The Consuls in due form have proposed to the people"—(is this the form of proposing laws that we have received from our ancestors?)—"and the people have in due form enacted." What 'people?' Is it they who are shut out? By what 'due form?' [Is it] that which is totally abolished by force and arms? And these things I am saying with regard to the future; as it is the part of friends to mention beforehand what may be avoided; and if they will not happen, my arguments shall be confuted. I am speaking of laws

proposed, about which you are yet free [to decide]. I show you defects [in the auspices]; correct them! I warn you of violence and arms; remove them!

XI. You must not be angry with me, Dolabella, while speaking for my country. And yet, indeed, I do not think you will; for I know your good nature. They tell me that your colleague in this his fortune, which to himself seems good; but which to me, that I may say nothing harsher, would seem better, if he emulated the consulship of his grandfather and uncle: but I hear that he is angry. I see, however, how undesirable a thing it is to have the same person angry [with one] and armed [too]; particularly when swords have such impunity. But I shall propose a condition, as I think, fair; which I do not imagine M. Antony will reject. If I have said aught with insult, reflecting on his life and character, I shall not scruple to have him my bitterest enemy; but if I have maintained my custom (which I have ever kept up in the State), that is, if I have candidly spoken what I think about public affairs, I first entreat him not to be angry; and next, if I do not obtain this, I beg of him to be angry with me as with a citizen. Let him, if it be so necessary as he asserts, employ arms for the purpose of defending his person; but let not these arms injure those who may have spoken what has seemed good to them for the interests of the State. What can be proposed more fair than this demand? But if, as has been told me by some of his acquaintance, every speech which is made in opposition to his pleasure mortally offends, even though there is no abuse in it, we shall bear with the humour of a friend. But the same persons [reason] with me thus:—"The same thing will not be permitted to you, the opponent, as to Piso, the father-in-law of Cæsar." They likewise admonish me of something which I shall take care to avoid; nor shall my former plea of illness for not attending the Senate be a better one than what I shall now put in—that I am threatened with death.

XII. But, by the immortal gods! [pardon my warmth] for beholding you, Dolabella, who are very dear to me, I cannot help speaking of the errors of you both. For my belief is, that being of illustrious descent, and having in view certain grand objects, you did not (as some too credulously imagine) covet money, which has always been despised by every great and noble [character]; nor yet despotic power, and an authority quite intolerable to the Roman people—but the love of your citizens and [your own] glory. Now glory is the praise of good deeds and signal deserts to the Republic, which is approved by the testimony as well of every virtuous individual, as also of the community at large. I should inform you, Dolabella, what were the fruits of upright conduct, did I not see that you enjoyed it for a little above

others. What day of your life can you recollect to have shone more brightly upon you, than when you withdrew home, after having purified the Forum, dispersed that assemblage of impious [wretches], punished the ringleaders of crime, and freed the city from the fear of conflagration and massacre? Of what rank, of what family, nay, of what fortune, were not the regards presented for your praise and congratulation? Nay, to me even, whom they imagined that you made use of as an adviser in this affair, [some] worthy men both returned their thanks, and on your account presented their compliments. Call to mind, Dolabella, I pray you, that unanimity of the theatre, when all, forgetting those grounds on which they had been displeased with you, showed that, owing to your late service, they had dropped the memory of their old resentment. This, Dolabella (I speak it with great concern), this so distinguished an honour, I say, could you [bring yourself] with patience to relinquish?

XIII. And you, Mark Antony (for though absent I address you), do you not prefer that single day on which the Senate met in the Temple of Tellus, to all those months during which certain persons, differing widely from me, deem you happy? What a speech was yours about concord? from what fear were the veterans, from what anxiety was the whole city, by you then freed! When having laid aside your resentments, having forgot the auspices, and yourself, as Augur, making the announcement, you first, on that day, admitted your colleague to be your colleague, and your little son was sent by you to the Capitol, the hostage of peace to the Republic; on what day was the Senate more joyous? on what day the Roman people? who, to be sure, were never more crowded in any assembly. Then, did we seem, indeed, freed by the bravest men, because, as they had desired, peace attended upon freedom. On the very next day, the third, lastly on the other subsequent days, you ceased not, as it were daily, to present some gift to your country: but the greatest was this, that you abolished the name of the dictatorship. This stigma has been branded by you, by you I say, on the deceased Cæsar to his eternal infamy. For as, on account of the crime of a single Marcus Manlius, by a decree of the Manlian family, no patrician is allowed to be called Marcus Manlius, so, owing to your hatred of one dictator, you utterly obliterated the name of Dictator. When you had performed so important services in defence of the safety of the State, were you dissatisfied at this fortune, this dignity, this renown, this glory? Whence then [springs] on a sudden, this so wide a change? I cannot be induced to suspect you of being enslaved by [the love of] money. Every man may speak as he pleases; it is not necessary to give credence. For I never knew anything base, anything mean in you. However,

the members of one's family sometimes lead astray; but I am aware of your steadiness; and would that, as the guilt, so you had been able to avoid the suspicion.

XIV. This more do I fear, lest, ignorant of the true path of glory, you may deem it glorious that you alone should have more power than all [others]; and may choose to be feared rather than loved by your fellow-citizens. But if your thoughts are such, you are entirely mistaken in the path of glory. To be an esteemed citizen, to deserve well of the State, to be praised, respected, beloved, is glorious; but to be feared and to be hated, is odious, detestable, unsubstantial, and prone to decay. For we see that even in the play, to the very person who said, "Let them hate provided they fear," the saying proved fatal. Would that, Antony, you had remembered your grandfather! of whom, however, you have very frequently heard from me many observations. Do you think that he would have been willing to take immortality in return for his being feared by his fellow-citizens on account of his unrestricted license for possessing arms? This was true life, this true prosperity, to be equal to others in liberty, to be first in dignity. That I may therefore omit the prosperous circumstances of your grandfather, I should prefer his last, most bitter day, to the despotism of Cinna, by whom he was most cruelly murdered. But how shall I bend you by my words? For if the fatal end of C. Cæsar cannot make you choose to be beloved rather than feared, the eloquence of no one will avail anything; [I say of Cæsar] whom those who deem to have been happy, are themselves most wretched. No man is happy who lives on such conditions, as that he may be slain not only with impunity, but also with the greatest praise to the perpetrator. Relent, therefore, I beseech you, and look back on your ancestors; and so govern the State that your citizens may rejoice that you were born; without which no man can be either happy or glorious.

XV. And both of you, indeed, have many proofs of the sentiments of the Roman people, at which I take it very ill that you are not sufficiently affected. For what [mean] the shouts of countless citizens at the gladiators' shows? what the rude songs of the people? what the interminable applause directed to Pompey's statue? what, to the two tribunes of the people who oppose you? Do these [things] imperfectly declare the incredibly unanimous will of the whole Roman people? What! the shouts at the Apollinarian games, or testimonies rather, and decisions of the Roman people, do they seem to you trifling? O happy men, who when they were not, by force of arms, permitted to be present, yet were present, and deeply rooted in the heart and vitals of the Roman people! Unless, perhaps, you

thought that the applause was then bestowed, and the palm conferred on Accius, sixty years after [his death], and not on Brutus; who was so absent from his own games, that, at that most magnificent entertainment, the Roman people paid the tribute of their affection to him, though not there in person, and by uninterrupted applause and acclamations assuaged their regret for the absence of their deliverer. I am a man who have ever despised those shouts when they were bestowed by the mob alone; but when the same thing is done by the highest, by the middling, by the lowest, in a word, by all the citizens collectively; and when those who were accustomed to follow the unanimous decision of the people now withdraw from it, I, indeed, deem this not to be mere applause; but a proof of their sentiments. But if all this seems rather trivial to you, which is most important, do you, let me ask, despise this also, that you found by experience, that the life of Aulus Hirtius was so dear to the Roman people? For it was enough that he had obtained the approbation of the Roman people as he has; that he was agreeable to his friends, in which respect he exceeds all men; dear to his family, to which he is very dear; yet for whom do you recollect such anxiety of the good, such apprehensions of all? Surely, for none. What then? why are you at a loss, by the immortal gods! to interpret what this means? what do you imagine they think about your life, to whom the life of those whom they hope to be the friends of their country is so dear?

Conscript fathers! I have reaped the fruits of my return; both in having expressed these sentiments, in order that whatever event may follow, a testimony of my constancy [in your cause] should remain on record, and, as I have been heard by you with kindness and attention. And this indulgence I shall take advantage of, if it be oftener granted me without our mutual danger; but if not, as far as I can, I shall reserve myself, not so much for myself, as for the Republic. What I have lived is almost enough for me, either in reference to years or glory. Whatever shall be added thereto, shall be added, not so much to me, as to you and to my country.

THE SECOND ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS.

I. By what fatality of mine, conscript fathers, shall I say it comes to pass, that no one these twenty years has been an enemy to the State, who did not also at the same time declare war against me? Nor is it necessary for me to specify any one by name. You yourselves remember them well. They have paid to me a heavier penalty than I wished. I wonder, Antony, that you do not dread the fate of those whose actions you imitate. And this, in the case of others, excited in me less surprise. None of them was an enemy to me by choice; all were attacked by me in the cause of my country. You, injured not even in word, have voluntarily assailed me with your calumnies; so that you seemed to have surpassed Catiline in effrontery, and P. Claudius in frantic turbulence: and you imagined that your estrangement from me would be a recommendation to you with disaffected citizens. What am I to think? is it that I am despised? I see nothing either in my life, or the favour of my countrymen, or in my achievements, or in this my mediocrity of talent, which Antony can despise. Did he believe that I could be most readily disparaged in the Senate? an order of men which bore testimony to many citizens of the highest fame, that they had conducted well the affairs of the State—to me alone, that I had saved it from ruin. Did he wish to compete with me in a trial of eloquence? This, to be sure, is a favour. For what subject is more copious, what more fertile, than to speak for myself and against an Antony? But the fact is, he did not think that it could be demonstrated to his fellows that he was a foe to his country, unless he were an enemy to myself. But before I reply to him with respect to the other points of his accusation, I shall say a few words regarding the friendship which he has charged me with violating, and which I consider a very grave accusation.

II. He has complained that I appeared on a certain occasion in opposition to his interests. Ought I not then to appear against a stranger in defence of my friend and relation? Ought I not to appear against an interest [which he] acquired, not by the hopes of his virtue, but the bloom of his years? Ought I not appear against an unjust decision which he obtained by the favourable veto of a most iniquitous intercessor, not by the principle of the prætorian code. But this objection was, I think,

resorted to by you, in order to recommend yourself to the lowest order of the people, as all would recollect that you were the son-in-law of a freedman, and your offspring, the grand-children of Q. Fadius, a freedman. But you had resigned yourself to my instruction (for so you asserted); you had frequented my house. Truly, if you had done so, you would have consulted better for your character, better for your morals; but you neither did, nor, if you were so inclined, were you at liberty to follow your inclination, owing to the claims of C. Curio. You asserted that you resigned in my favour your canvass for the augurship. Incredible assurance! Memorable presumption! For at the time when Cn. Pompey, and Q. Hortensius, at the request of the whole college, put me in nomination as Augur (for a nomination by more than two was not permitted), you were neither solvent, nor thought you could be safe by any means except the subversion of the State. But [let me ask] could you have sued for the office at all at that time, when Curio was not in Italy? or at the time you were appointed, could you have polled a single tribe without Curio's aid? whose friends even were convicted of disturbing the public tranquillity, because they were too zealous in your cause.

III. But [another charge against me is, that] I have been the recipient of your favours. What favours? And yet I have ever avowed that one to which you allude. I preferred to confess that I am under an obligation to you rather than seem to any inconsiderate person not sufficiently grateful. But [I again ask] what was the favour? that you did not slay me at Brundisium? Would you have slain the man whom the conqueror himself (who, as you used to boast, had conferred on you the chief command among his bandits) had desired to be preserved, and ordered to proceed into Italy? Admit it that you could. What else, conscript fathers, is the usual boon of robbers, but their ability of boasting that they have bestowed their lives on those from whom they did not take them away? Now if this were a favour, the conspirators, who slew their preserver, and whom you yourself are accustomed to designate as the most illustrious of mankind, would never have attained to the summit of glory that they did. But what kind of boon does this claim to be, namely, that you abstained from the commission of a nefarious crime? Wherein it ought not so much to impart pleasure to me that I escaped slaughter at your hands, as sorrow that you were able to commit it with impunity. But, admit that it is a favour, since no greater can be received at the hand of a robber: *wherein then* can you term me ungrateful? ought I not to *complain of the ruin* of the Commonwealth, for fear of appearing *ungrateful to you*? Yet, in all that complaint, wretched, indeed, *and miserable* as it was, but nevertheless incumbent on me, in

consideration of the dignity in which the Senate and Roman people have placed me, what word did I utter with insult? what word without moderation? what word unkindly? And yet what moderation did it display, in complaining of M. Antony, to abstain from invective, particularly when you had scattered to the winds the last remnant of the State; when all things were by a most scandalous traffic set up for sale in your house; when you confessed that those laws, which had never been proposed [to the people], were enacted both concerning yourself and by yourself; when, as Augur, you had abolished the auspices; as Consul, the intercession of the tribunes; when you were most scandalously thronged around with armed men; when, worn out with wine and debauchery, you were daily perpetrating every abomination in a house, till then of distinguished modesty. But just as if my debate were with M. Crassus, with whom I have had many and serious contests, and not with a most infamous gladiator, while complaining bitterly of [the situation of] the State, I said nothing of the man. I shall, therefore, give him cause this day to be sensible how great a compliment he then received from me.

IV. But the fellow, at once destitute of common politeness, and ignorant of the usages of good society, even read aloud the letter which he said I sent him. For, what man, provided he had the smallest knowledge of the habits of honourable men, has ever, on some misunderstanding arising, brought into public and openly read a letter sent to him by a friend? To rob life of its social joys, to rob it of the converse of absent friends—what is it but this? how many pleasantries are apt to be in letters, which, if they were exposed, would appear silly! how many serious matters, yet by no means fit to be divulged! let this too be attributed to your want of politeness. Attend now to his inconceivable stupidity. What have you to oppose to me, thou man of eloquence, as Mustela Tamisius and Tiro Numisius think you? and, inasmuch as these men are at this very moment standing with their swords in view of the Senate, I also will deem you eloquent, if you shall show how you are to defend them, if accused as assassins. But what, in fine, can you object, if I deny that I ever sent to you that letter? by what evidence will you convict me? is it by handwriting? in which you have a lucrative dexterity! How can you? for it is in the hand of an amanuensis. Now do I bear a grudge against your tutor, who, for such terms as I shall presently declare, taught you—to be a fool. For what is further from the conduct, I do not say of an orator, but of a rational being, than to object that to an adversary, to which, if he give a verbal contradiction, he who made the objection can proceed no farther? But I do not deny it; and by

that very avowal I convict you not only of discourteous conduct, but even of fatuity. For what word is there in that letter that is not full of politeness, courtesy, and benevolence? But your whole charge is that in this letter I do not think badly of you; that I write to you as to a citizen, as to a good man, not as to a wretch and a robber. But, though I were justified in doing so, attacked as I have been by you, yet I shall not produce your letter, in which you beg that it may be permitted you, through me, to recall a certain person from banishment; and you solemnly protest that you will not do so against my will; and you obtain from me your request. For why should I interpose myself to your audacity? which neither the authority of this assembly, nor the estimation of the Roman people, nor any laws, could curb? But, after all, what reason had you to ask me, if he for whom you petitioned was restored by a law of Cæsar? But he designed, forsooth, the credit to be mine; whereas, the law being enacted, there could be none due even to himself.

V. But as I have not only some little to say for myself, but also a great deal against M. Antony, one thing I beg of you, to hear me with indulgence, while I am pleading my own cause; another I will myself effect, namely, that in speaking against him, you shall hear me with attention. At the same time I make this request, that if you have experienced my forbearance and moderation, not only in my entire life, but also in my pleadings, you may not deem me to-day to have forgot what is due to myself, when I answer him in accordance with the terms of his challenge. I shall not treat him as a Consul, he truly did not treat me as a consular man. And yet he has no claims to be considered a Consul, whether grounded on his regulating his life as a Consul, or his conducting the public affairs as a Consul, or his having been appointed to the office as a Consul; whereas, I am, without any dispute, a consular man. That you may understand, then, what sort of a Consul he professes himself to be, he has reproached me with my consulship; a consulship which was mine in word, yours in deed. For what did I authorize, what did I conduct, what did I execute, except by the advice, the authority, and opinion, of this order of the State? Hast thou dared, thou man of sense, not alone of eloquence, to make these actions the object of your vituperation, in the presence of those by whose counsel and prudence they were conducted? But who, save P. Clodius, was found to object to my consulship? whose fate, I have no doubt, awaits you, as it did C. Curio; since there is domiciled with you, that which proved the ruin of *both*. *My* consulship does not meet the approbation of M. Antony. *True:* but it met the approbation of P. Servilius, to *name him first* among the consular men of that period, who has

very lately paid the debt of nature; it pleased Q. Catulus, whose high reputation shall ever flourish in this Republic; it pleased the two Luculli, M. Crassus, Q. Hortensius, C. Curio, C. Piso, M. Glabrio, M. Lepidus, L. Volcatius, C. Figulus, D. Silanus, L. Murena, who were then Consuls elect; the same administration which had thus gained the approval of the consular men was pleasing to M. Cato [a man of prætorian rank]; who, by his death, as well guarded against many evils, as this, that he did not witness your consulship. But, above all, C. Pompey approved of my consular administration; who, as soon as he beheld me, on his departure from Syria, embracing and complimenting me, said, that it was owing to my services that he was about to see his native country. But why do I mention individual cases? It so met the approval of a most crowded Senate, that there was none who did not thank me, as a parent; who did not consider himself as a debtor to me for his life, his fortunes, his children, and his country.

VI. But as the Republic is bereft of those numerous and illustrious characters that I have named, let us come to the living, of whom two of consular rank still survive. L. Cotta, a man of the greatest abilities and consummate prudence, when the actions which you censure were achieved, decreed a *supplication* in the most honourable terms; and to this the consular men, whom I have just now named, and the whole Senate, assented; an honour which no man before me, since the building of the city, enjoyed in the robe of peace. With what eloquence, with what firmness, with what dignity, did L. Cæsar, your maternal uncle, pronounce sentence upon the husband of his sister, your step-father! Instead of making him the adviser and instructor of all your counsels and your whole life, you chose to be like your step-father, rather than your uncle. I, who was no way related to him, availed myself of his advice, during my consulship; what affairs, connected with the Republic, did you, his nephew, ever lay before him? But whom has he recourse to? Immortal gods! to those, in fact, whose very birthdays [and the noisy rejoicings belonging thereto] we must give ear to here. Antony is not come down to the Senate to-day. Why? He is celebrating a birthday feast in his gardens. In honour of whom? I will mention no names. Imagine it of a Phormio, a Gnatho, or even a Ballio. What abominable disgrace of the wretch! What intolerable impudence, villany, and licentiousness! When you have a leading senator and eminent citizen, your near relation, you consult him upon none of the public affairs; you make confidants of those who have no property of their own, and squander yours.

VII. Your consulship then, forsooth, is beneficial, mine pernicious. *Have you so far lost your modesty, and morals too, that*

you venture to advance this in the very temple in which I used to advise with that Senate, that once gloriously presided over the whole world; [but in which] you have stationed most abandoned wretches, armed with swords? Nay, you have even dared (for what is there that you dare not?) to assert, that during my consulship, the Capitoline Mount was filled with armed slaves. In order, I suppose, that those atrocious decrees should be made, I threatened the Senate with violence! Wretch, whether these things are not known to you (for you know nothing good), or whether they are, to make the impudent assertion in presence of such men! For what Roman knight, what noble youth, save you, what man of any rank, who only recollected that he was a citizen, was not on the Capitoline Hill when the Senate was met in this temple? who did not enrol his name? Though [why say this? In fact] the secretaries could neither be equal to the task [of writing down] nor could the registers contain the names. For when wicked traitors, forced by the evidence of their accomplices, by their own signatures, by, I had almost said, the voice of their letters, confessed regarding the destruction of their country, that they had conspired to set fire to the city, to butcher the citizens, to devastate Italy, to destroy the Commonwealth; where is the man that would not be roused to defend the common safety? particularly when the Senate and the Roman people had a leader, such as if they now had, the same thing which happened to them would have also fallen to your lot. [Again.] He asserts that the body of his step-father was refused by me for burial. But this not even P. Clodius ever asserted; and, as I was on just grounds his enemy, I grieve to find that he has been exceeded by you in every species of vice. But what induced you to bring it back to our recollection that you were reared in the house of P. Lentulus? Were you apprehensive lest we should think that you could not become so wicked by nature, unless education lent its aid?

VIII. But so stupid were you, that in your whole speech you are completely at variance with yourself; so that you gave utterance not only to things inconsistent with each other, but most widely different and opposite; so that your dispute was not so much with me as with yourself. You confessed that your step-father was implicated in that enormous guilt; you complained that he was punished. Thus, what is properly my act, you applauded; what is wholly the Senate's, you censured. For the detection of the guilty was mine; their punishment, the Senate's. The eloquent man does not perceive, that the person against whom he speaks is eulogized by his words, while those in presence of whom he speaks are reproached. Now of what, I do not say *audacity* (for he wishes [to be thought] audacious), but, what

he least of all wishes [to be thought], of what stupidity, in which he surpasses all, is it, to make mention of the Capitoline Mount, when there are armed men stationed among our benches? when in this temple of Concord, immortal gods! in which, in my consulate, these salutary measures were proposed, to which we have owed our existence to this day, men stand posted with swords? Accuse the Senate, accuse the equestrian order, which was then joined with the Senate; accuse every rank, every citizen, provided you confess that this assembly is, at this very moment, beset by your Ityræan mercenaries. These assertions you do not so presumptuously hazard through sheer impudence; but, in truth, you want common discernment in not seeing the marvellous inconsistency of these things. For what is more absurd than to make it a ground of objection against another, that he took up arms to save his country, when you yourself have taken up arms to destroy it? But in a certain passage of your speech you had a mind also to be facetious. Good gods, how ill it became you! Wherein some blame rests at your own door. For you might have extracted some Attic salt from your Thespian bride. "Let arms give place to the gown." What! did they not then give place? Afterwards, to be sure, the gown gave place to your arms. Let us, therefore, inquire which of the two had been preferable, that the arms of traitors should give place to the liberty of the Roman people, or our liberty to your arms; nor truly shall I answer you farther about my verses; only I shall briefly observe, that you are acquainted neither with them nor any polite literature whatever; that I have never been wanting, either to my country or my friends, and yet by every sort of literary memorial of mine, I have brought it to pass, that in the employment of my leisure hours, my lucubrations and writings should impart some advantage to our youth, and some glory to the Roman name. But these matters belong not to the present occasion; let us attend to more important concerns.

IX. You have asserted, that by my schemes P. Clodius was slain. What would people have thought if he had been slain at the time that you pursued him through the Forum with a drawn sword, in the view of the Roman people, and would have despatched him if he had not taken refuge under the stairs of a bookshop, and by barricading them, put a stop to your attack? Wherein, I confess indeed, that I countenanced you; you even do not hazard the assertion that I instigated you to it. But Milo I could not even have countenanced; for he had completed the affair before any one suspected that he was about to undertake it. But I instigated him. Such, forsooth, was Milo's courage, that he could not render his country a service without some one to instigate him to it. But then I rejoiced at it. What,

then, in so great joy of all the State, must I alone be dejected? However, I may remark, that the trial about the death of P. Clodius was not very advisedly appointed. For to what purpose was it, that a trial should be instituted by an extraordinary enactment, concerning him who had slain a man, when an investigation had already been sanctioned by the laws? Instituted, however, it was. That therefore which, when the matter was pending, nobody asserted against me, are you found, so many years after, to lay to my charge? But, as to what you had the assurance to assert, and that, too, in a variety of terms, that by my means Pompey was disunited from the friendship of Cæsar, and that, therefore, the civil war owed its origin to my fault; in this you are mistaken; not, to be sure, in the whole case, but, what is the most material, in the dates [you assign].

X. In the consulship of Bibulus, a most excellent citizen, I left no measure untried, as far as I could attempt and urge, to draw away Pompey from the connexion of Cæsar; in which Cæsar was the more successful, for he himself separated Pompey from my intimacy. But after Pompey had resigned himself entirely up to Cæsar, why should I attempt to withdraw the one from the other? It were the conduct of a weak man to expect, of a presumptuous, to advise, such a procedure. Two occasions, however, did occur, on which I gave Pompey some advice against Cæsar. These I wish you to censure if you can: one, that he should no further extend the quinquennial command of Cæsar; another, that he should not permit it to be enacted that any regard should be paid to his sueing for the consulship in his absence; if I had persuaded him to adopt either of which, we should never have fallen into these miseries. And now when Pompey had transferred to Cæsar all the resources both of himself and of the Roman people, and too late began to perceive those things which I had long ago foreseen; and when I saw that an impious war was waging against my country, I, myself, ceased not to be the adviser of peace, of concord, of a reconciliation; and this expression of mine is known to many, "Oh! that you had either, C. Pompey, never contracted an alliance with C. Cæsar, or had never broken it off!" The one was called for by your dignity, the other was the dictate of your prudence. Such, M. Antony, were ever my counsels both concerning Pompey and the State: and had they prevailed, the Commonwealth would now be standing; and you have sunk into ruin by your vices, your indigence, and your infamy.

XI. But these are antiquated topics: this one, however, is of recent date, that it was owing to an advice of mine that Cæsar was put to death. Here I am afraid, conscript fathers, lest, what is most scandalous, I should seem to have set up against

myself a sham accuser, not only to deck me with my own honours, but also to load me with those to which others have a right. For who has ever heard of my name in the confederacy of that most glorious enterprise? Yet of whom has the name been concealed, who had formed one of that [patriotic] band? Concealed, do I say? Of whom was it not immediately divulged? I should be more disposed to say, that some had indulged in a vain boast, in order to make it appear that they were partners in that confederacy, when they were not privy to it at all, than that any one would choose to be concealed who was. Besides, how probable is it, that among so many individuals, some of them of obscure birth, others by reason of their youth, concealing the names of none, my name could have escaped notice? [But why by my advice?] For if advisers, to deliver their country from slavery, were wanting to those leaders of the enterprise, need I have urged the Brutuses, both of whom daily beheld the image of L. Brutus at their homes, and one of them, also, that of Ahala? Would these men, therefore, having such an origin to boast of, have sought advice from strangers rather than from their own family? and from abroad rather than from home? What! C. Cassius, sprung from an ancestry that not only could not brook the despotism, but not even the superiority, of any one, wanted me, forsooth, as an adviser, who, even without these illustrious men, would have accomplished this very exploit in Cilicia, at the mouth of the river Cydnus, if Cæsar had moored his fleet at the bank which he had fixed upon, and not the contrary. Was it neither the slaughter of his father, a man of deserved renown, nor the death of his uncle, nor the spoliation of his dignity, that roused Cn. Domitius to assert the liberty of his country, but my advice? Was I the person that persuaded C. Trebonius? a man whom I should not even have ventured to advise. Accordingly, his country owes a greater debt of gratitude to him who preferred the liberty of the Roman people to the friendship of an individual, and chose rather to be the man to expel, than share in, an unjust usurpation. Did L. Tillius Cimber make me his adviser? whom I was more surprised at having done, than imagined he would do, so glorious a deed. And the cause of my surprise was, that, unmindful of Cæsar's favours, he was mindful of his country. How shall I address the two Servilii? Shall I call them Cascæ [their real name], or Ahalæ [the name they deserved]? these also, do you think to be instigated by my advice rather than by the love of their country?

It were tedious to recount the others; and that they were so *numerous is honourable* to their country, glorious to themselves.

XII. But call to mind how this adroit fellow brings guilt

home to me. On Cæsar's being slain, M. Brutus, says he, raising aloft the bloody poniard, immediately called aloud on Cicero by name, and congratulated him on the recovery of his country's liberty. Why on me particularly? Was it because I was aware of the conspiracy? Consider whether this were not the cause of his naming me, that, having performed a deed similar to those which I had myself achieved, he called on me as his witness that he stood forth the emulator of my fame. But thou, most stupid of men, dost thou not perceive that if, as you accuse me, it were a crime to have wished the death of Cæsar, it were a crime also to feel rejoiced at the death of Cæsar? For what difference is there between the adviser and the approver of an action? or where is the distinction between my wishing it to be done, and rejoicing at its completion? Who is there, then, if I except you and those who exulted at his despotic rule, that either was against its being attempted, or condemned it when accomplished? My inference is [ergo] that all were to blame. For all good men, as far as in them lay, were accessary to the death of Cæsar. Some wanted contrivance; others, spirit; a third, opportunity; none, inclination. But observe the stupidity of the man, or shall I rather say, brute. For thus he expressed himself: "M. Brutus, whom I name with respect, holding the bloody poniard, called aloud on Cicero; from which it ought to be understood that he was privy to the design." Therefore I, whom you suspect of having had a suspicion of the conspiracy, am called by you a villain; he who raised the reeking poniard before you, is he named with respect? But let that pass: let such be the stupidity of your words; how much greater will be found in your actions and sentiments! Determine this point for me, Consul, as you are: in what light do you please to view the cause of the Brutuses, of C. Cassius, Cn. Domitius, C. Trebonius, and the rest of that band? Sleep off, I say, and digest your surfeit. Must torches be applied to rouse you, sleeping over so important a cause? Will you never perceive that you are called on to determine whether those who committed that act were murderers, or the champions of liberty?

XIII. For attend a little; and if but for a moment, assume the reflection of a sober man. I who am their friend, as I admit; their accomplice, as I am arraigned by you, assert that there is no mean. I acknowledge them, if they be not the liberators of the Roman people and the preservers of the Republic, to be worse than assassins, worse than murderers, worse than even parricides; since it is a crime of a deeper dye to slay the father of one's country than one's own. Wise and reflecting man, what do you say? If they are parricides, why are they always addressed by you in terms of honour, both in this assembly and before the

Roman people? Why was M. Brutus, on your motion, released from the penalty of the laws, if he had been absent from the city for more than ten days? Why were the Apollinarian games celebrated so as to reflect an incredible honour on M. Brutus? Why were provinces given to Brutus and Cassius? Why were Quæstors added? Why the number of Lieutenants augmented? And these things were done through you. They are not, therefore, murderers; it consequently follows, that on your own showing, they are liberators, since there can be no third term. What is the matter? do I discompose you? For you do not, perhaps, sufficiently understand what is expressed in too logical a form, but, however, this is the amount of my inference: as by you they have been acquitted of crime, by you, too, have they been judged most deserving of the amplest rewards. Therefore, I am now changing my line of argument. I shall write to them to say that if any persons make a question as to whether your objection against me be well founded or not, they shall deny it to none. For I fear, either lest it should appear dishonourable in them that I was kept in the dark, or most scandalous in me to have refused the proffered invitation. For what greater exploit was there ever (O sacred Jove!), I say not in this city, but in all the world? what more glorious? what better recommended to the undying records of mankind? Do you include me in the confederacy of this design, as it were in the famous Trojan horse, with princes as my comrades? I refuse it not; I even thank you, with whatever intention you are doing it. For the action is so grand, that I do not compare with the praise, the odium which you wish to excite against me. For who can be happier than those whom you boast to have been expelled by you, and banished from their homes? What place is so deserted or so barbarous, whithersoever they have approached, that it does not seem to address them and hail their coming? What men so savage as not to think that when they have seen them, they have enjoyed the greatest blessing of their lives? Nay, what posterity shall be found so unmindful, what historic records so ungrateful, as not to crown their glory with the memory of immortality? Enrol me, then, in such a glorious band.

XIV. But the only thing I fear is, lest you may not make good your assertion. For if I had been a confederate, I should have rid the Republic not only of a despot, but also of despotism; and if mine had been that *stile*, as is said, I should have finished not one act only, but the whole drama. If, however, it be a crime to have wished the death of Cæsar, consider, Antony, I pray you, what is to become of you, who, it is most notorious, entered into this very design, in conjunction with C. Trebonius, at Narbo; and, owing to your share in that plot, we saw you, at

the time that Cæsar was meeting his doom, called aside by Trebonius. That, however, on one occasion you meant well (see how kindly I am disposed to deal with you), I applaud you; that you did not accomplish your design, I pardon you. That affair required a man. But if any man should bring you to a trial, and employ the well-known criterion of Cassius, "who is to gain by it," take care, I pray you, lest you find yourself at a loss. And yet, as you used to say, the plot against Cæsar was a "gain" to all who were averse to be slaves; particularly so, however, to you, who are so far from being a slave, that you are even a despot; who have freed yourself, at the Temple of Ops, from your enormous debts; who, by means of the same tablets [*sc.*, those at the Temple of Ops], squandered an incalculable sum; who have had so much property conveyed home to you from Cæsar's house; who have established at that home the most lucrative manufactory of false memoranda and securities, the most scandalous mart for lands, towns, immunities, and revenues. For what but the death of Cæsar could have relieved your poverty and your debt? You seem to me to be disconcerted at something or other; have you any lurking fears lest this charge may seem to appertain to you? I rid you of your fears; nobody will ever believe it; it is not your part to deserve well of the Republic; our country has, as the authors of that most glorious deed, the most illustrious men; I only say that you rejoiced at the action; I do not accuse you of having committed it. I have replied to the gravest of your charges; I must now also reply to what remains.

XV. You have made the camp of Pompey and all that period a subject of reproach to me; during which period indeed, if, as I said, my advice and authority had been attended to, you would this day have been a beggar, and we have been free; nor would the State have lost so many generals and armies. For, I confess, that when I foresaw that those events which have happened were likely to take place, I was in as great dejection as other patriotic citizens would have been, had they foreseen the same. I grieved, conscript fathers, I grieved that a State once preserved by our mutual counsels was, in a short time, to fall to ruin. Nor was I so inexperienced and ignorant of the world as to be dejected in mind through any fondness for life; the continuance of which would consume me with anguish, and its loss free me from every trouble. I wanted those most excellent men, those luminaries of the Republic, to be alive; so many consular, so many prætorian, so many illustrious senators, and all the flower of our nobility and youth besides; as also, an army of the best of citizens; on the supposition of whose life being restored, we should, *no matter upon* how unfair terms of peace, (for every peace with

citizens seemed to me more eligible than a civil war), be this day in possession of our country and constitution. And had this advice prevailed, had not those in particular, for whose lives I was consulting, elated with the hopes of victory, opposed it,—to omit other things, you at least should never have remained in this Senate, or rather in this city. But, forsooth, my language estranged the affections of Pompey from me. Did he love any man more? did he join with any one more frequently in conversation or counsels? which, indeed, was a surprising circumstance, that [persons] differing about the most important interests of the Republic should continue in the same friendly intercourse. But while I [ascertained] his sentiments and views, he, on the other hand, ascertained mine. I [was consulting for] the safety of the citizens in the first instance, that we might then [make a stand for] their dignity; whereas he consulted more for their immediate dignity. But inasmuch as each had an object to pursue, our disagreement was the more easily borne with. But the sentiments which that highly-gifted and almost godlike man held about me, those persons are best aware of, who from the flight in Pharsalia followed him to Paphus. On no occasion was mention made of me by him that was not honourable, that was not replete with the most amiable concern, while he admitted my superior sagacity, his own fonder expectations. And dare you insult me with the name of that man whose friend you allow me to rank, and yourself the purchaser (or petty vender) of his property?

XVI. But let us pass over that war, in which you have been too successful. I shall not advocate those jests which you say that I indulged in, in the camp. That camp was full of anxiety [I admit]; still, however, men, no matter how perplexing the scenes in which they may be engaged, provided only that they are men, occasionally indulge in a little relaxation. But, inasmuch as he, at the same time, censures my dejection and my jests, it is a strong proof that I was moderate in both.

You have denied that bequests fell to my share. Would that this your charge were true! more of my friends and relations would be living. But how did you imagine that thought? For I have received in legacies more than twenty millions of sesterces. In this respect, however, I confess that you are more lucky than I. Nobody but a friend has made me his heir; so that with this advantage, whatever it was, there was joined some grief of soul: whereas, L. Rubrius, of Casinum, a man whom you never saw, made you his heir. And do but consider how he must have loved you, who, ignorant whether you were white or black, passed by his brother's son, Q. Fufius, a most honourable Roman knight, and his most intimate friend [without even naming him]: whereas

you, whom he had never seen, or at least had never saluted, he appointed his heir. I wish you would tell me, if it be not too troublesome, of what appearance was L. Turselius, of what stature, to what corporate body he belonged, to what tribe. "I know nothing," you will say, "unless what farms he had." Therefore, at the expense of disinheriting his brother, he made you his heir. He likewise, after sending the real heirs adrift, seized upon the property of men who were perfect strangers to him, as if he were their heir. However, it is this that most strikes me with surprise: that, not having succeeded to the inheritance of your own father, you yet ventured to make mention of inheritances.

XVII. Was it in order to collect these calumnies that you declaimed so many days in a villa that was not your own? Although, to be sure (as your bosom friends report), you harangue for the sake of evaporating your wine, not polishing your genius. And, forsooth, you employ a master, for the joke's sake, a rhetorician, by your suffrage and that of your boon companions, to whom you give permission to speak what he pleased against you: a witty fellow, to be sure! but the topic is an easy one, to make jests on you and yours. But observe the difference between you and your grandfather: he spoke deliberately what availed the case in hand; you at random say things irrelevant to it. But what terms were given to your teacher! Hear, hear, conscript fathers, and learn the wounds of your country. Two thousand acres of the Leontine plain you assigned to Sextus Clodius, and that, too, tax free; that for so ample remuneration you might learn to act the fool. Was this too, thou most impudent wretch, among the memoranda of Cæsar? But I shall speak in another place of the Leontine and Campanian lands; which lands, wrested from the Republic, he has contaminated with the most infamous tenantry. Now, however, as I have replied at sufficient length to his charges, a few remarks are called for on our monitor and censor himself. For I shall not exhaust my subject, that if I am compelled to argue the case repeatedly, as I shall, I may always appear novel; an ability which the multitude of his vices and delinquencies bestows upon me.

XVIII. Do you wish, therefore, that we should examine your conduct from your youth? So I think. Let us begin from the first commencement. Do you hold in memory that, while as yet robed as a patrician youth, you became insolvent? "That," you will say, "is my father's fault." I admit it. For it is a defence replete with filial piety. This, notwithstanding, is to be attributed to your effrontery, that you sat in the fourteen rows, though, by the Roscian law, there was a place appointed for insolvents, even if a person had become one by the fault of fortune, not by his own. You assumed the manly gown, which you soon

even then made a certain base attempt. He himself best knows what I allude to. From thence he goes to Alexandria, in defiance of the authority of the Senate, in defiance of his country, and of the oracular decisions; but he had Gabinius as his leader, with whom he could not fail to perform everything in the most proper manner. How, then, or what was his return from thence? He went from Egypt to the remotest Gaul before he visited home. But what home had he? For everybody then kept possession of his own home, nor was yours anywhere to be found. Home, do I say! What spot was there on earth, where you could set your foot on your own property, except Misenum alone, which you held with shareholders, like [another] Sisapo?

XX. You came from Gaul to sue for the quæstorship. Dare to assert that you visited your own mother before me. For I had received Cæsar's letter before, entreating me to allow you to make me a proper apology; therefore I did not permit you so much as to make mention of a requital. Afterwards I was courted by you; you, patronized by me in your suit for the quæstorship. At which time, indeed, you attempted, with the approbation of the Roman people, to slay P. Clodius in the Forum; and though you attempted this act of your own free will, not by my instigation, yet you made a declaration to this effect: that you did not think, that without your having slain him, you should ever satisfy me for the injuries you had done me. Regarding which I am surprised at your saying that Milo committed that act at my instigation, since I never encouraged you to do so, though making me a voluntary offer. Yet if you had persevered in it, I should have wished it to be attributed to your own thirst of glory, rather than your wish to oblige me. You were made Quæstor. You then, without decree, without allotment, without law, immediately hurried away to Cæsar; for, considering the desperate circumstances of your life, you deemed that to be the only refuge in the world for your indigence, debt, and infamy. There, when by his largesses and your own plunder, you had gorged yourself (if we can call it gorging, [to heap up that] which you immediately squander), you fly off in a necessitous condition to the tribuneship, in order to be, if possible, in that office like your partner, Curio.

XXI. Hear now, I pray you, not those actions which he himself wantonly and licentiously perpetrated against himself, and to his domestic infamy, but what he unnaturally and wickedly committed against us and our fortunes; in other words, against the whole Republic. For you shall find the origin of all our calamities to have arisen from his wickedness. For when, in the consulship of L. Lentulus and C. Marcellus, you were desirous on the first of January to prop the tottering and almost

falling constitution, and wished to consult for the interests of C. Cæsar himself, if he had been wise enough to see it, then did that wretch oppose to your counsels his venal and enslaved office, and subject his own neck to that axe by which many have fallen for inferior offences. But against you, M. Antony, the Senate decreed—and decreed too, while in its glory, before so many of its luminaries had been extinguished—that punishment which, according to the custom of your ancestors, was wont to be decreed against a domestic enemy. Had you even the assurance then to speak against me before the conscript fathers, when by this order of the State, I was pronounced the saviour, you, the enemy, of our country? The mention of your guilt has been given up for a time, not the memory erased. As long as the human race, as long as the name of the Roman people, shall remain (which, if you permit it, will indeed remain for ever), so long shall your baneful *veto* remain on record. What procedure of the Senate was either rash or partial, when you, a single youth, prevented the whole Senate from decreeing what concerned the public safety? and that not once, but repeatedly; nor did you suffer yourself to be treated with, respecting the authority of the Senate. Yet, what was the question, but that you might not choose the constitution to be utterly overturned and abolished, when neither the leading men of the city by their entreaty, nor the elders by their remonstrance, nor a full Senate by its deliberation, could move you from your venal and prostituted decision? Then, after many things being previously tried, that blow was necessarily inflicted upon you which few before you had felt, none of whom escaped. Then did this assembly intrust with arms against you the Consuls, and other magistrates and authorities, which you would never have escaped if you had not betaken yourself to the arms of Cæsar.

XXII. You, M. Antony, you, I say, first supplied Cæsar, when wishing to throw everything into confusion, with a pretext for waging war against his country. For what else did he allege? what reason did he assign for his frantic conduct and proceedings, save that the *veto* was neglected, the tribunitian authority abolished, and Antony coerced by the Senate? I pass over how false, how trivial, these pretexts were; especially as there can be no just cause at all for taking arms against one's country. But of Cæsar I shall here say nothing; you at least must confess that the pretext for that most ruinous war originated in your person. Wretched man, if you perceive!—more wretched, if you do not perceive!—that this fact is now matter of history; this transmitted to memory; that of this thing posterity in every age will ever be mindful: that the Consuls were expelled from Italy, and with them C. Pompey, who was the ornament and glory of

the Roman people; that all the consular men whose health permitted them to accomplish that disastrous flight, Prætors, men of prætorian rank, tribunes of the people, a great portion of the Senate, all the youth, and, in one word, the Republic, were expelled and driven from their habitations. As therefore the origin of trees and shrubs lies in the seed, so have you been the seed of this most deplorable war. You grieve for three Roman armies that are destroyed; Antony destroyed them. You regret the loss of your most eminent citizens; these also Antony wrested from you. The authority of this order is crushed; Antony crushed it. All things, in a word, which we afterwards beheld (but what misery have we not beheld?), if we reason rightly, we shall set down to the account of Antony alone. As Helen to the Trojans, so was he to this State the cause of war, the cause of ruin and destruction. The remaining scenes of his tribuneship were similar to the commencement. He did everything which the Senate, while the Republic was safe, had taken care to prevent from taking place; observe, however, the wickedness of this man even in the exercise of his villany.

XXIII. He restored many unfortunate persons. Among these there was no mention of his uncle. If severe, why not to all; if merciful, why not to his relations? But I pass over the others. He restored Licinius Lenticula, his fellow-gamester, convicted of gaming; as if, forsooth, it were not lawful to play with a convict! [Not so]; but that by the favour of the law he might pay off what he had lost in gaming! What reason did you give the Roman people to show that his restoration was necessary? That he was accused in his absence, I suppose; that the affair was determined without hearing the cause; that there was no trial by law for gaming; that he was overpowered by force and arms; lastly, what was said of your uncle, that the trial was rendered unfair by a bribe. Not one of these things; but then he is a good man, and worthy of the Republic. That is nothing to the point; I, however, since his condemnation goes for nothing [or, is no proof of his guilt], if it were so, would pardon it. He then who completely restores a man above all others the most infamous, one who would not hesitate to play at dice even in the Forum, after being condemned by the law in force about gaming, does he not most openly profess his own passion for that vice? But in the same tribuneship, when Cæsar on setting out for Spain had consigned Italy to him to be trodden under foot, what was the progress of his journeys? his review of the free towns? *I am aware* that I am engaged in matters most commonly discussed *in the* discourse of every one; and that the things which *I am saying*, and about to say, are better known to all who were *then in Italy* than to me who was not; however, I shall note the

particular facts, though in no wise shall my description come fully up to your actual knowledge. For what so great a scandal was ever heard to have existed in the world? so great turpitude? so great disgrace?

XXIV. A Tribune of the commons rode in a Gallic chariot; before him went laurelled lictors, among whom, in an open litter, was carried an actress, whom the inhabitants, respectable men, proceeding out of the towns of necessity to meet, saluted not by her well-known and Thespian appellation, but by that of Volumnia; then followed a Gallic car, with his panders, the most abandoned associates; the slighted mother followed the mistress of her vile son, as if she were a daughter-in-law. Oh! fruitfulness of a wretched woman, fraught with evil to her country! He imprinted the traces of these debaucheries on all the free towns, the prefectures, the colonies, in a word, on all Italy.

The censure, conscript fathers, of his other deeds is truly difficult and dangerous. He was engaged in war; he sated himself with the blood of citizens, the farthest from his own model. He was fortunate, too, if there can be any good fortune in guilt. But as we wish to have their advantages secured to the veterans—and yet the case of the soldiers and yours is different; they followed, you sought, a leader—however, that you may not bring me into odium with them, I shall say nothing of the nature of the war. You returned victorious from Thessaly to Brundisium, with the legions. There you did not kill me. A mighty favour! For I confess that you might; and yet there was not an individual who accompanied you who did not think that I was entitled to be spared. For so strong is the love of country, that my person was held inviolate even by your legions, because they recollected that it owed its preservation to me. But admit that you did give me that which you took not away, and that I hold my life from your bounty, because you did not wrest it from me, was I allowed by your repeated insults to maintain this favour in my remembrance, as I was disposed to do? [and which you should have allowed], particularly when you saw that you were about to hear these statements in return.

XXV. You came to Brundisium, to the bosom, indeed, and embrace of your fair Thespian. What is it? Am I lying? How wretched it is not to be able to deny that which it is most scandalous to confess? If you were not ashamed of the municipal towns, were you not even of the veteran army? for what soldier was there that did not see her at Brundisium? Who of them but well knew that she came a journey of so many days to congratulate you? Who but was grieved that he was so late in *discovering how* worthless a wretch he had followed? Once *again there was a* progress through Italy, the same actress ac-

companying you; a cruel and unfeeling quartering of the soldiers upon the towns; in the city, a scandalous plundering of gold, silver, and particularly of wine. To this was added that, without the knowledge of Cæsar, when he was at Alexandria, by the favour of his friends, he was appointed master of the horse. Then he thought that he might live, as a matter of course, with Hippias, and deliver the tributary horses to Sergius the player. Then he had selected for himself, not this house to which he now but ill maintains his right, but the house of M. Piso, for dwelling in. Why need I publish his decrees, why his pillage, why the possessions of heritages given to him, why those which he wrested by force? Poverty compelled him; he had not where to turn his face; so large a property had not yet come to him from L. Rubrius, nor yet from L. Turselius; he had not yet, a sudden heir, succeeded to the estate of C. Pompey, and many others who were absent. He was obliged to live after the manner of robbers, to possess just so much as he might be able to pillage.

But let us pass over these things which are examples of a more audacious villany; let us rather speak of a most infamous species of profligacy. You, with those jaws, with those sides, with that gladiatorial strength of the entire person, had drank so much wine at the marriage of Hippias, that you were obliged the following day to disgorge it in the sight of the Roman people. Shameful occurrence, not only to be seen, but even heard of! If this had happened to you during supper, amidst your enormous bowls themselves, who would not have thought it base? But this man, in an assembly of the Roman people, being master of the horse, transacting public business, in whom it would be indecent even to belch, this man, I say, disgorging, filled his own bosom, and the whole tribunal with morsels of food, breathing the odour of wine. But this even he admits to be among his blemishes; let us come to his splendid actions.

XXVI. Cæsar withdrew himself from Alexandria, happy, as he appeared to himself at least; but, in my opinion, he who renders his country unhappy, can never be truly happy. The spear being set up in front of the temple of Jupiter Stator, the estates of Pompey (how miserable I am, for though my tears are exhausted, still the grief remains rooted in my soul!)—the estates, I say, of Pompey the Great, were put up to sale by the harsh voice of the auctioneer. In this one instance, the city, forgetting its slavery, uttered a groan; and though their minds were enthralled, since all things were filled with dread, yet were the groans of the Roman people free. While all, then, were waiting to see who would be so impious, so frantic, so hostile to gods and men, as to venture to appear at that villanous sale, no one

was found but Antony, particularly when there were so many attending that sale who would attempt everything. He alone was found to attempt that which the hardihood of all had shunned and dreaded. Did such stupidity then, or, that I may speak more truly, such frenzy, possess you, that being so nobly descended, after you became, in the first place, a dealer in confiscation, in the next place, a dealer in the confiscation of a Pompey, you should not know that you both are and will be execrable and detestable to the Roman people, and that all gods, all men, are and will be your enemies? But how intemperately did that gormandizer seize upon the property of that man by whose valour the Roman people was more formidable, by whose justice, more dear to foreign nations!

XXVII. When he had, therefore, all of a sudden begun to wallow in the riches of that man, he was transported with joy; a character from a play, now poor, suddenly rich. But as it is found with some poet or other, "Ill got, ill gone." It is incredible and prodigious by what means he squandered so great wealth, in how few, I do not say months, but days. The quantity of wine was immense; a great weight of massy plate; a valuable wardrobe; furniture extensive and rich, and in some instances, splendid; not that indeed of an extravagant, but of a wealthy, man. In a few days all was dissipated. What Charybdis so voracious? Charybdis, do I say! which, if it ever existed, was a single monster; the Ocean, by Hercules, seems hardly able to have swallowed up so quickly so much wealth, so widely diffused, and amassed in places so distant. There was nothing shut, nothing sealed up, nothing registered. Whole repositories were given away to the most infamous wretches. Some things the actors, others the actresses, plundered; the house was crowded with gamesters, and full of drunken men; the revel was kept up whole days, and that in several places; often, too, gambling losses (for he was not always fortunate) were added. There you might have seen, in the apartments of the slaves, beds bedecked with purple coverlets. Cease, therefore, to wonder that this wealth was so soon dissipated. Such prodigality could soon have swallowed up, not the patrimony of an individual only, however ample, as that was, but cities and realms. But the same wretch possesses his houses and gardens. Consummate impudence! did you even venture to enter that mansion? to cross that most sacred threshold? to show your most impudent face to the household gods of that family? Are you not ashamed to take up your abode so long in that house, which nobody could for any length of time look upon, nobody pass by, without tears? in which, however callous you may be, still there can be nothing to give you pleasure.

XXVIII. When you have beheld the beaks of hostile ships, the spoils of war in the portico, do you think that you are entering your own house? It cannot be. For even admitting you to be devoid of sense, devoid of feeling, as you are, yet you know yourself, your property, and friends. Nor do I believe, that either awake or asleep, you can enjoy tranquillity of mind. For although you are, as must be acknowledged, violent and frantic, you must, when the image of that great man is presented to your view, be roused in terror from your sleep, and often, even when awake, be seized with frenzy. For my part, I compassionate the very walls and roofs of the dwelling. For what had that house ever witnessed that was not in accordance with the best morality, the strictest discipline? For Pompey was a man, conscript fathers, as you know, as well eminent abroad, as the object of admiration at home, and not more laudable for his public conduct than his domestic system; yet under his roof are brothels instead of dormitories; ordinaries instead of supper-rooms. However, he now denies it. Cease, cease, your inquiries. He is now commenced economist. He has ordered his actress, according to the formula of the Twelve Tables, to take her own concerns to herself, he has taken away the keys from her, and driven her out of doors. How respectable a citizen, truly, how reputable! through the whole course of whose life there is nothing more honourable than that he has divorced an actress! But how often does he repeat "both Consul and Antonius!" that is to say, both Consul and most shameless man; both Consul and most worthless wretch. For what else signifies the word "Antonius"? For if there were dignity implied in the name, your grandfather, I imagine, would have sometimes styled himself, "both Consul and Antonius;" he never did. My colleague, your uncle, would also have done the same. Unless you are the only Antonius. But I pass over those faults which are not peculiar to that sphere of action by which you have harassed your country; I return to your own proper parts; that is, to the civil war, which was begun, fostered, and undertaken by your exertions.

XXIX. To this war you were unequal, as well on account of your cowardice as your sensuality. You had tasted, or, rather, had drunk deep of civil blood. In the battle of Pharsalia you had been posted in the van; you had killed L. Domitius, a most noble and illustrious Roman; many who had escaped from battle, and whom Cæsar, as he had done some others, would perhaps have pardoned, you, after a close pursuit, had consigned to a most cruel fate. These so great and glorious exploits then being performed, what was the reason that you did not follow Cæsar into Africa, particularly when so much of the war remained? *What place, therefore,* did you hold with Cæsar himself, after his

return from Africa? in what estimation were you? By that man of whom, as general, you had been Quæstor, as Dictator, master of the horse, the leader of his war, the prompter of his cruelty, the partner of his booty, and, as you yourself said, adopted his son by will, you were sued for the money which you owed for the house, for the gardens, for the confiscated purchase. At first you answered quite outrageously; and (that I may not seem to say everything against you), you said what was well nigh fair and just. Cæsar demand money from me! Why from me more than I from him? Did he conquer without me? But [that] indeed he could not; I furnished him with the pretext for a civil war; I enacted pernicious laws; I carried arms against the Consuls and generals of the Roman people; against the Senate and Roman people, against our tutelary gods, our altars, and hearths, against our native land. Did he conquer for himself alone? Of those whose crime is common, why should not the plunder be common too? You demanded your right; but what is that to the purpose? He was more powerful. Having therefore compelled you to lay aside your blustering, he sent his soldiers against you and your sureties, when suddenly you produced that notable catalogue. What laughter arose among the people! that there was so extensive a catalogue, so various and numerous possessions, from which, save a part of Misenum, there was nothing which he who was disposing of the property could call his own. But the appearance of that auction was wretched in the extreme; a few clothes of Pompey, and those soiled; some broken silver vases, the property of the same; ragged slaves; so that we were shocked that there was anything from those relics left for us to behold. The heirs of L. Rubrius, however, by a decree of Cæsar, forbade this sale. The knave was perplexed; he had not where to turn his head. Nay, at this very juncture, an assassin, sent by him, was said to have been apprehended at Cæsar's house, with a dagger. Of which, Cæsar, inveighing openly against you in the Senate, complained. Cæsar sets out to Spain, a few days additional being allowed to you, on account of your poverty, to make good your payment. Not even then do you follow him. Being so good a gladiator, why did you so soon receive the rod of your discharge? Shall any one therefore fear this man, who was so timid in his own proper sphere of action, that is in what concerns his own immediate interests?

XXX. At long and last he set out for Spain; but, as he says, could not reach it in safety. How then did Dolabella get there? Either that cause should not have been embraced by you at all, or, when you had espoused it, defended even to the last. Thrice did Cæsar fight with his countrymen, in Thessaly, Africa, and Spain. In all these battles Dolabella was present; in the contest

in Spain he even received a wound. If you inquire about my sentiments on this point, I would disapprove of his having been there. But yet, even admitting his conduct to be reprehensible, his perseverance must claim our praise. But what are you? In the first place, the sons of Pompey demanded back their country. Well; let this be the common cause of the Cæsarean party [not Antony's in particular]. They demanded, moreover, their household and tutelary gods, altars, hearths, their home, which you had seized upon. When those persons demanded these rights by arms, whose they were by the laws;—although in proceedings so iniquitous what equity can there be?—still [let me ask], who should be most justifiable in fighting against the sons of Pompey? Who? You, the purchaser [of their father's property]. Was it for you then to be rioting in Narbo, and Dolabella fighting your battles in Spain?

But what was your return from Narbo? And yet he asked why I had returned so suddenly from my own tour! I have lately explained, conscript fathers, the reason of my return. I was willing, had it been in my power, to have served the Republic even before the Kalends of January. For as to your inquiry, how I returned, [I answer that,] in the first place, [I returned] in the daylight, not by night; next, that I returned wearing the shoes and the gown [of my country]; having neither Gallic buskin nor coarse cloak. But you look at me, and indeed, as you seem, angrily. Truly, you would be reconciled to me, if you were aware how I am ashamed of that turpitude of which you are not ashamed yourself. Of all the scandalous actions of all mankind, I have seen none, I have heard of none more base. You who considered yourself master of the horse, who sued for, or rather besought, the consulship for the next year, traversed in Gallic buskins and cloak the free towns and colonies of Gaul; from which, at the time when the consulship was sued for, not meanly besought, I was accustomed to seek the consulship.

XXXI. But observe the frivolity of the man. When he had come to the Red Rocks, just about the tenth hour of the day, he slunk into some little tavern, and there concealing himself, drank till evening; then driving rapidly in his chariot to the city, he came to his house with his head muffled up. The porter shouts out, 'Who are you?' 'A courier from Marcus.' He is quickly ushered into the presence of her on whose account he had come, and hands her a letter. When she was perusing it with tears (for it was written in a most affectionate style, but the purport of the letter was, that he would have no further transactions with that actress; that he had withdrawn all his affection from her, and transferred it to Fulvia); when the woman burst into a copious flood of tears, the tender-hearted man could not bear it;

he unmuffled his head, and fell on her neck. Oh! infamous man! (for what other epithet can I employ? I can employ none more appropriate): well then, that your wife might, contrary to her hopes, see you, unnatural wretch, unexpectedly presented to her view, did you for this disturb the city with nocturnal alarms, Italy with apprehensions for many days? And at home, to be sure, he had the excuse of love; abroad even a more disgraceful one, lest L. Plancus should proceed against his sureties. But when introduced into the assembly by the Tribune of the people, you had replied that you were come on your own affair, you made even the populace jocular at your expense.

XXXII. But too much of trifles; let us come to more important matters. You proceeded the farthest of all his friends to meet Cæsar returning from Spain. You went and returned with great despatch, that he might know that if you were not brave, yet were you active. By some means or other you again became a favourite with him; but Cæsar had this characteristic exactly: whatever [person] he had found completely overwhelmed with debt, and sunk in poverty, if he were at the same time ruined in prospects, and enterprising in disposition, he most willingly admitted him into his friendship. Being therefore nobly recommended by these qualifications, you were ordered to be returned Consul, and that too with himself. I complain not for Dolabella, who was then urged on, persuaded, and deceived. And who is ignorant how great was the perfidy of both of you towards Dolabella in that affair? He [Cæsar] persuaded him to become a candidate; he craftily took away and appropriated to himself what was thus promised and accepted; you added your concurrence to his treachery. The Kalends of January arrive; we are summoned to the Senate; Dolabella inveighed much more copiously and promptly against this fellow than I do now. But, good gods! what did he say in his anger! As soon as Cæsar had shown that, before he should set out, he would order Dolabella to be Consul (that Cæsar whom some persons assert to be no tyrant, yet who always both acted and talked somewhat in this manner): but when Cæsar had made this declaration, then this worthy Augur said that he was invested with an office of such authority as that he could either hinder or vitiate the election by means of the auspices, and he solemnly asserted that he would put this in execution. Wherein observe, in the first place, the incredible stupidity of the man. For what! that which you said you could have done in right of your sacerdotal authority, should you have been less able to perform, if you were not Augur, and were Consul? I have my doubts whether you could not even more readily, for we Augurs have barely the right of declaration; the Consuls and other magistrates that of inspection also. Well, let this

have arisen from inexperience; for exactness is not to be expected from a man never sober; but observe his impudence. Many months before, he asserted in the Senate that he would either put a stop to Dolabella's election by the auspices, or do that which he has done. Can any man foretel what defect there will arise in the auspices, unless he has determined to observe the heavens; a thing which is not only forbidden by the laws, pending the election, but if any one has taken observations, he ought to declare them, not when the election is over, but before it is begun. But his ignorance is enveloped in impudence, seeing he neither knows what is becoming an Augur, nor does what is becoming a man of discretion. And from that day to the Ides of March recollect his consulship. What petty constable was ever so humble, so fawning? He could do nothing of himself; he besought everything; and thrusting his head into the rear of the litter, he begged gratuities from his colleague, that he might dispose of them.

XXXIII. Behold, the day of Dolabella's election arrives. A ballot for the prerogative century takes place. [Antony] remains quiet. [Dolabella] is declared Consul [by its vote]; he is silent. The first class is summoned; [Dolabella] is again declared; then the polling proceeds as usual; the second class is next called; all which was done more expeditiously than I have related it. The business being over, our worthy Augur (you would have called him a Lælius) says, 'On another day.' Unparalleled impudence! What had you seen? what perceived? what heard? for you neither said, nor to this day do you say, that you had made observations on the heavens. That defect therefore happened, which you, even on the Kalends of January, had foreseen, and so long before predicted, would take place. You have therefore, by Hercules, belied the auspices, as I trust, to your own great detriment, rather than that of the Republic. You have inspired the Roman people with the dread of having offended the deity; as Augur, you declared against an Augur; as Consul, against a Consul. I am averse to say more, lest I may appear to shake the validity of the acts of Dolabella, which must of necessity some time or other come before our college. But observe the arrogance and the insolence of the man; as long as you please, Dolabella is a Consul unduly elected; again, when you please, elected with regular auspices. If when an Augur makes a declaration in the words that you made use of, it goes for nothing; confess that when you said 'On another day,' you were not sober; but if there is any force in these words, I, as Augur, ask my colleague what it is. But lest by chance my speech, out of the many exploits of Antony, should pass over one most goodly act, let us come to the Lupercal games.

XXXIV. He is no hypocrite, conscript fathers; it is apparent that he is affected; he perspires, he grows pale. Let him do anything, provided he does not disgorge, as he did in the Minutian portico. What apology can there be for such indecency? I wish to hear it, that I may see to what purpose the high terms were paid to his preceptor in elocution; to what effect the Leontine lands were bestowed. Your colleague sat in the Rostra, clad in a purple robe, on a throne of gold, and wearing a crown. You ascend; you approach to the throne (you were so circumstanced as a Luperce, that you ought to have recollected you were a Consul); you show your diadem; a groan runs through the whole Forum. Whence came the diadem? for you had not found it where some one had cast it away, but had brought from home the premeditated and concerted signal for treason. You put on [Cæsar] the diadem amidst the groans of the people; he rejected it with their plaudits. You then, accursed wretch, were the only man found, who, in being the adviser of monarchy, wished to have him your master whom you had as colleague; and who tried, too, what the Roman people could tolerate and suffer. But you likewise attempted [to excite] his compassion; you cast yourself as a suppliant at his feet; suing for what? that you might be a slave? You should have sued for yourself alone, who had so lived from a boy as to bear everything; as to be without difficulty a slave; at least you had not that commission from us and the Roman people. Oh! what noble eloquence was that of yours when you harangued the people naked! What more scandalous than this? What more shameful? What more worthy of every punishment? Are you waiting till I pierce you with goading reproaches? This speech, if you have the least particle of feeling, lacerates and goads you. I fear to tarnish the glory of the greatest of men; yet, wrung with anguish, I will say it. What more shameful than that he should live who placed a diadem on a tyrant's brow, when all confess that he was justly slain who rejected it? But he also ordered it to be entered in the annals at the Lupercalia, "that M. Antony, the Consul, by command of the people, had offered monarchy to C. Cæsar, perpetual Dictator; that Cæsar had refused it." Now, I am not at all surprised that you disturb the public tranquillity; that you not only hate the city, but the light; and pass your life with the most desperate ruffians, not only in rioting during the day, but taking no thought for the morrow. For where will you have a resting-place, [your country being] at peace? What place can there be for you in a State possessed of laws and judicial proceedings, which, as far as in you lay, you abolished by regal despotism? Was it for this that L. Tarquinius was expelled, that Sp. Cassius, Sp. Melius, M. Manlius, were put to death; that many ages after—[a proceeding] which is a violation

of everything sacred,—a king should be established at Rome by M. Antony? But let us return to the auspices.

XXXV. I ask you what you would have done respecting the affairs which Cæsar was to transact in the Senate on the Ides of March? I heard, indeed, that you came prepared, because you thought I should speak about the fictitious auspices, which, however, it was necessary to obey. The public fortune of the Roman people cut short that day. Did the death of Cæsar also abolish your judgment about the auspices? But I have fallen upon a juncture which I must attend to in preference to those matters on which my speech had entered. What a flight was yours! what a consternation, on that glorious day! What despair of life from the consciousness of guilt! when, by the kindness of those who, if you had been wise [enough to perceive it], (or, if you had been a sound patriot), were willing that you should be preserved from harm, you privately withdrew yourself from that flight to your home.

Oh! my prophecies of future events, always most true in vain! I told those, our deliverers, in the Capitol, when they wished me to go to you, that I might exhort you to defend the Republic, that as long as you were under the influence of fear you would promise everything; that as soon as you had ceased to fear, you would revert to your original character. Therefore, while the other consular men were going backwards and forwards to your house, I kept to my opinion. We neither saw you that day nor the following; nor did I believe that, by any treaty, any coalition could be entered into by the best of patriots with a most outrageous rebel. The third day after, I came to the temple of Tellus, and indeed unwillingly, as armed men blocked up all the avenues. What a day, Antony, was that for you! Though you, all of a sudden, became my enemy, yet do I pity you, because you hate yourself.

XXXVI. What and how great a man had you been, immortal gods, could you have retained the recollection of that day! We should have been in possession of the peace which was made through a noble youth, the grandson of M. Bambalio. Although fear made you honest, it was but a temporary instructor in your duty; that audacity which, when fear is absent, never leaves you, made you a villain. And yet at the time when they had the fairest opinion of you, not indeed with my concurrence, you most wickedly presided at the tyrant's funeral, if funeral it may be called. Yours was that fine panegyric, yours the appeal to the pity of the mob, yours the exhortation. You, you, I say, kindled the firebrands; not only those with which his body was half consumed, but also those with which the house of Bellienus, being *set fire to, was* burned down. You instigated against our houses

those assaults of desperate men, and, for the most part, of slaves, which we repelled by force and arms. You also, nevertheless, when you had cleansed away, as it were, the sooty filth from your person, during the remaining days made noble decrees in the Capitol, that no bill of immunity, or of any favour, should be posted up after the Ides of March. You yourself made mention about the exiles; you know what you said about exemptions. But the noblest act was, that you removed from the Republic, for ever, the name of the dictatorship; by which action, indeed, such a hatred of royalty seemed to have taken possession of you, that you removed every apprehension of it, on account of the last Dictator. To others the state of affairs seemed to be settled; but to me, quite the reverse, who feared every shipwreck while you were at the helm. Did he then deceive me? or could he be any longer unlike himself? In your sight, bills were posted up through the whole Capitol; and not only to individuals were exemptions sold, but to whole States. The freedom of the city was bestowed, not now on single persons, but on whole provinces. If, therefore, these acts remain valid, which cannot remain, if the Republic stands, you have lost, conscript fathers, whole provinces; and not your revenues only, but the empire, also, of the Roman people has been lessened by his domestic traffic.

XXXVII. Where are the seven hundred millions of sesterces which appeared in the accounts that were at the temple of Ops? Fatal were its treasures, to be sure; but yet if they were not to be restored to those to whom they belonged, they were capable of relieving us from taxes. But how did you cease to owe, before the first of April, the forty millions of sesterces which you did owe on the Ides of March? Innumerable, indeed, are the favours which, not without your knowledge, were bought from (or by) different persons; but one extraordinary decree, concerning King Deiotarus, a man most attached to the Roman people, was posted up in the Capitol: at which, when set forth, there was nobody that in his very grief could refrain from laughter. For who was more the enemy of any man than Cæsar of Deiotarus? equally as of this order, as of the equestrian, as of the Massilians, as of all to whom he found that the Commonwealth of the Roman people was dear. Therefore King Deiotarus became the favourite of that man when dead, from whom when alive neither in his presence nor absence did he obtain any justice or equity. He had in person sued his host [as a debtor], had made computation of, and imposed on him money, and had placed one of his Greek attendants over his tenantry, and deprived him of Armenia, the gift of the Senate. These things he despoiled him of alive, he restored them when he was

no more. But in what terms? sometimes that 'it appeared to him fair,' sometimes 'not unfair.' A strange confusion of terms! But he never said (for I was always the professional advocate of Deiotarus in his absence), that anything which we demanded for him seemed to him 'fair.' A deed for ten millions of sesterces was perfected in the apartments of Fulvia by his envoys, men of the best intentions, but timid and inexperienced, without our concurrence, without the concurrence of the King's other friends; in which apartments very many things were and are still sold. As respects which deed, I think you should consider what steps you intend to take; for the King himself, of his own accord, without any of Cæsar's memoranda, as soon as they heard of his death, at his own hazard took possession of his property. Being a sensible man, he knew that it had ever been a matter of right, that what tyrants had plundered, the persons from whom it had been plundered should recover when the tyrants were slain. No lawyer then, not even he who is lawyer to you alone, by whose advice you are taking this step, asserts that by that deed anything is due for those things which were recovered before the date of the deed; for he did not buy them from you, but took possession of them himself before you sold him back his own. He was a man; we, despicable creatures indeed, who hate the author of the acts, yet defend the acts themselves.

XXXVIII. Why then need I mention the unlimited memoranda? why the countless acknowledgments, of which there are even counterfeiters, who openly sell them as if they were the bills of gladiators. Therefore such piles of cash are heaped up at his house, that money is now weighed instead of counted. But how blind is avarice! A bill is lately posted up, by which the richest cities of the Cretans are exempted from taxes; and it is decreed that after the proconsulship of M. Brutus, Crete shall no longer be a province. Are you in your senses? ought you not to be confined by bonds? Could Crete be exempted by a decree of Cæsar after the departure of M. Brutus, when Crete had no connexion with M. Brutus while Cæsar was alive? But that you may not think nothing effected by all this proceeding, by the sale of this decree you have lost the province of Crete. Upon the whole, there was no purchaser for any article whatever who wanted in him a vender. And Cæsar, I suppose, enacted the law about the exiles which you posted up. I inveigh against no man's misfortune; I only complain, in the first place, that the restorations of those whose cause Cæsar judged to be different, are put upon the same footing; in the next place, I know not why you do not bestow the same favour upon the rest; for there are not more than three or four remaining. Why do not those who are in a similar calamity experience similar com-

miseration from you? Why do you treat them as you did your uncle, whose pardon you did not choose to decree when you were enacting that of the others? whom, too, you forced to stand for the censorship, and got up that canvass which excited both the laughter and the complaints of the citizens. But why did you not hold that election? Was it because a Tribune of the people announced lightning on the left? When your own interest is at all concerned, auspices are nothing; when that of your friends, then you are scrupulous. What! did you not desert him too, in his suit for the office of Septemvir? for [Antony] privately opposed his appointment. What did you fear that made you act so? I suppose lest you could not deny him without the hazard of your life? You loaded him with every insult, whom, if you possessed one spark of filial piety, you ought to have revered like a father. His daughter, your own cousin, you repudiated, having sought, and previously looked out for, another match. This is not enough; you accused a most virtuous woman of adultery. What is there that can be added? You were not content with this; in a crowded Senate, on the Kalends of January, your uncle sitting by, you had the assurance to state as the cause of your enmity with Dolabella, that you had discovered that an attempt was made by him on the chastity of your cousin and wife. Who can decide whether you were more presumptuous in having so expressed yourself in the Senate; more villanous, against Dolabella; more indecent, in the hearing of her father; more unfeeling [in having expressed yourself] so indelicately and unnaturally against that unfortunate woman?

XXXIX. But let us return to the acknowledgments. What kind of examination did you institute into them? For Cæsar's acts were confirmed by the Senate for the sake of peace; that is to say, those which Cæsar actually enacted, not what Antony said Cæsar had enacted. Whence do they issue forth? Under what authority are they produced? If they are spurious, why are they approved of? if genuine, why are they sold? But [you will say] it had been so agreed on that from the Kalends of June you should with a committee examine into Cæsar's acts. What was your committee? Whom did you even summon? What Kalends of June did you wait for? Is it that to which, having made a circuit round the colonies of the veterans, you returned, surrounded by armed men?

Oh! that famous tour which you made in the months of April and May, at the time when you even attempted to settle a colony at Capua! In what plight you departed from thence, or rather almost never departed, we all know. Which city you threaten: I wish you may make the attempt, that at length that 'almost

might be removed. But what a splendid progress did you make! Why need I mention your sumptuous dinners, your furious drinking? These are your own loss; what I am going to mention, ours. The Campanian lands, which, when they were exempted from taxes, in order to be given to the soldiers, we yet thought that a deep wound was inflicted on the State—these (I say) you distributed among your comrades and fellow-gamesters. I say, conscript fathers, that actors and actresses were located in the Campanian lands. Why need I now complain of the Leontine lands? and yet these public farms, the Leontine and Campanian, were formerly said to be lands of great produce, and very profitable in the patrimony of the Roman people. Three thousand acres were presented to your physician; what matter, if he had restored you to your senses? Two [thousand] to your rhetorician; what matter, if he had made you eloquent? But let me return to your journey, and to Italy.

XL. You settled a colony at Casilinum, where Cæsar had settled one before. You consulted me by letter, indeed, regarding Capua—(but I should have answered the same about Casilinum)—whether you could lawfully settle a new colony in that place where there was a colony already; I affirmed that a new colony could not lawfully be settled in that colony which had been settled by auspices, as long as it continued prosperous; I wrote back that new settlers could be added. But you, elated with pride, every right of auspices being confounded, settled a colony at Casilinum, where one had been settled a few years before, that you might display a standard, and drive round a plough—by the share of which you almost grazed the gate of Capua, that the territory of a flourishing colony might be infringed on. From this violation of auspices you fly to the Casinian farm of M. Varro, a most pure and upright man. By what right? with what face? The same, you will say, as entitled you to the estates of the heirs of L. Rubrius, as to those of the heirs of L. Turselius; as entitled you to innumerable other possessions. And if it were bought by auction, let the auction be valid, the treasury accounts valid, provided they be Cæsar's, not yours; those by which you owed, not by which you cleared yourself of the purchase-money. Who, indeed, says that Varro's Casinian farm was sold? who saw the warrant of that sale? who heard the voice of the auctioneer? You say that you sent an agent to Alexandria to buy it from Cæsar. For it would have been tedious to wait for himself! But who ever heard (yet the safety of no one was a concern to more) that any part of Varro's estates was sequestrated? What! if Cæsar wrote to you to give them back, what can be said strong enough of such impudence? Remove those swords a little which we see. You shall presently

understand that the reason for Cæsar's sale was one, and that of your presumption and rashness another. For not only the proprietor, but any friend, neighbour, guest, or steward, will expel you from that mansion.

XLI. But how many days did you most shamefully revel in that villa? From the third hour in the day there was drinking, gaming, and disgorging. Oh, wretched mansion, truly, under how different an owner wert thou! And yet how is he the owner? Well, but by how different a person was it inhabited! For M. Varro wished it to be a retreat for his studies, not for sensual pleasures. What subjects used formerly to be discussed in that villa! what meditated! what committed to writing! The laws of the Roman people, the monuments of our ancestors, the study of all philosophy, and all erudition. But truly, while you were tenant (for you were not the owner), every place echoed with the voices of drunken men; the pavements were deluged with wine; the walls were wet with it; free-born youths were living with catamites; harlots with matrons. Persons came from Casinum, Aquinum, Interamna, to pay their respects. Nobody was admitted, and very properly too; for the ensigns of consular dignity were tarnished in the hands of so scandalous a character. When, setting out from thence for Rome, he drew near Aquinum, a very great multitude came forth to meet him (as it is a populous town), but he was carried through the town in a close litter, as if dead. The Aquinians acted foolishly; but, however, they lived directly on his route. How acted the Anagnians? who though they lived off the road, yet came down to meet him, in order to pay their respects to the Consul, as if he were such. It is incredible to relate, yet it is too well ascertained by all, that no one was complimented in turn [as should have been done], particularly as he had with him two Anagnians, Mustela and Laco, one of whom is master of the sword, the other of the goblet. Why need I relate his threats and insults, by which he inveighed against the Sidicinians, and harassed the Puteolians, because they had adopted as their patrons C. Cassius and M. Brutus? With great judgment, too, zeal, kindness, and affection, not through violence and arms, as they did you, as Basilus, and others of your character, whom nobody would wish to have as clients, so far from being clients of theirs.

XLII. In the meantime, while you are absent, what a [glorious] day was it for your colleague, when he demolished that monument in the Forum which you were accustomed to worship; on the report of which proceeding, as was admitted by those who were in your train, you fainted. What happened afterwards I know not; I suppose fear and arms prevailed. You, indeed, drew down your colleague from the skies; and you made him,

not, I admit, even now to be like you, but certainly to be unlike himself.

But what was your return from thence to Rome! What consternation of the whole city! We had remembered Cinna too powerful; we had seen Sylla afterwards acting the tyrant; and Cæsar reigning absolute. Perhaps there were swords, but those sheathed, and few in number. But what and how great is your cruelty on that occasion! Soldiers follow in battalion, with swords; and we see litters of shields carried along. And these proceedings having now truly grown into a custom, we are become callous through habit. On the Kalends of June, when we wished to come into the Senate, as had been appointed, we suddenly fled, terrified by fear. But he who did not want a Senate, not only did not regret the absence of any one, but was rather rejoiced at our departure, and immediately executed those wondrous exploits. He who had defended Cæsar's memoranda for the sake of his own advantage, abolished Cæsar's laws, and those, besides, excellent ones, that he might undermine the Republic. He enlarged the number of years for holding the provinces; and he too, when he ought to have stood forth the champion of Cæsar's acts, both in public and private concerns, annulled the acts of Cæsar. Among public acts there is nothing more important than a law; in private, a will is the most binding. Some laws he abolished without promulgation; others he promulged, with a view to abolish them. He nullified a will, which has always been respected even among the lowest citizens. The statues, the pictures, which, together with his gardens, Cæsar bequeathed to the people, these he carried off, partly to the gardens of Pompey, partly to the villa of Scipio.

XLIII. And are you zealous for Cæsar's memory? Do you love him even in death? What higher honour could he have attained to, than to have a couch, an image, a dome, a flamen? Well then, as Jove, as Mars, as Romulus, have their flamens, so has the deified Julius, M. Antony. Why then do you delay? Why are you not consecrated? Fix on a day; look out for some one to consecrate you; we are colleagues; nobody will refuse you. Detestable wretch, whether as being the priest of a tyrant, or of a dead man! I ask you, in turn, are you ignorant what day this is? are you not aware that yesterday was the fourth day of the Roman games? and that you yourself pro[illegible]ed to the people that a fifth day, moreover, should be reserved [illegible]Cæsar? Why are we not in our robes? Why do we suf[illegible]e honour bestowed by your law on Cæsar to be neglected? [illegible]ou suffer the supplications to be profaned by adding a day [illegible]m, and did you refuse the couches? Either abolish reli[illegible] every instance, or maintain it in all. You will ask, do

I approve of a couch, a dome, a flamen? I indeed approve of none of them. But you who defend Cæsar's acts, what can you say for defending some, and neglecting others? Unless, perhaps, you wish to confess that you measure everything by your own interest, not by his dignity. What answer, pray, do you give to these things? I am waiting for a specimen of your eloquence. I have understood that your grandfather was a very eloquent man, but that you are still more open [perspicuous] in speaking. He never harangued naked; we have seen your breast, no doubt the breast of a simple [minded] person. Will you reply to these things, or will you venture at all to open your lips? What will you find in this long oration of mine which you trust you can reply to? But let us omit the past.

XLIV. This one, this present day, I say, this moment of time, in which I am speaking, defend if you can. Why is the Senate environed with a guard of armed men? Why do your satellites bear me with swords in their hands? Why are not the doors of the temple of Concord open? Why do you bring down to the Forum, with their arrows, the Ityræans, a race, of all nations the most savage? He replies, that he does it for his own protection. Is it not better for him to die a thousand times than not to be able to live in his own city without a guard of armed men? But believe me, there is no protection in that guard; you must be girt around by the affection and good-will of the citizens, not by arms. The Roman people will snatch, will wrest them from you; would that it may be with our safety! But, however you shall have dealt with us, while you pursue these measures, believe me, you cannot have lasting power. For that very generous spouse of yours, whom I describe without intending insult, owes too long her third payment to the Roman people. The Roman people has those to whom she can intrust the reins of government, who, in whatever part of the world they are, have along with them every safeguard of the Republic; or rather the Republic itself, which hitherto has only avenged herself, and not as yet recovered her lustre. Surely and certainly the Republic has most noble youths, her ready defenders; let them retire as much as they please, consulting the public peace, yet will they be recalled by the Republic. The name of peace is both pleasing and sweet, and the reality itself salutary; but between peace and slavery there is much difference. Peace is undisturbed liberty; slavery the extreme of evils, to be averted not only at the hazard of war, but also of death. But even if those deliverers of ours have withdrawn themselves from our view, yet have they left behind the example of their conduct. They did what no one had ever done. Brutus made war upon Tarquin, who, however, was a king at a time that it was lawful

THE NINTH ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

I. I COULD have wished, conscript fathers, that the immortal gods had granted us rather to be returning thanks to Ser. Sulpicius alive, than demanding honours for him, now no more. Nor do I doubt but that if that great man could have given us an account of his embassy, his return should have been both agreeable to us and beneficial to the State; not that to L. Philippus and L. Piso either zeal or caution was wanting in so great an office and trust; but, since Ser. Sulpicius exceeded them in years, and all men in wisdom, snatched away suddenly as he was from the charge in question, he left the embassy destitute of its head, and disabled. But if due honours have ever been enjoyed by an ambassador in death, in none will they be found more due than in Ser. Sulpicius. Others, who have died during an embassy, left their homes, the hazard of life being but dubious, and without any apprehension of death; Ser. Sulpicius set out with some hopes of reaching M. Antony, with none of returning to his home. And though he was so ill that, supposing the fatigue of a journey to be added to a severe indisposition, he would despair of himself, yet he did not decline even with his last breath to try if he could extend any aid to his country. Consequently, no rigour of winter, no snow, no length of journey, no roughness of the roads, nor increasing illness, delayed him; and when he had now attained the object of meeting, and conferring with him to whom he had been sent, in the very anxiety and study of discharging his commission, he died. As in all other instances, then, C. Pansa, so in this have you acted most nobly, that you exhorted us to honour Ser. Sulpicius, and enlarged at great length yourself in his praise; to which expressions of yours I should add nothing but my assent, did I not think it my duty to reply to P. Servilius, who has delivered it as his opinion, that this honour of a statue is due to none except him who has fallen during his embassy by the sword. But, conscript fathers, I understand the opinion of our ancestors to have been this, that they decided upon the cause of the death, and not the manner of it, as necessary to be inquired into. For they desired a monument to be raised to him whose death the embassy itself occasioned, in order that in dangerous wars men might more fearlessly perform the duty *of their* embassy. The precedents, therefore, of our ances-

tors are not to be sought after, but the intentions explained of those from whom the precedents themselves sprung.

II. Lar Tolumnius, king of the Veientes, put to death at Fidenæ four ambassadors of the Roman people, whose statues stood in the Rostra even within my own recollection. A deserved honour. For our ancestors gave them who had died for the Republic, in return for a brief life, a lasting memorial. We behold in the Rostra the statue of Cn. Octavius, an illustrious and great man, who first introduced the consulship into that family which afterwards abounded in the bravest men. No one then envied *newness* of family; every one honoured merit. But the embassy of Octavius was one in which there lurked no suspicion of danger; for when he had been sent by the Senate to examine into the dispositions of certain kings and independent people, and chiefly to prevent the grandson of that Antiochus, who had waged war with our ancestors, from maintaining fleets, and rearing elephants, he was slain by one Leptines, in the gymnasium at Laodicea. In return for his life, a statue was then bestowed upon him by our ancestors, which distinguished his posterity for many years, and alone remains to the present time to preserve the memory of that eminent family. But both to him, to Tullus Cluilius, Lucius Roscius, Sp. Antius, and C. Fulcinius, who were slain by the King of the Veientes, not the blood which was poured out in death, but death itself, undergone for the Republic, procured the honour [of a statue].

III. If, therefore, conscript fathers, accident had caused the death of Ser. Sulpicius, I should have been grieved, indeed, at so severe a stroke on the State; but should not have thought that his death demanded to be honoured by monuments, but by public mourning. But who now doubts but that the embassy itself deprived him of life? He carried death along with him; which, if he had remained with us, he might have escaped with his own care, and the attentions of a most excellent son and faithful wife. But when he saw that if he had not complied with your injunctions, he should have acted in a manner most unbecoming his own character, whereas if he had complied, that the office undertaken by him for the Republic would prove the termination of his career, he chose rather to die at once in the greatest peril of his country, than seem to have profited his country less than perhaps he might. In many of the cities through which he passed he had an opportunity of recruiting and attending to his health; he had kind invitations from men of eminent hospitality, in consideration of the dignity of so great a man, and [he had] the entreaty of those who had been sent along, to take rest, and consult for his life. But hastening, and urging forward, anxious to perform your commands, in spite of his distemper, he perse-

vered in this steadiness of resolution; and when by his arrival Antony was greatly disconcerted, because the matters which were announced to him by your orders were confirmed by the authority and judgment of Ser. Sulpicius; he showed how he hated the Senate when he treated the death of the organ of that Senate with levity and insolence. Not more truly, then, did Leptines slay Octavius, and the King of the Veientes those whom I have just now enumerated, than did Antony, Sulpicius. For he, surely, who was the cause of his death brought death upon him; wherefore I think that it appertains to the memory of posterity, that it should remain on record, what was the opinion of the Senate concerning this war; for this statue itself will be a witness that the war was so important that the death of an ambassador in it obtained this memorial of honour.

IV. But if you were to call to recollection, conscript fathers, the excuses of Ser. Sulpicius against undertaking the embassy, no doubt will be left but that by honouring the dead we should amend the injury done to the living. For you, conscript fathers (it is a harsh expression, but I cannot help using it), you, I say, deprived Ser. Sulpicius of life; whom, when you beheld making his illness a real rather than a verbal excuse, you were not indeed cruel (for what is less characteristic of this high order?), but, when you hoped that there was nothing but what could be accomplished by his authority and wisdom, you warmly opposed his excuse, and you made him who had always deemed your joint opinion of the greatest weight, swerve from his purpose. But as soon as the exhortation of our Consul, Pansa, was added, more imposing than the ears of Ser. Sulpicius had learned to bear, then truly he finally drew his son and me aside, and expressed himself to the effect that he preferred your authority to his own life. And admiring as we did his virtue, we ventured not to oppose his will; his son was moved with extraordinary tenderness; my grief was hardly less poignant than his sorrow, but both of us were obliged to give way to his greatness of soul, and the solemnity of his words; when, indeed with the greatest praise and applause of you all, he promised that he would do whatever you should prescribe, nor decline the danger of carrying into effect that proposition of which he himself had been the mover; and early the next day we waited upon him as he set out to execute your orders; and truly on his departure he addressed me in such terms that his words seemed a presage of his fate.

V. Restore life, then, conscript fathers, to him from whom you have taken it away; for the life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living. Accomplish it, that he whom you unintentionally sent on a commission which caused his death, may re-[redacted]*ive from* you immortality. To whom, if you raise a statue

in the Rostra by your decree, no oblivion of future ages will obscure his embassy. For the rest of the life of Ser. Sulpicius will be perpetuated to every age by many and glorious monuments. The fame of all mankind shall ever celebrate his gravity, his steadiness, his honour, and his surpassing care and prudence in defending the State. And never will be forgotten that admirable and incredible, and almost divine skill, in interpreting laws, and explaining the principles of equity. If all the men, in every age, who have been acquainted with jurisprudence in this country, were to be brought together into one place, they are not to be compared to Ser. Sulpicius. Nor did he possess more depth in jurisprudence than in equity; thus he used always to put the mildest and fairest construction on those questions which arose from laws and civil right; nor was he fonder of commencing lawsuits than of putting an end to litigation. He wants not, therefore, this monument of a statue; he has greater monuments; for this statue will be the witness of an honourable death, they, on the other hand, the record of a glorious life; so that the statue in question will prove the monument rather of a grateful Senate, than of an illustrious man. The filial piety of the son will appear to have redounded much to the honour of the father; and although, being overwhelmed with grief, he is not here present, yet ought you to be so disposed to him as if he were. Now he is so concerned that no one ever more grieved for the death of an only son than he is afflicted at that of a father; and I think, indeed, that it appertains also to the fame of Ser. Sulpicius the younger, that it may appear that he has all due honours paid to his father; and yet Ser. Sulpicius could have left no brighter monument behind him than a son, the image of his manners, virtue, steadiness, piety, and genius; whose grief can be alleviated by this honour of yours, or by no other solace.

VI. But if there be any consciousness after death, it appears to me, calling to mind the various conversations which I had with Ser. Sulpicius during our intimacy, that a brazen statue, and that too a pedestrian one, such as was first set up to L. Sulla, would be likely to be more agreeable to him than a gilded statue of equestrian form. For Ser. Sulpicius was wonderfully fond of the moderation of our ancestors, and censured the extravagance of modern times. As if, therefore, I were to consult himself which he should choose, so do I, as if by his authority and wish, declare for a pedestrian statue of brass; which, truly, by the very honour of the memorial, will alleviate and lessen the great grief and regret of his fellow-citizens. And this proposition which I have made cannot but coincide with the opinion of P. Servilius, who has moved that a sepulchre shall be decreed to Ser. Sulpicius at the public expense; but that a statue be not decreed;

the death of an ambassador without bloodshed or the sword demands no honours, why does he propose the honour of a burial, the greatest which can be enjoyed by the dead?

But if he bestows on Ser. Sulpicius that which was not given to Cn. Octavius, why does he not vote for what was given to the latter being also given to the former? Our ancestors, truly, decreed statues to many, sepulchres to few. But statues perish by time, violence, or age; but the sanctity of sepulchres rests in the very site which cannot be removed nor obliterated by any violence; and as other things are destroyed, so sepulchres become more venerable by antiquity. Let this man, therefore, be dignified by this honour also, on whom no honour can be bestowed without being deserved; let us show our gratitude in honouring his death, to whom we can now make no other return. Let the wicked audacity of M. Antony, too, who is waging an impious war, be branded with infamy. For these honours having been paid to Ser. Sulpicius, there will remain an eternal testimony of an embassy for peace having been refused and rejected by M. Antony.

VII. Wherefore, I thus move: Whereas Ser. Sulpicius Rufus, the son of Quintus, of the Lemonian tribe, in a most critical juncture of the State, while labouring under a severe and dangerous illness, preferred to his own life the authority of the Senate, and the welfare of the Roman State; and in spite of the violence and severity of his distemper, strenuously endeavoured to arrive at the encampment of Antony, whither the Senate had sent him; and when he had now arrived well nigh the camp, overpowered by the violence of his disease, he lost his life in a most important commission of the State; and his death was in unison with a life spent most purely and honourably, during which Ser. Sulpicius was often of great use to the Republic, both as a private man and in public offices; and whereas this great man died for his country during an embassy, the Senate is pleased to decree that a pedestrian statue of brass be erected in the Rostra, according to the decision of this order; and that because he died for his country, his children and descendants shall have an area of five feet on every side around the statue, for the witnessing gladiators and games, and that that reason be inscribed on its base; and that the Consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, one or both of them, if they think proper, direct the city Quæstors to contract for the construction of this base and statue, and the erection of it in the Rostra; and to take measures that whatever money they shall contract for be handed over and paid to the architect; and whereas the Senate has heretofore evidenced its authority in the case of the funerals and honours of brave men, that it decrees that he shall be carried to the grave in the greatest pomp on his

last day. And whereas Ser. Sulpicius Rufus, the son of Quintus, of the Lemonian tribe, has so deserved of the State, that he merits to be distinguished by these honours, that the Senate decrees and deems it for the good of the Republic that the curule Ædiles, in the case of the funeral of Ser. Sulpicius Rufus, son of Quintus, of the Lemonian tribe, shall remit the strictness of the edict which they have respecting funerals; and that the Consul, Pansa, assign a place for sepulture thirty feet every way, in the Esquiline plain, or in whatever place shall be thought proper, in which Ser. Sulpicius may be interred; and that this may be the sepulchre of himself, his children, and descendants, as being a sepulchre that has been granted with the best right, and at the public expense.

THE "CATO MAJOR" OF CICERO, OR TREATISE ON OLD AGE.

"Titus, if I shall have at all assisted you, or alleviated the care which now frets, and, fixed in your breast, distracts you, shall I have any reward?"

I. For I may address you, Atticus, in the same lines, in which he addresses Flaminius:

"That man, not of great wealth, but full of integrity;"

although I well know that not, as Flaminius,

"Are you, Titus, so distressed by anxiety, both by night and day."

For I know the moderation and the even temperament of your mind; and I know that you have brought from Athens, not merely a surname, but also refinement and wisdom. And nevertheless I suspect, that you are occasionally too deeply moved by the same things as I myself am; the consolation for which is both of a higher kind, and requires to be deferred to another time. But, at the present time, it has seemed good to me to write to you something on Old Age. For I would that both you and myself were relieved of this burden of old age, which is common to me with you, either at present oppressing, or at least drawing nigh us, although I feel sure that you indeed bear it, and will bear it (as you bear everything), with moderation and wisdom. But when I felt disposed to write something about old age, you occurred to me, as worthy of a gift, which each of us might share in common. To me, indeed, so delightful hath been the composition of this work, that it has not only wiped away all the annoyances of old age, but has made it even agreeable and pleasant. Philosophy, therefore, can never be praised in a sufficiently worthy manner, since the man who obeys her can spend his whole life without annoyance. But upon other topics, we have both spoken much, and shall often do so; we have sent to you this book upon Old Age. And we have not assigned the whole discourse to Tithonus, as Aristo the Chian did, lest there should be in the story too little authority, but to the aged Marcus Cato, in order that the argument might have greater weight; at whose house, we introduce Lælius and Scipio, wondering that he so patiently bears up under old age, and him replying to them. And should he appear to argue the matter more learnedly, than he himself used to do in his own compositions, set it down to Greek literature, of which it is well

known, that he was very studious in his old age. But what need is there to enlarge? for now the speech of Cato himself will unfold my whole views on the subject of old age.

II. SCIPIO.—Very often am I accustomed with C. Lælius here, to admire your surpassing and elaborate wisdom, as well in all other things, Marcus Cato, as also even principally, that I have never perceived old age to be irksome to you, which to the majority of old men is so hateful, that they say they support a load heavier than Ætna. CATO.—You appear to admire, Scipio and Lælius, a thing not in truth difficult [to attain]. For every age is burthensome to persons who have no resource in themselves for living well and happily; whereas nothing which the necessity of nature brings with it can seem an evil to those who seek every blessing from themselves; in which class especially is old age, to which all men wish that they may attain—[and yet] having attained to the same, complain of it—so great is the fickleness and waywardness of folly. They say that it steals on them more quickly than they had imagined. First of all, who compelled them to estimate it falsely? For how does old age steal more quickly on youth, than youth on boyhood? then again, how would old age be less burthensome to them if they were passing their eight-hundredth, than their eightieth year? For the past time, however long, when once it had flowed by, would not be able by any consolation to soothe an old age of folly. Wherefore, if you are wont to admire my wisdom (which I would were worthy of your high opinion and my surname), in this am I wise, that I follow Nature, the best guide, as though a deity, and obey her; by whom it is not likely, that after the other parts of life have been well represented, the last act has been ill done, as if by a listless composer: but yet it was necessary that there should be something last, and, as in the berries of trees and in the fruits of the earth, something withered and falling off with seasonable ripeness—which must be borne patiently by a wise man. For what else is warring with the gods after the manner of giants save to war against nature?

LÆLIUS.—And yet, Cato, you will exceedingly oblige us, as I may promise in behalf of Scipio also, if, since we hope (certainly indeed *wish*) to become old men, we shall have learned long before from you, by what means we may most easily be able to bear the increasing burden of age. CATO.—Well, I will do so, Lælius, especially if, as you say, it is likely to be agreeable to each of you. SCIPIO.—In truth we wish, unless it be troublesome, Cato, as though you had finished some long journey, on which we too must enter, to see of what sort is that place at which you have arrived.

III. CATO.—Lælius, I will do so, as well as I shall be able. For I have been frequently present at the complaints of my contemporaries (now "equals with equals," as the old proverb has 't

"most easily flock together")—things which C. Salinator, things which Sp. Albinus, consular men, almost of equal age with me, were accustomed to complain of: on the one hand, that they were bereft of pleasures, without which they deemed life no [life]; on the other hand, that they were overlooked by those by whom they used to be courted: which persons appeared to me not to find fault with that which should have been found fault with: for if that happened from the fault of old age, the same things would be experienced by me, and all others of advanced years; of many of whom I have known their old age to be without complaint, inasmuch as they did not take it ill that they were let free from the bonds of the passions, and were not despised by their associates. But the fault of all complaints of this description is in the character, not the age. For even-tempered, accessible, and good-natured old men, pass a very tolerable old age; but perversity and unsociability is troublesome to every age. LÆLIUS.—It is, Cato, as you say; but probably some one might say, that, on account of your wealth, resources, and dignity, old age appears much more tolerable to you, but that that cannot fall to the lot of many.

CATO.—That, to be sure, is something, Lælius; but all things are by no means contained in it, as Themistocles is said to have replied to a certain Seriphian, in a dispute, when the latter had asserted, "that he had attained his distinction not by his own, but by his country's glory." "Neither, by Hercules," said he, "if I had been a Seriphian would I have been eminent, nor would you, if you were an Athenian, ever have been distinguished:"—a thing which, in the same way, may be said of old age. For neither in extreme poverty can old age be light, even to a wise man, nor, can it be other than oppressive, even in the highest plenty, to a fool. On the whole, Scipio and Lælius, the most suitable arms for old age are the attainment and exercise of the virtues; which, when cultivated in every stage of life, yield wonderful fruits, when you have lived to an extreme age, not merely because they never fail one, even in the last period of existence, (and yet that is a most important point), but also, because the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the remembrance of many virtuous actions, is most delightful.

IV. I, when a young man, loved Q. Maximus (the same who recovered Tarentum), though an old man, as warmly as if he had been one of my own age. For there was in that man dignity seasoned by affability, and old age had not changed his deportment: and yet I commenced to court him when he was not a very old man, but still pretty far advanced in life. For he had been Consul for the first time the year after I was born, and with [illegible] in his fourth consulate, I, a very young man, marched as a [illegible]er to Capua, and in the fifth year after, as Quæstor to

Tarentum; next I was made Ædile; four years afterwards I was made Prætor, which office I held in the consulship of Tuditanus and Cethegus, when he, a very old man indeed, was the proposer of the Cincian law about gifts and presents. He carried on wars too, like a young man, when he was quite old; and by his forbearance cooled down Hannibal, impetuous after the manner of youth, about whom our friend Ennius finely says:—

"Who alone by delaying retrieved our State; for he set not rumours above our safety: therefore more and more now shines the glory of the chief."

But with what vigilance, with what talent, did he recover Tarentum!—when indeed, as Salinator (who, after having lost the town, had fled for refuge into the citadel) was, in my hearing, boasting and saying thus: "It was through my exertions, Q. Fabius, you recovered Tarentum;"—"Assuredly," said he smiling, "for unless you had lost it I should never have recovered it." Nor in truth was he more eminent in arms than in peace; for, in his second consulship, when Sp. Carvilius his colleague remained passive, he made a stand, so far as he could, against C. Flaminius, Tribune of the Commons, when he was for apportioning the Picenian and Gallic land individually in opposition to the authority of the Senate. And when he was Augur, he had the spirit to say, that those things were performed under the best auspices, which were performed for the safety of the Commonwealth;—that the things which were undertaken to the detriment of the Commonwealth were undertaken in opposition to the auspices. Many distinguished traits have I remarked in that man; but there is nothing more to be admired than the way in which he bore the death of his son Marcus, a famous man and of consular dignity. His panegyric is still in our hands, which, when we read, what philosopher do we not despise? Nor was he great only in the view of all, and under the eyes of his fellow-citizens, but in retirement and at home he was yet more eminent. What conversation! what precepts! how intimate an acquaintance with ancient history! what an understanding of the law of augury! His learning, too, considering he was a Roman, was great. He retained in memory all wars, not merely domestic but even foreign; whose conversation I at that time so eagerly enjoyed, as though I were already presaging that which has come to pass, that at his departure there would be none from whom I should learn.

V. For what reason, therefore, have I said so much about Maximus? Because you doubtless see that it is impious to say that such an old age was miserable. However, all men cannot be Scipios or Maximuses, so as to call to mind the stormings of cities, battles by land and sea, wars carried on by themselves,

and triumphs: the old age, too, of a life spent in tranquillity and innocence and elegance, is placid and mild: such as we have heard was that of Plato, who died while composing, in his eighty-first year; such as was that of Isocrates, who is said [dicitur]* to have written the book which is entitled the Panathenaican, in his ninety-fourth year, and he lived for five years afterwards; whose preceptor, Gorgias of Leontium, completed one hundred and seven years, and never loitered in his pursuit and occupation: who, when it was inquired of him, wherefore he wished to continue so long in life,—"I have nothing," said he, "for which to blame old age." An admirable answer, and worthy of a learned man—for fools lay their own vices and their own faults at the door of old age, which that Ennius of whom I have just now made mention, used not to do:—

"As the gallant horse, who oft at the close of the race hath won the prizes at the Olympic games, now worn out with old age, takes repose."

He compares his own to the old age of a mettlesome and victorious steed, and him indeed you may remember well. For in the nineteenth year after his death, the present Consuls, T. Flaminius and M. Acilius, were elected; and he died in the second consulship of Cæpio and Philip, when I indeed, at the age of sixty-five, had supported the Voconian law with a powerful voice, and sound lungs. At the age of seventy (for so many years did Ennius live) he so bore the two burdens which are reckoned the greatest,—poverty and old age,—that he seemed almost to take a pleasure in them. For when I consider it in my mind, I discover four causes why old age appears wretched: one, that it withdraws us from transacting business; the second, that it renders the body more feeble; the third, that it deprives us of almost all pleasures; the fourth, that it is not far away from death. Of these causes let us see, if it please you, how important and how just each of them is.

VI. Does old age withdraw us from transacting business? From what sort? Is it from that which is performed in the time of youth and vigour? Are there then no employments of old age, which, even when our bodies are weak, can yet be carried on by the mind? Did Q. Maximus, therefore, do nothing? Nothing, L. Paulus, your father, Scipio, the father-in-law of that most worthy man my son? Did those other old men, the Fabricii, the Curii, the Coruncanii, when they were shielding the Commonwealth by their wisdom and authority, do nothing? There was added, too, to the old age of App. Claudius, that he was blind, notwithstanding he, when the mind of the Senate was inclined to peace, and to concluding a treaty with Pyrrhus, did not

* Others read *se dicit*.

hesitate to speak those words which Ennius has expressed in verse:—

"Whither have your minds, which before were wont to stand upright, turned aside through infatuation?"

And so on, in a most dignified manner, for the poem is familiar to you; moreover also the speech of Appius himself is still extant, and this he delivered seventeen years after his second consulship, when between the two consulships ten years had intervened, and when before his former consulship he had been Censor. From which it is concluded that in the war with Pyrrhus he was a very old man, and so have we heard from our fathers. They, therefore, bring forward nothing, who allege that old age is not engaged in transacting business, and are like those who should say that in navigating, the pilot does nothing, inasmuch as while some climb the masts, others run up and down the decks, others pump out the bilge-water, he sits at his ease at the stern, holding the helm. He may not do the things the young men do, but in truth he does much greater and better things. Important things are not done by strength, or speed, or by activity of body, but by counsel, by authority, by judgment; of which powers old age is wont not only not to be deprived, but even is by them improved; unless, indeed, I, who have been employed in various sorts of wars, both as a soldier, and tribune, and lieutenant-general, and consul, appear to you now to be idle, when I am not carrying on wars. But I admonish the Senate what wars are to be carried on, and in what way: against Carthage, which has been for a long period evilly inclined, I have been long before denouncing war; about which I shall not cease to fear until I shall understand that it has been razed to the ground; which victory I would the immortal gods, Scipio, may be reserving for you, that you may consummate the remainder of your grandfather's [achievements], since whose death this is the thirty-third year, but all succeeding years will cherish the memory of that man. He died in the year before my censorship, nine years after I was Consul; when he had been, in my consulship, created Consul a second time. Would he, therefore, had he lived to his hundredth year, have felt dissatisfied with his old age? For he would not employ himself either in running a race, or in leaping, or with spears at a distance, or with swords at close quarters, but in giving counsel, in reflection, and in judgment. Which faculties, unless they existed in old men, our ancestors would never have called their supreme council "a Senate." Indeed, among the Lacedæmonians, those who hold the highest magistracy, as they really are, so also are they called "elders." And if you will be willing to read or hear of foreign matters, you will find

that the greatest Commonwealths have been subverted by young men, have been upheld and restored by old men:—

"Pray, how did you lose so speedily your Commonwealth, so great as it was?"

For thus they inquire, as it is in the play of the poet Nævius, and other answers are given, and especially these:—

"There came forward unfledged orators, foolish young men."

Precipitation, evidently, belongs to life in its bloom; prudence to it in old age.

VII. But the memory is impaired. I believe it, unless you exercise it, or if you are by nature rather dull. Themistocles had got by heart the names of all his fellow-citizens; think you then, that when he had advanced in years, he was wont to address as Lysimachus him who was Aristides? I, for my part, know not merely those persons now alive, but their fathers also, and their grandfathers; nor in reading tombstones am I apprehensive, as they say, that I may lose my memory, for in reading these very tombstones, I regain my recollection of the dead: and I have not heard of any old man who forgot in what place he had deposited a treasure. They remember everything about which they are anxious, recognizances appointed who are indebted to them, and to whom they are indebted. What do lawyers? what do pontiffs? what do augurs? what do philosophers, when they become old men? how many things do they recollect? The faculties remain in old men, provided there continue study and industry; and that not merely in the case of men distinguished, and of high station, but also in private and tranquil life. Sophocles wrote tragedies up to extreme old age, owing to which pursuit, when he appeared to be neglecting the family property, he was summoned by his sons into court: in order that, as, according to our custom, fathers mismanaging their estates are usually interdicted their possessions, so the judges might remove him, as being a dotard, from the management of his estate. The aged man, then, is reported to have read aloud to the judges that play, which he was holding in his hands, and had most recently composed, the "Œdipus Coloneus," and to have inquired whether that seemed to be the poem of an imbecile; on the rehearsal of which, he was acquitted by the votes of the judges. Did, therefore, old age compel him, or Homer, or Hesiod, or Simonides, or Stesichorus, or (the men whom I before mentioned) Isocrates, Gorgias, or those princes of Philosophers, Pythagoras, Democritus, or Plato, or Xenocrates, *or afterwards*, Zeno, Cleanthes, or [lastly] him whom you also *have seen at* Rome, Diogenes the Stoic, to become silent in their

respective pursuits? Was not in all these men the active pursuit of their studies commensurate with their life? Come, to omit these divine pursuits, I can name Roman country gentlemen of the Sabine district, my own neighbours and acquaintances, in whose absence hardly ever are any of the more important farming operations performed, either in sowing, or in reaping, or in storing up the produce. And yet, in the case of these men this is less strange, for there is no man so old as not to think he may live a year longer. But these same persons bestow pains on those things which they are aware do not at all concern themselves:—

"He plants trees which may benefit another generation,"

as our Statius says in his Synephebi. Nor let the husbandman, however old, hesitate to answer to any one who asks him "for whom he is sowing,"—"for the immortal gods, who have willed that I should not merely receive these things from my ancestors, but that I should also hand them down to my posterity."

VIII. Cæcilius makes a wiser remark about an old man looking forward to another generation than the following:—

"By Pollux, old age, if you bring along with you no other fault when you arrive, this one is enough, that one by living long sees many things which he does not wish to see."

And surely, many things which he does wish. And youth also often meets with things which it does not wish. But the same Cæcilius makes the following more faulty observation:—

"Then, for my part, I consider this the most wretched circumstance in old age, the feeling that at that age one is disagreeable to another."

Agreeable rather than *disagreeable*. For as wise old men take delight in young men endowed with good dispositions, and the old age of those is alleviated who are treated with respect, and beloved by youth: so young men delight in the maxims of the old, by which they are attracted to the pursuits of virtue: nor do I understand that I am less agreeable to you than you to me. But you perceive that old age is not only not feeble and inactive, but that it is even busy, and ever doing and contriving something—that is to say, some such thing as has been the pursuit of each in former life. What! that they even learn something in addition, as we see Solon in his verses boasting, who says that he was becoming an old man, daily learning something in addition, as I have done, who, when old, learned the literature of Greece, which, indeed, I grasped so eagerly, as if desiring to satisfy a thirst of long continuance, that those very things became known to me which you now see me employ as illustrations. And when I had heard that Socrates had done this on the lyre,

I indeed wished to have done that also (for the ancients used to learn the lyre): but on their literature at least I have bestowed pains.

IX. Nor do I even now regret the want of the strength of a young man (for that was the second topic about the faults of old age), any more than when a young man I used to regret the want of the strength of a bull or of an elephant. What one has, that it is proper for one to use; and whatever you do, to do it to the utmost of your ability. For what words can be more despicable than those of Milo of Crotona, who, when he was now an old man, and was observing the athletes exercising themselves on the course, is recorded to have surveyed his own arms, and weeping to have said, "But these, indeed, are now dead." Not indeed these, so much as you yourself, trifler, for you were never ennobled from yourself, but from your chest and arms. No such thing did S. Ælius say, no such thing did T. Coruncanius many years before, nor P. Crassus lately, by whom instructions in jurisprudence were given to their countrymen, and whose wisdom, even to their latest breath, was still advancing. The orator, I am afraid, may become feeble through old age, for [oratory] is a gift not of the mind only, but also of lungs and strength. On the whole, that melodiousness in the voice becomes even graceful in some way or other in old age, which I myself as yet have not lost, and you see my years; but yet the language of an old man is becoming, unimpassioned and subdued, and the refined and gentle language of an eloquent old man very frequently gains for itself a hearing; which effect, though you be unable to produce yourself, yet you may be able to teach it to Scipio and Lælius. For what is more charming than an old age, encompassed by the studies of youth? Shall we not leave to old age even such a resource as to instruct young men, train them, furnish them for every discharge of duty? than which occupation what can be more illustrious? To me, indeed, Cn. and P. Scipio, and your two grandfathers, L. Æmilius and P. Africanus, seemed to be quite happy in the attendance of noble youths; nor are any teachers of the liberal arts to be reckoned otherwise than happy, although their strength may have become weak, and fallen into decay,—and yet that very failure of strength is more frequently caused by the vices of youth than of old age; for a lewd and intemperate youth transmits to old age a debilitated frame. Cyrus, too, in Xenophon, in that discourse which he delivered on his death-bed, when he was a very old man, declared that he had never felt that his old age had become less vigorous than his youth had been. I remember, when a boy, L. Metellus *(who, though* he had been made Pontifex Maximus four years *after his second* consulship, held that sacerdotal office for two

and twenty years) at the end of his life, in the enjoyment of such good health that he did not feel the want of youth. I need not say anything of myself, although that indeed is the privilege of old age, and is conceded to my time of life.

X. Do you see how, in Homer, Nestor very often speaks of his own virtues? for he was now living in the third generation of men; nor had he any occasion to feel apprehensive, lest in telling the truth of himself, he should seem to be either too overbearing or too talkative. For (as Homer says) from his tongue flowed words sweeter than honey, for which sweetness he needed no strength of body; and yet the illustrious chieftain of Greece nowhere desires to have ten men like Ajax, but like Nestor, which, should it have happened, he doubts not but that Troy would quickly fall. But I return to myself. I am in my eighty-fourth year. In truth I should like to have it in my power to make the same boast that Cyrus made,—this, however, I *can* say, not indeed that I have such bodily powers as I had either in the Punic war as private soldier, or in the same war as Quæstor, or in Spain as Consul, or four years afterwards when I fought at Thermopylæ as military tribune; yet still old age (as you see) has not quite unnerved me, nor broken me down,—the senate-house regrets not the loss of my strength, nor the rostra, nor my friends, nor my clients, nor my guests; for I have never given in to that trite and much-quoted proverb, which admonishes you to become an old man early, if you wish to be an old man long. I, for my part, would prefer to be an old man for a shorter time, than to be an old man before I was one. Therefore, hitherto, no one has desired to have a meeting with me, to whom I have been "engaged." But I have less strength than either of you two. And even you have not the strength of T. Pontius, the centurion: is he, therefore, the better man? Let there only be a moderate degree of vigour, and let every man strive as much as is in his power; assuredly, such a person will not be affected by any great regret for his want of strength. Milo is reported to have traversed the course at Olympia while he sustained on his shoulders a live ox. Whether, then, would you prefer such strength of body, or Pythagoras' strength of intellect, to be conferred upon you? In short, enjoy that blessing as long as it is with you,—when it is gone, regret not its absence; unless, indeed, young men ought to regret the loss of boyhood, and when somewhat more advanced in life, the loss of youth. There is a defined course of life, and one way of nature, and that a simple one, and to each part of life its own seasonableness has been assigned; so that both the feebleness of boys, and hardihood of young men, and the gravity of confirmed manhood, and the maturity of old age, have something natural which ought to be enjoyed in its

proper season. I suppose, that you hear, Scipio, what your grandfather's host, Masinissa, is doing at the present day, though at the age of ninety, that when he has begun a journey on foot, he never mounts his horse at all, and when on horseback, he never dismounts; that he is not induced by any rain, any cold, to go with his head covered: that there is in him the utmost hardiness of body: that therefore he executes all the offices and functions of a king. Exercise, therefore, and temperance can maintain even in old age something of our pristine strength.

XI. Is there no strength in old age? strength is not even required from old age. Therefore, both by our laws and institutions, our time of life is free from those duties which cannot be discharged without strength. Wherefore, we are not only not compelled to do what we cannot do, but we are not compelled to do as much as we can. But so weak are many old men, that they cannot discharge any call of duty or any office of life at all. But that indeed is not peculiarly the defect of old age, but belongs in common to ill health. How feeble was the son of P. Africanus, he who adopted you! what slender health had he, or rather no health at all! which, if it had not been so, he would have been the second luminary of the Commonwealth. For a more abundant learning had been added to his paternal greatness of soul. What marvel, then, in old men, if they be occasionally weak when not even young men can avoid that? We must make a stand, Scipio and Lælius, against old age, and its frailties must be atoned for by energy. We must fight against old age, as it were against a disease. Attention must be paid to health: we must use moderate exercise: so much food and drink must be taken, as that our powers may be recruited, not oppressed. Nor indeed must the body alone be sustained, but still more the mind and the soul. For these also are extinguished by old age, unless you drop oil upon them as on a lamp. And our bodies indeed become heavy by fatigue and exercise, but our minds are rendered buoyant by exercising them. For as to those whom Cæcilius calls "foolish old fellows, fit subjects for comedy," by these he denotes the credulous, the forgetful, the licentious; which are the faults, not of old age, but of an inactive, lethargic, and drowsy old age. As wantonness and lust belong more to the young than to the old, and yet not to all young men, but to those who are not upright: in like manner that folly of old age, which is generally called dotage, belongs to trifling old men, but not to all. Appius, though both blind and old, used to manage four stout sons, five daughters, so great a household, so many dependents; for he used to keep his mind on the stretch like a bow, nor did he languidly sink under the pressure of old age. He kept not merely authority, *but even command* over his family: his slaves feared him: his

children respected him: all regarded him with affection: in that house there flourished the manners and discipline of our ancestors. For thus is old age honoured, if it maintains itself, if it retains its own right, if it is in thraldom to none, if it holds sway to its latest breath over its dependents. For as I approve of a young man in whom there is some characteristic of old age, so I approve of an old man in whom there is some characteristic of a youth: and the man who follows this maxim in body will perhaps be an old man, but he will never be an old man in mind. I have on hand the seventh book of the "Antiquities:" I am gathering all the materials of our ancient history: of the famous causes which I have defended, I am now finishing the pleadings; I am treating of the law of augurs, of pontiffs, of citizens; I am much engaged, too, in Grecian literature, and, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, for the sake of exercising my memory, I call to mind at evening what on each day I have said, heard, and done. These are the exercises of the intellect; these the "curricula" of the mind: while I am sweating and labouring over these, I do not regret very much the want of strength of body. I advocate the cause of my friends: I come very often into the Senate; and I bring forward spontaneously things much and long meditated on; and these I maintain by strength of mind, not of body. Which things were I unable to perform, yet my couch would afford me amusement, when meditating on those very things in which I was no longer able to engage;—but that I *have* the power, my past life is the cause. For old age, when it creeps on, is not perceived by one who always passes his life in such studies and labours. Thus life becomes old age gradually and unconsciously; nor is it suddenly broken, but is terminated by length of time.

XII. Then follows the third objection against old age, that they say, it is without pleasures. Oh! glorious privilege of age, if indeed it takes away from us that which is most faulty in youth. Listen, then, most excellent young men, to the ancient words of Archytas of Tarentum, a particularly eminent and distinguished man, which were told me, when I, a young man, was with Q. Maximus at Tarentum. He said that no more fatal plague was inflicted on man by nature than the pleasure of the body; for the passions craving for this pleasure were rashly and unrestrainedly urged on to the enjoyment of it: hence treasons against one's country, hence the overthrow of States, hence secret conferences with enemies, had their origin; in a word, that there was no villany, no evil deed, to the undertaking of which the lust of pleasure did not urge; but that fornications and adulteries, and every such disgraceful action, were provoked by no other fascinations than those of pleasure. And whereas either nature or some god had bestowed on man nothing more admirable than

his mind, that to this divine gift and function there was nothing so inimical as pleasure: for that where lust held sway, there was no room for self restraint, and that in the realm of pleasure virtue could not by any means exist. Which, that it might be more fully understood, he bid you conceive in your mind any one stimulated by the greatest pleasures of the body that could be enjoyed: he thought that it would not be a subject of doubt to any, but that, so long as the individual so delighted in them, he would be able to compass nothing by reason, nothing by reflection: wherefore that there was nothing so abominable and so injurious as pleasure, inasmuch as, when it was too great, and too prolonged, it extinguished all the light of the soul. Nearchus of Tarentum, our host, who had continued in friendship with the Roman people, used to say that he had heard from his seniors, that Archytas held this conversation with C. Pontius the Samnite (the father of him by whom, at the battle of Caudium, S. Postumius and T. Veturius, the Consuls, were defeated), when, I have no doubt, Plato the Athenian was present at that discourse; who, I find, came to Tarentum in the consulship of L. Camillus and Ap. Claudius. For what purpose [do I bring forward] these things? In order that you may understand, that if we could not hold pleasure in contempt by reason and wisdom, deep gratitude would be due to old age, for that it caused that that should not be pleasing which ought not. For pleasure impedes deliberation, is hostile to reason; and, so to speak, renders obtuse the eyes of the mind, nor has it any intercourse with virtue. I indeed acted unwillingly in banishing from the Senate L. Flamininus, brother of that eminently brave man, T. Flamininus, seven years after he had been Consul; but I thought that his licentiousness should be stigmatized. For when he was Consul in Gaul, he was prevailed on by a courtezan, at an entertainment, to behead one of those who were in confinement on a capital accusation. He escaped when his own brother Titus (who had been immediately before me) was Censor; but lewdness, so abandoned and so desperate, which was combining with private infamy the disgrace of the empire, could by no means be visited with approbation by myself and Flaccus.

XIII. I have frequently heard from my seniors, who said that they in like manner, when boys, had heard it from old men, that C. Fabricius used to wonder, that when he was ambassador with King Pyrrhus, he had heard from Cineas the Thessalian, that there was a certain man at Athens, who declared himself a wise man, and that he said that everything we did was to be referred to pleasure. And on hearing him say so, that M'. Curius and T. Coruncanius were accustomed to wish that that might be the *conviction of* the Samnites and Pyrrhus himself, in order that they *might the more* readily be conquered, since they had given them-

selves up to sensuality. M'. Curius had lived with P. Decius, who, five years before the consulship of the former, had in his fourth consulship devoted himself for the Republic. Fabricius knew him, Coruncanius also knew him, who, as well from the course of his own life as from the great exploit of him whom I mention, Publius Decius, inferred that there was something in its own nature lovely and glorious which was to be sought after for its own sake, and which, despising and contemning pleasure, all the best of mankind pursued. For what purpose have I said so many things about pleasure? Because it is not only no disparagement, but even the highest praise of old age, that it does not greatly long for any pleasures. Doth it lack feasts, and heaped up tables, and numerous goblets? It lacks also intoxication, and dyspepsia, and sleeplessness. But if something must be conceded to pleasure (inasmuch as we do not easily resist its allurements, for Plato divinely calls pleasure "the bait of evils," seeing that men are entrapped by it as fish with a hook), although old age is free from immoderate banquets, it can nevertheless take delight in moderate entertainments. I, when a boy, used frequently to see C. Duilius, the son of Marcus, the first who had conquered the Carthaginians in a sea-fight, returning from supper when he was an old man; he was pleased with numerous torches and musicians, things which he, though a private person, had adopted for himself without any precedent; so much indulgence did his glory confer on him. But why do I mention others? I will now revert to myself. In the first place, I have always had club associates: now clubs were set on foot in my quæstorship, on the introduction of the Idæan worship of the great mother: I therefore used to feast quite in a moderate manner with my associates, but there was a certain ardour belonging to that time of life; and as it advances, all things will become day by day more mellow: for I did not measure the delight I experienced in these very entertainments more by the pleasures of the body, than by the reunions and conversations of friends; for our ancestors happily styled the reclining of friends at feasts, "living together," because it implied *a union of life;* better than the Greeks, who style this same thing as well by the name of "drinking together," as of "supping together;" so that, what in that species of enjoyment is the least valuable, that they seem most to approve of.

XIV. I indeed, on account of the pleasure of conversation, am charmed with early entertainments; and not only with my equals [in age], very few of whom still remain, but also with those of your time of life and with you: and I feel under great obligations to old age, which has augmented my appetite for conversation, and taken away that for drinking and eating. But if even that sort of things affords pleasure to any one, (that I may not seem

to have declared war against pleasure altogether, of which, perhaps, there is even a certain natural limit.) I do not find, that even in these very sorts of pleasure, old age is without the perception of it. To myself, indeed, the presidencies instituted by our ancestors afford pleasure: and that conversation, which is kept up, according to the manner of our ancestors, over our cups, by him who is at the head of the table: and the bowls, as in Xenophon's Symposium, small and stinted, and the cooling of the wine in summer, and, in turn, either the sun, or the fire in winter; pursuits which I am wont to follow even among the Sabines, and I daily make up a party of my neighbours; which we extend in varied conversation, till as late an hour of night as we possibly can. But there is not so great a tickling, as it were, of pleasures in old men. I believe so: but neither is there the longing for them. Now nothing is troublesome, unless you long for it. Well did Sophocles, when some one inquired of him, now advanced in years, whether he enjoyed venereal pleasures, answered: "May the gods do better for me:" nay, I have escaped from them with pleasure, as from a savage and furious tyrant. For to men who like such things, it is doubtless disagreeable and annoying to be without them: but to those who are satiated and fully satisfied, it is more agreeable to want than to enjoy them. And he does not want them, who does not feel the want of them. I say, therefore, that to feel no want of them is more agreeable than to enjoy them. But if the prime of life enjoys these very pleasures more cheerfully, in the first place it is but petty things that it enjoys, as I have said before; and secondly, those things which old age, if it does not possess abundantly, yet is not wholly without: although the person who sits in the front bench is more pleased with Turpio Ambivius, yet he also is pleased who sits in the hindmost; thus youth, beholding pleasures near at hand, is perhaps more delighted, but old age, viewing them at a distance, is delighted as much as is sufficient. But of how vast importance are the following circumstances: that, after having served out its campaigns of lust, ambition, striving, enmities, and all the passions, the soul should retire within itself, and, as the saying is, live with itself. But if it has, as it were, some food for study and learning, nothing is more charming than an old age of leisure. I saw C. Gallus, the intimate friend of your father, Scipio, almost die amid the study of measuring out the sky and earth. How often has daylight overtaken him, after beginning to describe some diagram by night: how often has night, when he had commenced in the morning! how it delighted him to foretel to us the eclipses of the sun and moon long before. What shall we say in the case of pursuits *more* trivial, yet notwithstanding subtle? How Nævius was de*lighted with his* own Punic war! how Plautus with his Trucu-

lentus! how with his Pseudolus! I saw also the aged Livy, who, though he had brought out a play on the stage six years before I was born, in the consulship of Cento and Tuditanus, yet advanced in age even up to my youth. Why should I speak of the study of P. Licinius Crassus, of pontifical and civil law? or of the present P. Scipio, who was made Pontifex Maximus a few days ago? and yet we have seen all these persons whom I have enumerated ardent in these employments when old men. But with what devotion have we seen M. Cethegus (whom Ennius properly called the "marrow of persuasion") engage in the practice of speaking even when an old man? What pleasures, then, of feasts, or of games, or of harlots, are to be compared with these pleasures? And these indeed are the pursuits of learning, which with the prudent and well-instructed increase together with their years: so that is a fine observation of Solon, which he makes in a certain verse, "that he grows old while learning many things in addition daily;" than which enjoyment of the mind certainly none can be higher.

XV. I come now to the pleasures of husbandmen, with which I am extraordinarily delighted; which are not obstructed by any old age, and seem to me to approach nearest to the life of a wise man. For they have to do with earth, which never refuses command, and never returns without interest what it has received: but sometimes with less, for the most part with greater, interest. And yet it is not the produce merely, but the power and the nature of the earth itself, which delight me: which, when it hath received the sown seed in its softened and well-prepared bosom, first of all confines it covered up: from which, harrowing, which effects this, derives its name; then, when it is warmed by heat and its own compression, it spreads it out, and draws forth from it the blade of corn just shooting forth, which, supported by the fibres of the roots, gradually grows up, and, raised on a knotted stalk, is now, as if it were of tender age, enclosed in a sheath, out of which, when it shall have shot up, it pours forth the fruit of the ear, heaped in order, and is fenced by a rampart of beards against the peckings of the lesser birds. Why need I tell of the plantings, growth, and increases of vines? That you may fully understand the repose and the delights of my old age, I cannot be sated with that gratification. For I omit to mention the peculiar force of all things, which are raised from the earth: which produces such large trunks and boughs from so diminutive a grain of the fig, or from the grapestone, or from the minutest seed of other fruits and roots: young shoots, grafts, twigs, quicksets, layers, do not these produce the effect of charming any one at all with admiration? The vine, indeed, which is naturally liable to fall, and, unless it be propped up, is carried down to

the ground, it enfolds with its tendrils, as it were with hands, whatever it meets with: which, creeping with manifold and erratic course, the art of the husbandman pruning with the knife restrains, lest it should grow too thick with twigs, and be spread too far in every direction. Accordingly in the opening of spring, in those twigs which are left, there comes forth, as it were, at the joints of the branches, what is called a bud, from which the nascent grape displays itself: which, becoming large, both from the moisture of the earth and the heat of the sun, is at first very bitter to the taste, and then, when ripened, becomes sweet, and, mantled with vine-leaves, is both not without moderate warmth, and also keeps off the excessive heat of the sun,—than which what can there be as well richer in fruit as more beautiful in appearance? of which not merely the advantage, as I before mentioned, but also the culture and the very nature, delights me: the rows of supports, the binding of the heads, the tying up and propagation of the vines, and that pruning of some, and grafting of other twigs, which I have spoken of. Why should I mention irrigations, why the diggings of the soil and the trenchings, by which the earth is rendered much more productive? Why should I speak of the usefulness of manuring? I have discussed it in that book which I wrote about rural affairs: about which the learned Hesiod has not mentioned a single word, though he wrote about the cultivation of land. But Homer, who was many ages before him, as I think, represents Laertes, soothing the longing regret which he felt after his son by cultivating the ground and manuring it. Nor are rural matters charming by reason of cornfields only, and meadows, and vineyards, and copses: but also by gardens and orchards: also by the feeding of cattle, the swarms of bees, and the various sorts of flowers. Nor do plantings merely give me pleasure, but also engraftings, than which, agriculture has discovered nothing more ingenious.

XVI. I can recount many amusements of rustic life: but even those things which I have mentioned, I feel to have been rather long. However, you will pardon me. For I have been carried away both from my love of rural pursuits, and old age is naturally rather talkative; that I may not seem to claim exemption for it from all defects. It was in such a life as this, therefore, that M'. Curius, after he had triumphed over the Samnites, over the Sabines, and over Pyrrhus, spent the closing period of his life. In surveying whose country residence (for it is not far distant from me), I cannot sufficiently admire either the moderation of the man himself, or the moral discipline of the times. When the Samnites had brought a great weight of gold to Curius, while he was sitting at his fireside, they were rejected by him with scorn: for he said that it did not appear to him a fine thing

to possess gold; but to hold sway over those who possessed gold? Could so great a soul render old age otherwise than charming? But I come to husbandmen, that I may not digress from myself. There were in the country at that time senators, and they too old men: inasmuch as it was announced to L. Quintus Cincinnatus, when at the plough, that he had been appointed Dictator: by the command of which Dictator C. Servilius Ahala seized and put to death Sp. Mælius, who was aspiring to sovereign power. Curius and other old men were summoned to the Senate from their country residences, whence the persons who used to summon them were styled "viatores." Was their old age, then, a subject for commiseration, who amused themselves with the cultivation of the ground? In my opinion, indeed, I am not aware whether any other can be more happy: and that, not merely from the performances of duty, inasmuch as agriculture is beneficial to the entire race of man; but also from the amusement, of which I have spoken, and from the copiousness and abundance, which have reference to the food of man, and also to the worship of the gods: so that, inasmuch as some persons like these things, we may now put ourselves on good terms with pleasure. For the cellar of a good and industrious master is always well stored; the oil casks, the pantry too, and the entire farmhouse is well supplied: it abounds in pigs, kids, lambs, hens, milk, cheese, honey. Then, too, the husbandmen themselves call the garden a second dessert. Then fowling and hunting—[things which] belong to leisure labour—give a greater relish to these things. What shall I say of the greenness of the meadows, or the rows of trees, or the pretty appearance of vineyards and olive grounds? Let me cut the matter short. There can be nothing, either more rich in use, or more handsome in appearance, than a well-tilled farm; for the enjoyment of which, old age not only does not hinder, but even invites and allures. For where can that time of life be more comfortably warmed, either by basking in the sunshine, or by the fire, or can be more healthfully refreshed by shades and waters? Let them therefore have their arms, horses, spears, clubs, tennis ball, swimmings, and races: let them leave to us old men out of many amusements the *tali* and *tesseræ*, and even in that matter, it may be as they please, inasmuch as old age can be happy without these amusements.

XVII. The books of Xenophon are very useful for many things, which read, I pray you, diligently, as you are doing. How fully the cultivation of the ground is praised by him in that book which treats of the management of one's family estate, and which is styled "Æconomicus." And, that you may understand that nothing seems to him so royal as the pursuit of agriculture, Socrates in that book converses with Critobulus [and remarks]

that Cyrus the younger, King of the Persians, distinguished for his intellect, and for the glory of his empire, when Lysander the Lacedæmonian, a man of the highest valour, had come to him at Sardis, and had brought to him presents from the allies, both in other respects, was affable and courteous towards Lysander, and showed him also a piece of ground fenced in and planted with care. And that when Lysander was admiring both the tallness of the trees, and the rows arranged in the form of a quincunx, and the ground well tilled and clear, and the sweetness of the odours, which were exhaled from the flowers: he then said, that he admired not only the industry, but also the ingenuity, of him by whom these had been measured and marked out; and that Cyrus said to him in reply: "And yet I am the person who planned all these; mine are the rows: mine the laying out; many of these trees also were planted by my own hand." That then Lysander, looking at his purple robe, and the magnificence of his person, and his Persian dress [decked with] much gold and many jewels, said: "Rightly, O Cyrus, do they pronounce you happy, since fortune is combined with your merit." This fortune, then, old men may enjoy: nor is age a bar to our retaining the pursuits of other things, and principally of cultivating the land, even to the last period of old age.

We have heard that M. Valerius Corvus arrived at his hundredth year, while after the period of active life had been spent, he lived on his farm and cultivated it: between whose first and sixth consulship, six and forty years intervened. Therefore, as long a space of life as our ancestors ordained to extend to the commencement of old age, so long was the course of his distinctions; and the close of his existence was more fortunate on this account than the middle, inasmuch as it had more of authority and less of labour. Now authority is the crowning ornament of old age. How great was it in L. Cæcilius Metellus! how great in Atilius Calatinus! on whom was that uncommon inscription: "Very many nations agree that he was the foremost man of the people." The whole epitaph is well known, sculptured on his tomb. Justly, therefore, was he dignified, about whose praises the report of all men is accordant. What a man have we seen in P. Crassus, who was lately Pontifex Maximus! what a man afterwards in M. Lepidus, invested with the same priestly office! Why shall I speak of Paullus or Africanus? or, as I have just now done, of Maximus? men, not only in whose opinions, but even in whose nod, authority was visible. Old age, particularly if it be an honoured one, has so great authority, that this is of more worth than all the pleasures of youth.

XVIII. But keep in mind that in my whole address I am lauding that old age, which has been established on the founda-

tions of youth: whence this is effected, which I once said with the marked assent of all, "that wretched is the old age which has to defend itself by speaking." Neither hoary hairs, nor wrinkles, can suddenly acquire respect; but the former part of life, passed in honour, reaps the fruits of respect at the close. For those very matters which seem light and common are evidences of respect,—to be bowed to, to be sought after, to have the way made for you, to have people rising up to you, to be escorted on your way, to be conducted home, to have your opinion asked, —things which, both with us, and in other states, according as each is most distinguished in manners, are most rigidly observed. They say that Lysander, the Lacedæmonian, of whom I have just made mention, was accustomed to say, "that in Lacedæmon there was the most honourable abode for old age,"—for nowhere else is so much conceded to years, nowhere old age more honoured. Nay, even it is handed down on record, that when at Athens, during the performance of the games, a certain person advanced in years had come into the theatre, in a large assembly no room was anywhere made for him by his own countrymen; but when he had approached near the Lacedæmonians, who, inasmuch as they were ambassadors, had sat down together in a particular place, they all simultaneously arose, and received the old man to a seat. And when reiterated applause had been given to them by the entire concourse of people, one of them remarked, "that the Athenians knew what was right, but were unwilling to do it." There are many admirable rules in our college [of Augurs], but especially this of which I am treating, that according as each man has the superiority in age, so he holds precedence in giving his vote; and senior augurs are preferred, not merely to those who are superior in honour, but even to those who are invested with actual command. What gratifications, then, of the body are to be compared with the rewards of authority? which they who have enjoyed with splendour, appear to me to have finished the drama of life, and not like untrained players, to have broken down in the last act. But [you will say] old men are peevish, and fretful, and passionate, and inaccessible; if we seek to know it, misers too; but these are the faults of their moral nature, and not of old age. And yet the peevishness, and those faults which I have mentioned, have some excuse, not one indeed satisfactory, but one which may seem possible to be approved of: they think that they are despised, looked down upon, made game of; besides, in the case of a weak body, every stroke is annoying; all which, however, become sweeter both by good manners and qualities, and that can be discovered as well in actual life, as on the stage, from those brothers, which are in the "Adelphi." What severity in one—what gentleness in the other! And so it is, for as

not every wine, so not every life, grows sour through old age. I commend gravity in old age, but this (as other things) in moderation; harshness by no means; but what the avarice of an old man means, I do not see. For can anything be more absurd than in proportion as less of our journey remains, in that proportion to seek a larger supply of provisions?

XIX. A fourth reason remains, which seems most to vex and render anxious our life, [that is] *the near approach of death*, which certainly cannot be far distant from old age. Wretched is the old man, who in so long a life hath not seen that death is to be despised! which ought either to be overlooked altogether, if it completely quenches the soul, or ought even to be wished for, if it conducts it to some place where it is about to be immortal. And yet no third way of it can certainly be found. Why then should I fear, if after death I am either to be not miserable, or to be even happy? And yet, who is so silly, however young he is, as to feel assured that he will live to the evening? Nay, even that time of life has many more chances of death than ours. Young men are more easily attacked with diseases; they are more severely ill; are more painfully healed; and so, but few of them arrive at old age. And if this did not happen so, we should live better and more prudently. For there is in the old, sense, and reflection, and judgment; and if there had been none of them, there would now be no states at all. But I return to impending death. What charge is that against old age, when you see the same to be common to youth also? I have felt as well in the case of my own most excellent son, as in the case of your brothers, Scipio, who expected to attain to the highest honours, that death is common to every age. But [you will say] a young man hopes that he will live long, which same an old man cannot hope. He hopes but foolishly. For what is more foolish than to account things uncertain as certain, things false as true? An old man has not even anything to hope for. [Granted], but he is withal in so much a better condition than the young man, inasmuch as he has already reached what the other is only expecting. The one is wishing to live long, the other has lived long. And yet, O good gods, what is there "long" in the life of man? for give the latest period, let us look for the age of the King of the Tartessii. For there was (as I find it written) a certain Argonthonius at Gades, who reigned for eighty years, and lived a hundred and twenty; but to me nothing whatever appears even of long continuance, in which there is any end. For when that arrives, then the time which has gone by has flowed away; that alone remains, which you have gained by virtue and upright actions. Hours indeed depart, and days, and months, and years; nor does past time ever return, neither can it be known what is

to follow. Whatever time is given to each to live, with that ought he to be satisfied. For neither is the drama to be performed to the end by the player, in order that he may please, provided he give satisfaction in whatever act he may have appeared; nor need the wise man live to the "Plaudite." For a short period of life is sufficiently long for living well and honourably. But if you should proceed farther, you need not be more sorrowful than farmers are sorry, that the pleasantness of spring-time being past, summer and autumn have come; for spring is an emblem, as it were, of the time of youth, and gives promise of the future fruits; the remaining seasons are fitted for plucking those fruits, and gathering them in. Now, the fruit of old age, as I have frequently said, is the remembrance and plenty of blessings before secured. All things, indeed, which take place conformably to nature are to be accounted among blessings. What is, therefore, so conformable to nature, as for old men to die? which same falls to the lot of young men, though nature opposes and resists. Therefore, young men appear to me to die just as when the force of flames is extinguished by a great quantity of water, whereas old men die, as the exhausted fire goes out, spontaneously, without the exertion of any force: and as fruits, if they are unripe, are plucked from the trees by force; if ripe and mellowed, fall off; so force takes away life from young men, maturity from old men; which indeed to me is so delightful, that the nearer I come to death, I appear, as it were, to be getting in view of the shore, and at last, after a long voyage, to be coming into harbour.

XX. There is a fixed boundary of all times of life, but there is no fixed boundary of old age, and you live properly in it so long as you can perform and maintain the requirements of your situation, and yet despise death; whence it happens, that old age is even more stout-hearted and braver than youth. Of this sort was that which was answered by Solon to Pisistratus the Tyrant, when on the former asking, "on what hope relying, he so resolutely withstood him," is said to have answered, "on old age." But the best termination of life is, when with the mind and the other senses unimpaired, the same nature which cemented together, takes to pieces her own work. As he who has built a ship or a house likewise pulls them down with the most readiness, so the same nature which has glued man together, with the most readiness takes him to pieces. Now every fastening of glue, when fresh, is rent asunder with difficulty, but easily, when hardened by time. And thus it is that that brief remnant of life should not be either eagerly desired, or without reason given up, by old men; and Pythagoras forbids us to retire from the post and station of life without the command of our general, that is, of God. There is indeed an observation of the wise Solon, in which

he asserts that he is unwilling that his death should be without the grief and lamentations of friends. He wishes, I suppose, that he should be dear to his friends. But I know not but that Ennius says better:—

"Let no one grace me with tears, nor celebrate my funeral obsequies with mourning."

He thinks that that death is not to be bewailed, which an immortality follows. Moreover, to a dying man* there can be some consciousness, and that for a short time, particularly with an old man: after death, indeed, consciousness is either to be wished for, or does not exist. But this ought to be studied from our youth, [namely] to think lightly of death; without which study no one can be of a tranquil mind. For we must certainly die, and it is uncertain whether on this very day. How, therefore, can he who at all hours is apprehensive of impending death feel easy in his mind? about which there does not appear to be any need of a long discussion, when I bring to my remembrance, not only L. Brutus, who was slain in liberating his native land; not only the two Decii, who spurred on their horses to a voluntary death; not only M. Atilius, who set out to meet punishment, that he might keep his troth pledged to the enemy; not only the two Scipios, who desired to obstruct the march of the Carthaginians even with their own bodies; not only your grandfather, L. Paulus, who by his death paid the penalty of the temerity of his colleague at the disgraceful field of Cannæ; not only M. Marcellus, whose corpse not even the most merciless enemy permitted to be without the honour of sepulture, but also that our legions (as I have written in the "Antiquities") have frequently advanced with a cheerful and animated mind to that place from whence they felt persuaded that they should never return. That, therefore, which young men, and they too not only unlearned, but mere peasants, despise, shall well-instructed old men fear? On the whole (as it appears to me indeed), a satiety of all pursuits produces a satiety of life. There are the definite pursuits of boyhood: do, therefore, young men regret the loss of them? There are some also of commencing youth: does that settled time of life which is called middle age seek these again? There are some, too, which belong to this time of life: therefore, according as the pursuits of the earlier stages of life fall off, so also do those of old age fall off; which, when it happens, satiety of life brings on the ripened period of death.

XXI. I, for my part, do not see why I should not venture to tell you what I myself think about death, because methinks I perceive it so much better, in proportion as I am less distant

* Others read *moriendi*.

from it. I feel persuaded that your fathers, P. Scipio, and you, C. Lælius, most illustrious men, and my dearest friends, are still living, and [are living] that life too which alone is worthy of being called life. For as long as we are immured in this prison of the body, we are fulfilling, as it were, some function and severe task of necessity; for the heaven-born soul has been thrust down from its most elevated dwelling-place, and, as it were, buried in the earth, a place opposed to its divine nature and to its immortality. But I believe that the immortal gods have infused souls into human bodies, in order that there might exist beings who should tend the earth, and who, observing the order of the heavenly bodies, might imitate it in the mode and uniformity of their life. Nor has reason and argument alone brought me thus to believe, but also the exalted reputation and authority of the greatest philosophers. I used to hear that Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, who were almost countrymen of ours, and who were formerly called the Italian philosophers, never doubted but that we had souls derived from the universal divine intelligence. Moreover, the arguments which Socrates used on the last day of his life, on the subject of the immortality of the soul,—he who was pronounced by the oracle of Apollo the wisest of men,—were demonstrative to me. But why enlarge more? thus I am persuaded, thus I feel assured: that since so great is the swiftness of our minds, so great their recollection of things past, and their foresight of things to come—so many arts, so many sciences, so many inventions, that the nature which comprises these things cannot be mortal; and since the mind is always in activity, and yet has not any first principle of motion, because it moves itself, that it will never find any end of motion, because it will never leave itself; and since the nature of the soul is uncompounded, and has not in itself any admixture unlike itself and dissimilar [to itself], that it cannot be divided, and if this cannot be, it cannot perish. And it is a strong argument that men know very many things before they are born, since even when boys, while they are learning hard subjects, they so quickly grasp innumerable ideas, that they appear not to be acquiring them then for the first time, but to be remembering them, and to be bringing them to recollection. So argued our Plato.

XXII. Moreover, in Xenophon, Cyrus the elder, when dying, speaks thus: "Think not, my beloved sons, that when I shall have left you, I shall exist nowhere, or cease to exist. For not even while I was with you, did you see my soul, but you inferred that it was in this body, from the things that I used to do. Believe, therefore, that the same exists, even though you will not see any. For neither would the honours of eminent men continue after death, if their own souls had no effect in causing us to keep

up a remembrance of them longer. The conviction could never be forced on me, that souls lived as long as they were in mortal bodies: and when they had quitted them, died; nor, indeed, that the soul then became void of sense, when it had escaped from a senseless body, but that, when liberated from every admixture of the body, it had begun to be pure and uncontaminated, that then it became wise. And further, when the constitution of a man is broken up by death, it is evident whither each of its other parts depart, for they all return thither whence they had their origin; whereas the soul alone is apparent, neither when it is present with us, nor when it departs. Further, you see that there is nothing so like death as sleep. And yet the souls of those asleep particularly manifest their own divine nature; for when they are released and set free, they have foresight of many things to come. From which it is inferred of what nature they will be, when they shall have quite released themselves from the fetters of the body. Wherefore, if this be so, reverence me as a god. But if the soul is destined to perish along with the body, yet you, revering the gods, who maintain and govern all this fair system, will preserve a remembrance of me affectionately and inviolably." These words spoke Cyrus on his death-bed.

XXIII. Let us, if it please you, revert to ourselves. No one will ever convince me that either your father, Paullus, or your two grandfathers, Paullus and Africanus, or the father of Africanus, or his uncle, or the many illustrious men whom it is unnecessary to enumerate, aimed at such great achievements as might belong to the recollection of posterity, had they not seen with their minds' eye that posterity belonged to them. Think you (that I may boast of myself a little, after the manner of old men) that I should have undertaken so great labours by day and by night, in peace and in war, if I was about to limit my glory by the same boundaries as my life? Would it not have been much better to pass a life of ease and of retirement without any labour or striving? But some way or other, my soul, lifting itself upwards, used to entertain such a view of posterity as if, when it had quitted life, then at length it were going to live: which, indeed, if it were not so—that souls were immortal—the souls of the most excellent of men would not of all things aspire to immortal glory. Why [need I say] that the wisest man ever dies with the greatest, —the most foolish, with the least evenness of soul? Does not that soul which penetrates more and farther into futurity, seem to you to see that it is on its journey to a better world; whereas, that one whose vision is less keen, does not see it? I, for my part, am transported with eagerness to see your fathers, whom I reverenced and loved, and I am anxious to meet not only those with whom I was myself acquainted, but also those about whom

I have heard and read, and myself have written. Whither, indeed, proceeding on my journey, no one truly would readily draw me back, or boil me again as Pelias [in order to restore me to youth]. But if any god would bestow it on me, that I should become a child again from my present time of life, and cry in my cradle, I should by all means refuse: nor indeed should I desire, after having, as it were, run my course, to be called back to the starting-post from the goal. For what advantage has life? what toil rather has it not? but let it have it indeed, yet it has at least either satiety or termination: for I am not inclined to mourn over the loss of life, as many, and they learned men, too, have often done: nor am I sorry that I have lived, inasmuch as I have so lived, as to imagine that I was not born in vain; and I depart from this life, as it were from a lodging-house, not as if from a home: for nature hath given it to us as an inn for sojourning, not as a place of permanent residence. O glorious day, when I shall depart to that divine assemblage and company of spirits, and when I shall quit this scene of turbulence, and medley of impurity. For I shall depart not only to those men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my own Cato, than whom never was better man born, no one more eminent for filial affection; whose corpse was burnt by me: whereas, on the contrary, it was becoming that mine [should have been burnt] by him; but his spirit not deserting me, but often looking back, doubtless departed to those places, whither it perceived that I myself was bound to come. Which calamity of mine I appeared manfully to support; not that I supported it with equanimity, but I comforted myself with the thought, that the separation and interval between us would not be of long continuance. By these things, Scipio (for you said that you and Lælius used to wonder at it), old age is tolerable to me, and not only not irksome, but even charming. But if I am in error in this, that I believe the souls of men to be immortal, I am willingly in error; nor do I wish this error by which I am delighted to be wrested from me while I live: but if I when dead shall have no consciousness—as some little-mind philosophers think—I am not apprehensive that philosophers when dead, shall laugh at my error. But if we are not to be immortal, nevertheless it is desirable for a man to die at his proper time. For nature, as of all other things, so also prescribes a limit of life: now old age is the completion of life, as of a play; from the fatigue of which we ought to escape, particularly if satiety be superadded.

These are the observations which I had to make on old age; at which may you arrive; that, having experienced in fact those things which you have from me, you may be enabled to stamp them with your approval.

THE "LÆLIUS" OF CICERO, OR TREATISE ON FRIENDSHIP.

I. QUINTUS MUCIUS, the Augur, was in the habit of relating many anecdotes concerning his father-in-law, C. Lælius, from memory, and in a pleasing manner, and never hesitated to call him *wise* in every discourse. Moreover, I had myself, on assuming the gown of manhood, been so [favourably] introduced by my father to Scævola, that, so far as I could and was allowed, I never quitted the old man's side. Accordingly, I used to commit to memory many arguments ingeniously handled by him, and many things said in a curt and apt manner, and kept zealously striving to become better informed by his [superior] knowledge. After his death I had recourse to Scævola the Pontiff, an individual whom I venture to call the first in our State in ability and integrity. But of him elsewhere: I now return to the Augur. As well do I frequently call to mind many things that occurred, as [in particular this] that, seated at home in his easy chair, when both I was with him and a few very intimate friends, he commenced to speak on this subject, which then was in the mouths of almost all. For, Atticus, I have no doubt you remember, and the more so as you were an intimate friend of P. Sulpicius, when this latter, during his office of Plebeian Tribune, was estranged by a deadly hatred from Q. Pompeius, who was then Consul, with whom he had lived on the most cordial and affectionate terms, how great was the wonder and even the dissatisfaction of men. Therefore, when Scævola had incidentally mentioned this subject, he laid before us a discourse of Lælius on "Friendship," delivered by the latter to himself and the other son-in-law of Lælius, C. Fannius, the son of Marcus, a few days after the death of Africanus. Of this discourse, I committed the purport to memory, which I have given in this treatise arranged according to my own judgment; for I have introduced them as speaking themselves, that "say I" and "says he" might not be too frequently thrust in, and that the discourse might seem to be held as if by persons present face to face. For when you frequently begged of me that I should write something on the subject of "Friendship," it seemed to me a subject as well worthy of the study of all men, as of our own intimacy. Therefore, I have readily consented, that I might do a service to many at your request. Now, as in "Cato Major," which was written to

you on "Old Age," I introduced the old man Cato discussing the subject, since no character seemed better suited to discourse on that age than that of one who had been both an old man for so very long a time, and in that very old age had been prosperous beyond others; so, since we had understood from our fathers that the friendship of C. Lælius and P. Scipio was remarkable in the highest degree, the character of Lælius seemed to me an appropriate one to discuss that very subject, "Friendship," which Scævola remembered to have been discussed by him. Now this kind of discourses, resting on the authority of ancient men, and those, too, famous, seems to have in some way or other more impressiveness [than others]. Accordingly, while reading my own production, I am sometimes so moved as to imagine Cato, not myself, the speaker. And as then I an old man [wrote] to you an old man on "Old Age," so in this treatise have I, a most attached friend, written to a friend on "Friendship." Then Cato was the speaker, than whom there was scarcely one older, and not one wiser in his day: now Lælius, both a discriminating man (for so he was reputed), and famous in reputation for friendship, is the speaker on "Friendship." I would wish you for awhile to divert your thoughts from me, and to imagine Lælius himself to be addressing you. C. Fannius and Q. Mucius come to their father-in-law after the death of Africanus. The conversation is started by them. Lælius replies, whose discourse is wholly on the subject of "Friendship," which discourse, you, on perusing, will discover [in it] yourself.

II. FANNIUS.—What you say is true, Lælius, for there was no better or more famous man than Africanus; but you ought to feel that the regards of all men are now bent on you: they name and believe you the only wise man of the day: this honour was lately conferred on M. Cato: we know that among our fathers L. Atilius was named "The Wise," but each in a different sense: Atilius, because he was considered well versed in civil law: Cato, because he possessed manifold experience: many instances were told of his wise foresight in the Senate, his persevering pleadings in the Forum, and of his acute legal opinions: therefore in his old age he had well nigh the surname of "The Wise." Men, however, think you wise in a different sense, not merely from natural talent and temper, but also from application and learning; and not as the illiterate, but as the learned, designate a man "The Wise" and such as was no man in all Greece besides: for persons, who weigh the matter nicely, do not place in the number of "The Wise" those called "The Seven." We have heard that at Athens there was one, and he too pronounced first in wisdom even by the oracle of Apollo: men believe you to be possessed of this sort of wisdom, that you think all that concerns

you to lie within yourself, and believe the casualties of human life as subordinate to virtue: accordingly, persons inquire of me (and I think of you too, Scævola) how you take the death of Africanus: and the rather so, because on the last Nones, when we were met in the gardens of D. Brutus, the Augur, for the purpose of the usual deliberation, you did not make your appearance, though you always had been accustomed to observe that day, and attend to that duty with the most careful regularity. SCÆVOLA.—Indeed, C. Lælius, many do, as Fannius has said, ask such questions; but I answer, what I have observed to be the case, that you bear with patience the painful blow you have endured in the death as well of a most eminent man as of a most beloved friend; that it was neither possible, nor in accordance with your kindly disposition, that you should be unmoved at it; but that an indisposition of yours, and not your affliction, had been the cause that you were not present at the meeting of our College on the last Nones. LÆLIUS.—You said well and truly, Scævola, for I ought not to be withheld by a private inconvenience from that duty to which I have always attended when in good health; and I think that from no casualty can it occur to a man of firmness of character that any intermission of duty should happen. And as for you, Fannius, who say that so great an honour is conferred on me as I do not take upon me, or claim as my own, you show your friendly spirit; but, as you appear to me, you do not judge correctly about Cato; for either there never was a wise man, which I am in truth inclined to believe, or if there ever was one, he was the man. For (to say nothing of other instances) with what firmness did he bear the death of his son!—I remembered Paullus; I had seen Gallus: but they were only tried by the loss of mere boys; Cato by the loss of a mature and excellent man. Therefore, take care not to place before Cato even that man whom, as you say, Apollo pronounced "first in wisdom;" for the actions of the former, the sayings of the latter, are celebrated. Of me, however (that I may now address myself to you both), think thus:—

III. If I were to assert that I was not moved with regret for the loss of Scipio, be it for the wise to consider how far I should be right in so doing, but I certainly should speak untruly. For I am grieved at being bereft of a friend, such as, I believe, no one ever will be to me again; such as I can at least confidently affirm no one else ever was; but I require no medicine, I myself console myself, and chiefly with this consolation, that I am free from that erroneous belief by which most men are apt to be afflicted on the departure of their friends; for I believe that no harm has befallen Scipio. Whatever *has* befallen, has befallen me; and to be sorely afflicted by one's own disasters is the part

of a man that loves himself, not his friend. Who indeed can deny that he ended his career splendidly? For unless he chose to hope for immortality, which he was far from thinking desirable, what is there, that was right for man to desire, which he has not obtained? Who ever, from his arrival at mature years, by his incredible merit, exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the citizens, which they had entertained concerning him, even from his boyish days; who never canvassed for the consulship, yet was twice elected Consul: the first time, before the legal age; the second, at the proper period, as regarded himself, but almost too late for the interests of the Commonwealth; who, by the overthrow of two cities, the most deadly enemies of this empire, crushed not merely present, but also future wars. What need I say of his most kindly disposition, of his dutiful affection toward his mother, his generosity toward his sisters, his goodness toward his friends, his righteous dealings towards all men? These things are familiar to you; and how dear he was to the State has been evidenced by the mourning at his funeral. What advantage then could the addition of a few years have conferred on him? For though old age is not a burden, as I remember Cato, the year before his death, showed in a discourse with me and Scipio, yet it takes away that freshness which Scipio even then enjoyed. Therefore, both in fortune and glory, his life was such that nothing could be added to it; and, moreover, the suddenness of his death prevented any consciousness of it. Now concerning this manner of death, it is difficult to offer an opinion; you see what men surmise. This, however, I may truly say, that of the many most famous and most joyous days which, during his life, P. Scipio beheld, that day was the most glorious, when, on the breaking up of the Senate, he was escorted home in the evening by the conscript fathers, the Roman people, the allies, and Latins, the day before he died; so that from so high a position of dignity he seems to have gone to the celestial rather than to the infernal gods.

IV. For I do not agree with those who lately began to advance this doctrine, that the soul dies together with the body, and that all things are annihilated by death. The authority of the ancients has more weight with me, whether of our own forefathers, who paid such sacred honours to the dead, which they certainly would never have done if they had thought that they pertained nothing to them, or of those men who flourished in this country, and by their lessons and precepts instructed Magna Græcia; a country which, though it is now fallen into decay, was then an important one; or of that man who was, by the oracle of Apollo, pronounced the wisest,—who used not, as most do, to advance different opinions at different times, but was always consistent

in stating the same doctrine: that the souls of men are divine, and that when they have left the body, a path lies open for their return to heaven, most easy in proportion as each had been most virtuous and just. And this was the opinion of Scipio; who, too, a very few days before his death, as if he felt a presentiment of it, when Philus and Manilius, and a number of others, were present, and you too, Scævola, had accompanied me there, discoursed during three days on forms of government, of which discourse the last part was nearly all on the immortality of the soul; [consisting of] what he said he had heard in a vision, during sleep, from Africanus. If this be the case, that every good man's soul, in proportion as he has been the more virtuous, most easily, in death, wings its flight, as if from a prison, and from the shackles of the body, to what man can we imagine the path to heaven to have been more accessible than to Scipio? Wherefore, I am afraid it is rather the part of an ill wisher than of a friend to sorrow for this his fate. But if this rather be true, that the death of the soul and body is simultaneous, and that no consciousness survives, as there is no good in death, there certainly is no evil. For when consciousness is lost, he becomes just as though he had never been born; nevertheless, that he *was* born, both we feel rejoiced, and the State at large, as long as it shall exist, will display its exultation. Wherefore, as I before said, *he* has fared most happily, *I* less fortunately; who, as I had entered [on the stage of life] before him, should more fairly have made my exit the first; but, however, I derive pleasure from the recollection of our friendship, insomuch as I seem to have lived happily, because I lived with Scipio, with whom I had a common anxiety concerning public and private affairs, with whom, at home and in war, I was associated, and [with whom], that wherein consists the whole pith of friendship, there was the utmost agreement of inclinations, favourite pursuits, and sentiments. Therefore, that reputation for wisdom, which Fannius just now mentioned, more particularly since it is undeserved, does not so much yield me pleasure as that I hope that the fame of our friendship will be eternal; and this is the more delightful to me, just because, in the course of all ages, scarce three or four pairs of friends are recorded: in which rank, methinks I indulge the hope, that the friendship of Scipio and Lælius will be known to posterity. FANNIUS.—Indeed, Lælius, that must need be so; but since you have mentioned the subject of "Friendship," and we are disengaged, you will do me a great favour, and I imagine Scævola too, if, as you often do concerning other subjects, when you are consulted on them, so you would descant on "Friendship," stating what your sentiments are, in what light you look upon it, what precepts you give [concerning it]. SCÆVOLA.—

You will highly gratify me too, and when I was attempting to plead that very thing with you, Fannius anticipated me; wherefore you will do both of us a great pleasure.

V. LÆLIUS.—I would have no objection if I had confidence in my own abilities; for the subject is a fine one, and we are, as Fannius has said, disengaged; but who am I? or what capability do I possess? It is a custom of the learned, and that too, of the Greeks, that a subject be proposed them on which they are to discourse, however unprepared. It is a difficult achievement, and requires no small [amount] of practice. Wherefore, I advise you, seek from those who profess such matters [all] that can be urged on the subject of "Friendship;" I can only advise you to prefer friendship to all earthly objects; for nothing else is so suited to our nature, so well adapted either to prosperity or adversity. Now in the first place, I hold this opinion, that friendship can only exist among the good; nor do I narrow the question as they do who discuss these matters with greater subtlety,—perhaps truly, but still in a manner unsuited to the purposes of general life; for they deny that any man can be good but the wise man. Well, let that pass; but they expound wisdom to be such a thing as no mortal has ever attained to; whereas we ought to contemplate such things as exist in real experience and in every-day life, not such things as are mere ideals or aspirations. I can never say that C. Fabricius, M'. Curius, Ti. Coruncanius, whom our ancestors pronounced to be wise men, were wise according to their criterion. Wherefore, let them keep to themselves the title of wisdom, which is both an invidious one and hard to understand; let them allow that these [our countrymen] were good men. They will not even do this; they will affirm that this [appellation] cannot be allowed to any but the wise man. Let us therefore discuss the matter [in accordance with] dull common sense, as they say. They who so manage their conduct, so direct their lives, that their honour, uprightness, equity, generosity, are commended; who have no covetous passion, or lust, or fool-hardiness; and who are of such firmness of soul as were those whom I just now named; let us consider these deserving of the name of good men, as they ever have been esteemed to be; since they follow, so far as men can do, nature, the best guide to a good life. For, methinks, I can clearly see this much; that such is the condition of our birth, that between all men there was to be a certain social tie, more binding in proportion as men were more nearly connected. Thus citizens have stronger claims than aliens, kindred than strangers: for with the former [two] nature herself is the parent of friendship; but this tie has not sufficient strength. For friendship in this respect excels relationship, that kindly feeling may be withdrawn from relationship, from friendship it cannot; since if kindly feeling be

done away with, the very name of friendship is done away with, whereas that of kindred subsists. And how strong the force of friendship is may be best perceived from this consideration: that from that boundless society of the human race, which nature herself has formed, the matter of friendship has been so circumscribed and contracted into so narrow a compass, that every tie of love was formed between two, or [at least] among a small number.

VI. Now friendship is nothing else than a perfect unanimity on all subjects, divine and human, conjoined with kindly feeling and affection; than which, with the exception of wisdom, I scarcely think any greater blessing has been bestowed on man by the immortal gods. Some prefer riches; others, health; others, power; others, honours; many, even sensual pleasures. This last indeed is the characteristic of the brute creation, whereas the former objects are unstable and uncertain, depending not so much on our own discretion as on fickleness of fortune. Those, moreover, who place the "chief good" in virtue do well; but it is this same virtue which is the producing cause and bond of friendship, nor without virtue can friendship in anywise subsist. Now let us explain virtue from the experience of our life and common conversation; and let us not, as some learned men do, measure it by a pompous array of words; and let us include among good men those who are so reputed,—our Paulli, Catos, Galli, Scipios, Phili. With these society at large is content; let us not consider such men as are not to be found in the world at all. Among men of this class, then, friendship has so great advantages—so great as I can scarcely express. In the first place, how can "life be worth living," as Ennius says, which does not find repose in the reciprocated good will of a friend? What can be more delightful than to have one, to whom you can venture to disclose everything as though he were yourself? What so great enjoyment would you have in prosperity, if you had not some one who would feel as much pleasure at it as yourself? And adversity would indeed be hard to support, if there were not one who would be more grieved at it than yourself. In short, all other objects which are desired are, for the most part, adapted each to some one end:—wealth, that you may enjoy the use of it;—power, that you may be courted; honours, that you may be praised; pleasures, that you may enjoy them; health, that you may be free from pain and fulfil the functions of the body. Friendship, however, includes the greatest possible number of objects: whithersoever you turn, it is before you; from no place is it excluded, it is never unseasonable, never disagreeable. Therefore, we have not more frequent occasion for water or fire, as the saying is, than for friendship. I am not now speaking of that which is common in kind, or low in degree—and yet even this confers both pleasure and profit—but of genuine

and perfect friendship, such as was that of those of whom but few are recorded. For friendship both adds lustre to prosperity, and, by mutually receiving and giving a share of it, lightens adversity.

VII. And not only does friendship embrace within herself very many and great advantages; but this one, beyond a doubt, surpasses all the rest,—that over the future she sheds the light of good hope, and suffers not the spirit to faint or fail; besides, he who beholds a friend, beholds, as it were, a counterpart of himself; wherefore men [with friends] though absent, are present; though needy, are wealthy; though invalids, are in good health; and, which is a still harder saying, though dead, are alive: so much do honour, affectionate remembrance, and regret, on the part of friends, attend them; whence the death of the one, the life of the other, seems praiseworthy. But if you remove from the world the bond of union of good will, no house, no city, will be able to stand: not even will the cultivation of the land continue. If it be not yet understood, how great is the force of friendship and concord—it may be learned from instances of disunion and discord. For what house is there so established, what State so strong, as that it may not be utterly overthrown by hatred and dissensions? from which consideration the vast advantages of friendship may be estimated. They say that a learned man of Agrigentum proclaimed in Greek verses that whatsoever things existed, and were susceptible of motion, in the nature of things, and in the whole universe, these, friendship draws together, discord parts asunder. And this indeed all mortals understand, and by their conduct approve. And, accordingly, whenever any kindly act of friendship is performed in exposing one's self to or sharing the dangers of a friend, who is there who does not, by the most ample praises, extol that act? How loud were lately the shouts of applause through the entire theatre at the new tragedy of my entertainer and friend, M. Pacuvius, when—the king not knowing which of the two was Orestes, Pylades said that he was Orestes, with the intention of being put to death in his stead, while Orestes insisted, as was true, that he was Orestes! Men stood up and applauded in the case of a fictitious representation,—what are we to suppose they would have done in the case of a real occurrence? Nature herself clearly manifested her rightful power, when that which they could not do themselves men pronounced to be well done in the case of another. Thus far, methinks, I have been able to express my sentiments on the subject of friendship: whatever more is to be said, and that is, I believe, a great deal, seek from those who are in the habit of discussing these matters.

FANNIUS.—From you would we rather seek it, although from them, too, have I both sought and received information, and with considerable pleasure too; but the thread of your discourse is some-

what different. SCÆVOLA.—You would be still more inclined to say so, Fannius, if you had been present a short time since, in the gardens of Scipio, when the subject of government was discussed. How powerful an advocate of justice was he then against the studied discourse of Philus! FANNIUS.—It were in truth easy for a man unequalled in justice to plead the cause of justice. SCÆVOLA.—What think you then of friendship? Ought it not to be an easy subject for a man who has won the highest renown for maintaining it with the utmost honour, consistency and integrity?

VIII. LÆLIUS.—This is indeed to employ force. For what difference is it in what way you force me? you do certainly use force; for it is not only difficult, but even unfair, to refuse to further the earnest desires of one's sons-in-law, and that, especially, in a praiseworthy pursuit. Well, then, very often as I reflect on friendship, the point seems to me to call for especial consideration, whether the want of friendship is felt on account of the weakness and poverty of our nature, in order that each may, by giving and receiving favours, receive from another, and in his turn supply that in which each singly is deficient; or whether this is only a property of friendship, but [that there exists] another cause more remote in its origin and more excellent, and proceeding rather from our very nature. For love [amor], whence friendship [amicitia] has its name, is the chief element in forming the bond of kindly feeling. For advantages are often indeed received even from those who are paid court to under a pretence of friendship, and held in reverence for the convenience of the time. In friendship, however, there is nothing counterfeit, nothing pretended; and whatever is in it is sincere and spontaneous. Therefore, friendship seems to me to have sprung from nature, rather than from a sense of want; from an inclination of the mind to an object, with a certain consciousness of loving it, rather than from reflecting on what great advantages it would be likely to bestow. The nature of which may indeed be observed even in the case of certain beasts; which up to a certain time, so love their offspring, and are loved by them, that the instinct [I have mentioned] plainly appears in them. And this in the case of man is much more manifest,—first, from that love which subsists between parents and children, which can be severed by nothing but some shocking wickedness; secondly, where a like feeling of love appears, if we find any one in whose habits and disposition we can sympathize, because in him we think we discern, as it were, a certain effulgence of integrity and virtue. For there is nothing more lovely than virtue,—nothing that more strongly attracts the affections towards it, since, on account of their virtue and integrity, we, to some extent, feel an affection

towards those whom we have never even seen. Who is there that does not frequently call to mind C. Fabricius and M'. Curius, men whom he has never seen, with a degree of love and affection? Who, moreover, is there that does not detest Tarquinius the Tyrant, Sp. Cassius, and Sp. Mælius? We fought for sovereignty in Italy with two generals, Pyrrhus and Hannibal; from the former, on account of his integrity, our affections are not much estranged; the other, for his barbarity, this State will ever detest.

IX. Now if the force of integrity be so great that we love it either in the case of persons whom we have never seen, or, which is still stranger, in that even of an enemy; what wonder is it if the affections of men receive an impulse when they seem to discern clearly the virtue and goodness of those with whom they may be united in familiar intercourse? And yet love is confirmed by the receiving of a friendly service, the discernment of good-will, and the addition of close familiarity; and when these motives have been added to that first inclination of affection and love, a certain extent of kindly feeling, that may well be regarded with admiration, is kindled. But if any imagine this to spring from the weakness of our nature, that each may have some one through whom he may obtain something of which he feels the want; they leave the origin of friendship, mean, and, if the expression be allowed me, far from noble, inasmuch as they will have it to be sprung from a feeling of want and poverty. For if this were so, according as any man thought there were the least resources in himself, so would he be best adapted for friendship, which is far from being the case. For just as any man is most self-reliant, and just as he is most completely entrenched in virtue and wisdom, so as to require no man's assistance, and to think all that concerns him centred in himself; so does he most excel in seeking to discover and in cultivating friendships. For what? Is it Africanus stand in need of me? Not so, by Jove, nor I indeed of him: but I loved him from a sort of admiration of his virtue; he, me in return, from some idea, perhaps, which he entertained concerning my rectitude of principles; familiarity increased our kindly feeling. But though many and great advantages resulted, yet the causes of our love proceeded not from hope of such. For as we do good and are generous, not that we may exact a requital,—for we do not put out a good deed at interest, but have a natural bent to generosity,—similarly we consider friendship a worthy object of our earnest desires not influenced thereto by any hope of profit, but because all its recompense is found in the very act of loving. But then, those who, like brute beasts, estimate all things by the standard of pleasure, differ widely from us; and no wonder, for they cannot

elevate their regards to any thing sublime, noble, or divine, who have thrown away their thoughts on a consideration so grovelling and so contemptible. Let us, then, banish such men from this discourse; let us, moreover, be thus assured, that the emotion of loving and the attachment of kindly feeling spring from nature, in cases where the evidence of integrity is evinced; and those who have felt a strong desire for this [integrity] incline towards it and draw nearer and nearer to it that they may enjoy the familiarity and virtues of him whom they have begun to love, and may be fellows and equal in love, and rather inclined to confer benefits than to demand a return. And so arises, between them, this honourable emulation. Thus both the greatest benefits shall be derived from friendship, and its origin shall be from nature, a more dignified one, and more true to experience than that [supposed to spring] from a sense of weakness. For if interest cemented friendships, a change of the same would sever them: but since men's natures cannot be changed, therefore, true friendships are eternal. You have now the origin of friendship, unless perchance you wish to make any addition to this [*or* any objection to this]. FANNIUS.—Proceed, Lælius, I beg of you; for I answer in the name of my friend here, as I have the right to do, since he is my junior. SCÆVOLA.—You say well; therefore, let us attend.

X. LÆLIUS.—Hear then, my most excellent friends, the discussions that constantly occurred between Scipio and me, on friendship: though he indeed used frequently to express the opinion that nothing was more difficult than for friendship to continue till the end of life. For (he would say) it constantly occurs either that the interests of the two are not the same; or that they have not the same sentiments on political matters; and at times that men's very dispositions are changed, now from misfortune, again from the increasing burden of years. And of this he would adduce an example by comparing it with the circumstances of our earlier years, since the warmest attachments of boys are often flung aside with the dress of childhood; or, should they have continued them till their adult years, nevertheless they are sometimes separated by a rivalry about marriage, or some other object of competition, which both cannot obtain together. And if any have persevered still farther in their friendship, yet it is often rudely shaken if they have become competitors for honours; for there is no greater bane of friendship than, among the crowd, the desire of money;—among the most noble, the competition for honours and for glory; whence have often sprung the most bitter quarrels between those who had been the most loving of friends; that likewise great and very often reasonable dissensions occurred when any improper request was made of friends, which would require them either to pander to lust, or to abet wrong; that

when any refused such a request, though they had ever so fair a reason for doing so, they were still accused by those whom they would not oblige, of being traitors to the cause of friendship; while those who scruple not to ask anything of a friend, by the fact of their making such request, declare that there is nothing they would not do for a friend's sake; that by the complaint of those persons not only are friendships deeply rooted by time, wont to be eradicated, but even undying feuds are generated: and so many [he would say] of these dooms, as it were, are impending over friendships, that to evade them all seemed to him to require not only wisdom, but also good fortune.

XI. Let us, therefore, in the first place, if it so please you, inquire how far, in the case of friendship, love ought to proceed. Whether, if Coriolanus had friends, ought they with Coriolanus to have borne arms against their native country? When Viscellinus was aspiring to kingly power,—when Sp. Mælius,—should their friends have aided them? We certainly saw Ti. Gracchus, when agitating the Republic, deserted by Q. Tubero and his other friends and companions. On the contrary, C. Blossus, of Cumæ, who was connected by the tie of hospitality with your family, Scævola, having come to me to sue for clemency when I was assisting the consuls Lænas and Rupilius with my advice, offered this as an argument that I should forgive him, namely, that he had esteemed Ti. Gracchus so highly as to think it his duty to do whatever he wished. I then asked,—"Even if he wished you to bear a firebrand against the Capitol?" "Never," he replied, "would he have harboured such a wish."—"But if he had wished it?" "I should have obeyed." You see how abominable an expression! And, by Hercules, he did as much, or more than he said: for he did not comply with, but directed, the recklessness of Ti. Gracchus; nor did he act as a follower, but as a leader, in his wild project. Accordingly, under the influence of this same madness, terrified by a fresh investigation, he fled into Asia, joined our enemies, and paid the State a heavy and justly incurred penalty. It is, then, no excuse for a crime that you have committed it for a friend's sake; for since a belief of your virtue was the first cause of the friendship, it is hard for the friendship to remain when you have fallen away from virtue. If, however, we shall decide that it is right to grant our friends whatever they wish, or to obtain from them whatever we wish, we must possess perfect wisdom if nothing wrong arises from such intercourse; but we are speaking of those friends who are before our eyes, whom we have seen, or of whom we have heard tell, or whom the experience of life has known. From this number we must take our examples, and chiefly from as many of them as approach most nearly to wisdom. We observe that Papus Æmilius was an in-

timate friend of C. Luscinus,—so we have heard from our fathers,—that they twice were Consuls together, and colleagues in the censorship; it is additionally recorded that M'. Curius and Ti. Coruncanius were connected by the closest intimacy with the two former, and with one another. We cannot, therefore, admit even a suspicion that any one of these demanded aught of his friend inconsistent with his honour, his oath, or the good of the State. For where is the use, in the case of such men, to say that, "if any of them had made such a request, I know he would not have obtained it;" inasmuch as they were men of the most stainless integrity; and seeing it is equally criminal to grant, and to make any such request? And yet C. Carbo and C. Cato became partisans of Ti. Gracchus; as also his brother Caius, who, though very far from being so at that time, is now his most determined follower.

XII. Be this law, then, enacted with regard to friendship, that we neither make dishonourable requests, nor grant them when made of us. For it is a disgraceful excuse, and in nowise admissible, as well in the case of other misdeeds, as when any one confesses that he has acted contrary to the public good for the sake of a friend. For we are now, Fannius and Scævola, placed in such a position, that we ought to look a long way forward to the coming calamities of the Commonwealth. The discipline of our ancestors has now swerved considerably from its former ground and course. Ti. Gracchus attempted to seize kingly power, or rather, he did hold it a very few months. Had the Roman people ever before heard or seen the like of this? The act, which his friends and kinsmen—who, after his death too, followed in his footsteps—committed in the case of P. Scipio, I cannot mention without tears. For with Carbo we bore as well as we could, in consideration of the recent punishment of Ti. Gracchus. What I have to expect from the tribunate of C. Gracchus I had rather not forebode: still, the matter is gradually creeping on, which, when once it has begun, descends with increasing swiftness to destruction. You see how great mischief, even before now, has been effected in the matter of the ballot, first by the Gabinian law, and two years afterwards by the Cassian. I imagine I already see the people severed from the Senate, and the gravest matters transacted at the discretion of the mob. For more persons will learn how these things are done, than how they are to be withstood. What is the bearing of these remarks? That without associates no one makes any such attempt. Good men must, then, be instructed that, if by any chance they are unwittingly ensnared in friendships of this sort, they are not to consider themselves so tied down, as that they may not properly abandon friends who offend against the public weal: punishment must,

moreover, be enacted against offenders, and not less against those who have followed another, than against those who have themselves been the leaders in so unnatural a course of wickedness. Who in Greece was more famous than Themistocles?—who, possessed of more influence? who, when by his generalship in the Persian war, he had saved Greece from slavery, and afterwards been exiled through popular odium, yet did not inflict on his ungrateful country that injury which he might fairly have inflicted: he acted in the same way as, twenty years earlier, Coriolanus had acted with us. By these men no partisans against their country were found; accordingly, each of them died by his own hand. Therefore, such a conspiracy of wicked men not only should not be protected by the plea of friendship, but should rather be visited with every punishment; so that no one may think it allowable to follow his friend, when he even makes war upon his native country: which, as matters have begun to proceed, will, I doubt, some time or other occur. To me, however, there is no less anxiety as to what state the Republic may be in, after my death, than there is about its present state.

XIII. Be this, then, ordained the first law of friendship,—"To make honourable requests of our friends, and for the sake of our friends to do all that is honourable;" let us not even wait to be asked; let readiness to oblige be always present, hesitancy far away; let us, moreover, take pleasure in giving advice without reserve. In friendship let the influence of friends giving sound advice have special weight, and let it be exerted not merely to give open advice, but also sharp reproof, should circumstances require; and when it is exerted let it meet with obedience. For certain persons, who, I hear, were reputed wise in Greece, entertained certain strange opinions, as I consider,—but there is no conclusion at which they do not arrive by their subtleties,—some of them holding that excessive friendships should be shunned, lest there be occasion for one man to suffer anxiety on account of a number of others; that every man has plenty to attend to in his own business; that it is too burdensome to be involved in other men's affairs: that the most convenient plan is to hold the reins of friendship as loose as possible, so that you may draw them tight or slacken them at will; since the capital element of a happy life is freedom from anxiety, which the mind cannot enjoy so long as one man suffers, as it were, throes of care for several. They say that others, with a still greater want of kindly feeling, lay down,—and on this topic I touched briefly but just now,—that friendships should be sought after for the support and assistance they may render, not in consideration of kindly and affectionate regards; that accordingly, the less self-reliance and the less strength of character any man possesses, the more he seeks to obtain

friendships: and that hence it results that weak women seek the supports of friendship more than strong men, the destitute than the opulent, and the unfortunate than those who are thought prosperous. O splendid wisdom! For they seem to remove the sun from the universe, who remove friendship from life: friendship, than which we have received from the immortal gods no greater or more delightful boon! And what is that same freedom from care? In appearance, no doubt attractive, but really, in many points of view to be rejected with disdain. For it is not consistent with duty either to decline to undertake, or, having undertaken, to abandon any honourable act, or course of conduct, lest it should cause you anxiety. Now, if we shun care, we must shun virtue, which must needs with a certain degree of care refuse with contempt and hate things contrary in their nature to itself; as benignity does malevolence; continence, sensuality; fortitude, cowardly supineness. Accordingly, you may observe the just to be offended in the highest degree by injustice, the brave by cowardice, the virtuous by impurity. This is, then, the property of a well-regulated mind, both to delight in what is good and to be offended by the reverse. If, therefore, pain of mind happen to the wise man,—and beyond a doubt it does happen, unless we suppose feeling for his species to be eradicated from his mind,—what reason is there for our utterly banishing friendship from life, lest we should encounter certain uneasiness on its account? For, if emotions of the mind be set aside, what difference is there, I do not say between a man and a brute, but between a man and a stone, or log, or anything of the same kind? Nor are they to be listened to, who will have it that virtue is something of a stern, and, so to speak, of iron substance: since both in many other cases, and also in friendship, it is soft [of substance], and yielding, so that it expands, as it were, at the prosperity and contracts at the adversity of a friend. That harassing pain, then, which must often be endured on a friend's account, is not a sufficient reason to banish friendship from life, any more than it is that virtues in general should be rejected, because they imply certain cares and uneasiness.

XIV. Now should any intimation of virtue shine forth, to which a congenial mind may incline and unite itself, when it, as I said before, forms the union of friendship,—when this occurs, love must needs result. For what could be so absurd as to derive pleasure from many mere vanities, as from honour, glory, a fine building, an article of dress, or the general adornment of the body; and yet not to receive much delight from a mind endowed with virtue, such as can love, or, so to say, return love for love? For nothing is more delightful than the repaying of kindly feeling; *nothing*, than the reciprocating of zealous affection, and friendly

services. And if we add this too, which may properly be added, that there is nothing which so powerfully allures and attracts anything to itself, as similarity does men to friendship; it will assuredly be allowed to be reasonable that good men single out for love and attach to themselves the good, as if they were connected to them by a natural tie of kindred. For there is nothing which seeks more after things that are congenial to itself, nothing which attracts them more powerfully, than nature. This, then, Fannius and Scævola, is, I believe, established, that all good men entertain towards good men a kindly regard, which is well nigh necessary, and which has been assigned by nature as the spring of friendship. But this same goodness affects the generality of mankind too. For virtue is not regardless of mankind, nor selfish nor supercilious; since it is her wont to patronize even entire communities, and to provide most wisely for their advantage; which she certainly would not do did she shrink from the love of the crowd. Beside this, to me certainly they seem to destroy the most lovely bond of friendship, who will have it that friendships are from motives of utility; for it is not the advantage accruing through a friend which is delightful, so much as simply the love of the friend; and that service, which has been rendered by a friend, is then grateful when it has been rendered with friendly zeal; and so far is it from being the fact that friendships are courted through a feeling of want, that those persons who, being blessed with influence and wealth, and, beyond all, with virtue (in which consists the greatest strength) stand least in need of the services of another, are the most liberal and the readiest to do good. And I am almost inclined to think that it is not even desirable that nothing at all should ever be wanting to friends. For where could my affectionate zeal have proved its strength, if Scipio had never had occasion for advice, never for my services either at home or abroad? Friendship did not, then, result from [a view of] utility, but utility from friendship.

XV. Men, therefore, who are rioting in luxury will not merit a hearing whenever they shall discuss the question, friendship, [a subject] which they have known neither from experience nor from reflection. For, in the name of gods and men! who is there who would wish, on the condition that he should neither love any one nor be loved by any, to wallow in all opulence, and live in a profusion of everything? For this is the life of tyrants, in which assuredly there can be no faith, no affection, no enduring confidence of kindly regard; all things ever filled with misgivings and anxiety, no room for friendship. For who can love the man whom he fears, or him by whom he believes himself feared? They [namely, tyrants] are, however, courted on pretence, merely for a season. And if by chance, as often happens, they have

fallen, then is perceived how destitute they were of friends. And thus they report that Tarquin said, that he then (when an exile) had come to understand what faithful and what unfaithful friends he had possessed, at a time when he had it not in his power to requite either; and yet I wonder that any man, with that pride and perversity of his, could have found one at all. And as the conduct of this man whom I have mentioned could not win true friends, so the wealth of many very powerful persons precludes all sincere friendships. For not alone is Fortune herself blind, but she also very frequently renders those blind whom she has embraced. Accordingly, they are almost constantly carried away by arrogance and self-sufficiency; nor can there be anything harder to bear than a fortunate fool. And this indeed may be observed, that men, who before were of courteous manners, are changed for the worse by high military or civil command, or by other prosperity; that old friendships are scornfully discarded by them, and that favour is showed to new ones. Now what can exhibit greater folly than [this, that] when those [whom fortune embraces] abound to the utmost in resources, wealth, and influence, they should procure all else that money can procure, horses, slaves, costly garments, and precious vases, and should not procure friends—the best and most beautiful household stuff, if the conceit be allowed me, of life? For while men are providing other matters, they know not for whom they provide them, nor on whose account they toil; for each of such possessions is the property of him who excels in might: but of friendships the enjoyment lasts for every man his own, enduring and secure; so that even should those things continue permanent which are the gifts, as it were, of fortune, still, a life which is barren and destitute of friends cannot be pleasant. Thus much for these matters.

XVI. Now we must determine the ends, and fix on the boundaries, as it were, of friendship. On these points I observe there are three opinions advanced, none of which I approve: one, that we should entertain the same feelings toward our friends that we do toward ourselves; a second, that our affectionate feelings toward our friends be equal and conformable to their affection for us; a third, that in whatever estimation each man holds himself, in the same he be held by his friends. In none of these three opinions do I altogether agree. For that first is not true, that a man should have the same feelings toward his friend that he has toward himself. For how many things do we do on a friend's account that we never would do on our own? to make requests of some paltry fellow, to become his suppliant; besides, to rail very bitterly, and with unusual fierceness to inveigh against some one; [acts] which in our own case are not done properly, but in the *case of our* friends, most properly; and there are many cases in

which good men make or suffer to be made many encroachments on their convenience, that their friends may reap advantage therefrom, rather than themselves. The second opinion is that which confines friendship to equal services and affections. This, truly, is to balance the accounts of friendship in too niggard and shabby a way, that the tot-up of the credits and debits may correspond. True friendship seems to me to be richer and more liberal; and not to keep a stingy watch, lest it should pay out more than it has received. For it is not to be feared lest anything should fall off or spill upon the ground, or lest too much be piled upon friendship [as upon a heap]. That third limitation is in truth the worst of all, that so much as each man esteems himself, so much he be esteemed by his friends: for frequently in certain persons either their spirit is too depressed, or their hopes of increasing in prosperity too much crushed. It is not, therefore, the duty of a friend to be the same towards such a man that he is towards himself; but rather to toil at and bring this to pass, that he may rouse up his friend's prostrate spirit, and lead it on to more buoyant hopes and thoughts. Some other limit must, then, be laid down for true friendship, as soon as I have proclaimed what Scipio was wont especially to censure. He used to declare, that no saying could be found more hostile to friendship, than that of him who said that a man ought so to love as though at some future time he would hate; and that he could not be induced to believe that this, as was the received opinion, was a saying of Bias, who was reputed as one of the Seven Wise Men; that the sentiment was one that would suit some unprincipled or ambitious man, or one who sought to bring everything under his own power. For how can any man be the friend of one, whose enemy he will suppose he may possibly become? Nay, further, it will be necessary he should long and desire that his friend may offend as often as possible, so as to give him the more handles, as it were, for reprehension; and, on the other hand, it will be inevitable that he should be mortified, grieved, and jealous, at the praiseworthy acts and good fortunes of his friends. Wherefore this precept, by whomsoever given, is capable of totally doing away with friendship. This precept should rather have been given, that we should exercise such discrimination in contracting friendships, that we should never begin to love one whom it would be possible we should sometime hate. Nay, more, if we should prove unhappy in our choice, Scipio thought we should endure that, rather than devise some occasion for a quarrel.

XVII. I think, therefore, that we ought to adopt such limits, [namely], that when the characters of friends are perfect, there should then be a community between them of all things, plans, and wishes, without any exception; so that if by any casualty

it should have occurred, that the less honourable wishes of our friends require our aid, we should even turn aside a little from the way, in cases where their civil condition and reputation are endangered, provided no flagrant disgrace ensue; for there is a certain point up to which indulgence may be extended to friendship. Reputation is not, in truth, to be thought lightly of; nor ought men to esteem the friendly feeling of their fellow-citizens as an instrument of slight service in prosecuting their designs: and this indeed it is shameful to acquire by soft speaking and servile assent: least of all, is the virtuous conduct, from which results affectionate esteem, to be rejected. And often—for I return to Scipio, whose whole conversation was of friendship—he used to complain that men were more careful in everything else; that every one could say how many goats or sheep he possessed, but could not tell how many friends he had: and in purchasing the former, that men exercised careful discernment, but in choosing friends were careless, and had not marks and tokens, as it were, by which they could discriminate those who were suited for friendship. Persons of resolute, steady, and consistent character should then be selected, of which kind there is a great dearth; and it is hard truly to judge without a previous trial; that trial, moreover, should be made in actual friendship; thus friendship outruns judgment, and precludes the possibility of a trial. It is therefore for the prudent man to hold in check the impulse of kindly feeling, as he would his chariot; in order that we may so use our friendships as we would proved horses, trial having been made to a certain extent of the characters of our friends. Of what light characters some men are, is often discerned in trifling money matters; some whom trifling dealings could not shake, are detected in important ones. But if there shall be found some who consider it sordid to prefer money to friendship, where shall we find those who will not prefer before friendship, public honours, magistracies, military commands, state offices, and the influence of wealth, so that when these are presented on one side, and the privileges of friendship on the other, they will not greatly prefer the former? For human nature is feeble with regard to contemning power: which if men obtain even by disregarding friendship, they imagine that their conduct will be cloaked, because friendship has not been disregarded by them without very sufficient reason. Accordingly, real friendships are most hardly found among those who are engaged in the pursuit of public honours and state affairs. For where can you find that man who will prefer his friend's promotion to his own? What! to say nothing of these matters—how burdensome, how hard, seems to the greater number of men the participation in a friend's misfortunes! to *which it is* not easy to find any one who will submit. Though

Ennius well says,—"A sure friend is discerned in an insecure crisis:" still, these two tests convict most men of lightness or fickleness of character—if they either despise a friend when they are in prosperity, or forsake him when he is in adversity.

XVIII. The man, then, who in both these cases shall prove himself firm, consistent, and steadfast in friendship, we should consider to be of a class of men which is most rare and well nigh god-like. Good faith, moreover, is the guarantee of that steadfastness and consistency which we seek in friendship: for nothing is steadfast which is not trustworthy. It is, moreover, fit that a person should be selected of singleness of purpose, sociability, and congenial character, who is affected by the same things as we: all which qualities belong to faithfulness. For the disposition cannot be faithful [which is] wily and tortuous, nor can the man be faithful or steadfast who is not affected by the same things as we, and is not of a congenial nature. It must, besides, be added, that he should not take pleasure in bringing charges, or receive them with credulity, when brought; all which qualities appertain to that steadfastness of character, of which I have for some time been treating. Hence appears the truth of that statement which I made when setting out, that friendship can only exist between the good. For it requires a good man, whom we may also entitle wise, to observe these two essentials in friendship: first, that there be nothing counterfeit or assumed: since it would accord better with frankness of character to hate openly, than to disguise one's sentiments under a smooth brow; and secondly, not merely to repel charges brought by any one, but not even to be suspicious one's self, and ever imagining that some offence has been offered by a friend. To these essentials should be added certain pleasantness of conversation and manners, which is to no small extent an agreeable seasoning to friendship. Now harshness and austerity, on all occasions,—they indeed do contain weight of character; but friendship ought to be less constrained, more free and agreeable, and more prone to all that is companionable and affable.

XIX. At this point starts up an inquiry of some little difficulty,—whether at any time new friends, [supposing they are] deserving of friendship, should be preferred to old ones, just as we are accustomed to prefer young and vigorous horses to old ones; a perplexity unworthy of a man! For we should not become cloyed with friendship as with other things. The oldest ought ever be the sweetest, as is the case with those wines which bear to be kept: and the saying is a true one, that many bushels of salt must be eaten together in order that the ties of friendship attain their full strength. But if new ties of friendship bring the hope that, as with crops which never disappoint, fruit will

ultimately make its appearance, they must not, in truth, be rejected; however, that which is of long standing should maintain its ground. For most powerful is the influence of length of time and familiarity. Nay, truly, with regard to that very case of the horse which I have just mentioned, there is no man who would not, if there were no hindrance, more gladly use that one with which he is familiar, than one untrained and strange: nor is it alone in that which is animate, but also in things inanimate, that custom has weight: since we delight in those very places in which we have long abode, albeit mountainous or covered with wild forests. But it is of paramount importance in friendship that the superior put himself on a level with the inferior: for there often are certain excellencies [on either side], as was the case with Scipio, one of our herd, if I be allowed the expression. Never did he prefer himself to Philus, never to Rupilius, never to Mummius, or to his friends of lower level. Because his brother Q. Maximus—no doubt a very illustrious person, but still far from being his equal—was senior, he respected him as if he were superior to himself; and, as far as he could effect it, he wished to exalt all his friends. And this all men ought to do and imitate, so that, if they should attain to any excellence of virtue, genius, or fortune, they may impart it to their friends, and share with those who are most closely connected with them; so that if they be sprung from lowly parents, if they have relations weaker than themselves in mental talents or worldly circumstances, they advance their prosperity, and be to them a source of honour and dignity; just as, in tales, those who for a time have been in a servile condition,—owing to their race and birth being unknown,—when they have been recognised and discovered to be the sons either of gods, or of kings, still nevertheless retain their affection for the shepherds whom during many years they considered their fathers. This ought evidently to be much more the case with regard to those who truly and undoubtedly are our fathers. For the highest advantage is then derived from talent and virtue, and every excellence, when it is exerted for the good of one's nearest connexions.

XX. As those, therefore, who in the bonds of friendship or any other connexion are superior, ought to reduce themselves to the level of those beneath them: so ought not those who are inferior to take it to heart that they are surpassed by their friends in talent, or fortune, or dignity: and yet of these the majority are ever either uttering complaints or even breaking out into reproaches; and particularly so, if they imagine they can quote any benefit, conferred through their obliging zeal, friendliness, and some trouble they have taken. A hateful class of men are *they who talk* reproachfully of benefits bestowed: which he on

whom they were conferred, ought to remember, and not he who has conferred them to be reminding you of them. Therefore, as they who are superior ought to lower themselves in friendship, so ought they who are inferior in some degree to elevate themselves. For there are certain persons who fill friendships with unpleasantness, while they imagine themselves despised; which scarce happens but to those who also believe themselves despicable; and such ought to be raised from this idea not alone by words, but also by acts. Moreover, so much only ought to be conferred on each, first, as you can afford; secondly, as he, whom you love and aid, can endure. For you cannot possibly—be your excellence ever so great—exalt all your friends to the highest honours; so Scipio succeeded in making P. Rupilius Consul, but failed in obtaining the election of the same man's brother Lucius. And if, moreover, you have it in your power to confer anything on another, you ought still to consider what he is capable of supporting. In short, friendship ought only be decided on when the character and age have attained strength and maturity; nor should those who in their early years have been devoted to hunting, or to the game of ball, hold those for dear friends whom they then preferred for entertaining inclinations to the same pursuits. For in this way will nurses and pedagogues, on the ground of long familiarity, be entitled to the largest share of affectionate regard: who, after all, should not be neglected, but regard should be entertained for them in some different way. Otherwise friendships cannot be enduring. For different characters adopt different pursuits, and dissimilarity in these respects severs friendship: nor is there any other reason why the good cannot be the friends of the wicked, nor the wicked of the good, than that there is the widest possible difference between them in habits and pursuits. For it may be judiciously laid down, as a precept, concerning friendship, that extravagant affection should not, as it often is, be an obstruction to the important interests of friends. For, to return to tales, Neoptolemus could not have taken Troy, if he had chosen to hearken to Lycomedes,—at whose house he had been brought up,—when by many tears he endeavoured to hinder his departure. And important matters do often occur, which require one's separation from one's friends: in the case of which occurring. the man who wishes to be a hindrance, because he cannot easily support the absence of his friend, he is devoid of firmness, and weak by nature, and for that reason not properly adapted for friendship. And in every case you ought to weigh well both what you request of a friend, and what you suffer to be obtained from yourself.

XXI. There is besides, a certain calamity, as it were, sometimes inevitable in the dissolution of friendships: for now our

discourse passes from the intimate attachments of the wise to the friendships of the crowd. The vices of friends often break forth as well on the friends themselves as also on strangers; of which [vices], however, the infamy must redound to their friends. Such friendships, then, should be, by a falling off of intimacy, gradually effaced; and, as I heard Cato say, unsewn rather than torn asunder; unless some burning wrong which is altogether intolerable may have been committed; so that it would neither be right, honourable, nor possible, but that an estrangement and disunion should be the immediate result. But if any change of habits or pursuits shall occur, as often is the case, or if any difference of opinion in party politics shall intervene,—for I now speak, as I a little before observed, not of the friendships of the wise, but of ordinary ones—it will be necessary to take care lest not only friendship should seem to be laid aside, but enmity also to have been incurred. For there is nothing more shameful than to carry on war with one with whom you have lived in intimate friendship. Scipio, as you are aware, withdrew from the friendship of Q. Pompey on my account; he was, moreover, estranged from Metellus, our colleague, on account of a difference of opinion, arising out of political matters: in each case he acted in a grave manner, with dignity, and without embittered resentment. In the first place, then, care should be taken that no division of friends occur; but if any such thing should occur, that their friendships should seem rather to have died out than to have been suddenly extinguished. Care indeed must be taken lest friendships should be converted even into grave enmities, whence spring altercations, revilings, contumelies. And it will be right that even these, if they be tolerable, be endured; and that this much respect be had to old friendship, that he shall be in the wrong who commits, not he who puts up with, injury. In a word, there is one means of guarding and providing against all these vices and inconveniences, [namely] that men begin not too readily to love, and not to love the unworthy. Now those persons are worthy of friendship in whom the reason for their being loved is inherent. Uncommon class! and indeed all things that are excellent are uncommon, nor is there anything more difficult than to discover that which is in every respect perfect in its kind. But most men both acknowledge nothing, in human affairs, to be good, but what is profitable, and choose friends as they would sheep, preferring those from whom they expect they will derive the largest profit. So they do without that friendship which is most lovely and best adapted for our nature, which deserves to be sought after by and for itself; nor will they use their own case to exemplify how excellent and how great this force of friendship is. For every man spontaneously loves himself, not that he

may require from himself any recompense for his affection, but because every man is dear to himself for himself alone. And unless this same principle be transferred to friendship, a true friend will never be found; for such a one is, as it were, a second self. Now if this appear (as it does) in beasts, birds, fishes, creatures of the field, tame or wild: first that they themselves love themselves,—for this principle is born together with every living thing;—next, that they seek and desire females of their own kind to which they may attach themselves, and do so with a longing desire, and certain resemblance of human love: how much the more is this so from nature in the human being, who both loves himself, and seeks anxiously another, whose soul he may so blend with his own as almost to make one out of the two?

XXII. But the greater number of men unreasonably, not to say shamelessly, desire to have a friend such as they themselves can never be: and what they do not bestow on their friends, they yet require of them. Now the fair course is,—first, to be a good man one's self, and then to seek another like one's self. In the case of such men, that steadfastness of friendship, of which we have been treating this some time, can be guaranteed: when men united by kindly feeling shall, first, be the masters of those passions of which other men are the slaves; and secondly, will take delight in all that is equitable and just, and be ready each to undertake anything for the service of the other; while neither will demand from the other anything but what is honourable and upright; and will not only entertain a zealous and an affectionate, but also a respectful regard each toward the other. For he does away with the chief ornament of friendship, who banishes from it respectful regard. The error is therefore a deadly one which they commit who imagine that there is in friendship unrestrained license for all lusts and sins. Friendship has been assigned by nature as the promoter of virtues, not the companion of vices; so that, since virtue could not singly attain to human perfection, it might attain to it united to and supported by the companionship of the other. And between whatsoever persons this fellowship exists, has existed, or will exist, their companionship is to be considered the most excellent and blessed in relation to what is highest and best in our nature. This is, I say, that companionship in which are inherent all things that men think worthy of their earnest aspirations,—honour, glory, calmness of mind, and cheerful contentment: so that, both when these are found, life is happy, and without them it cannot be so. Seeing, then, that this is most excellent and most important, if we wish to attain to it, we must devote our exertions to virtue, without which we can neither arrive at friendship, nor anything else worthy of our earnest

wishes. If, however, this be neglected, those who believe that they have friends only then feel their error, when some weighty casualty forces them to put the matter to a trial. Wherefore,—for it is right that I dwell on this point again and again,—you should, after deliberation, bestow your affections, and not, after having bestowed your affections, deliberate. But we are sufferers from our want of due circumspection in many other matters too, but chiefly in choosing and cultivating friends: for we reverse the proper order in our proceedings, and try causes which have been before the court, a thing which we are forbidden by the old proverb. For, after being mutually bound to one another, either by long familiarity, or moreover by friendly services, we suddenly in mid course, when some occasion of offence has started up, rend our friendships asunder.

XXIII. For which reason such exceeding carelessness in a most essential matter merits yet the more censure. For friendship is that one, among the possessions of men, on the utility of which all with one voice agree, though by many virtue herself is contemned and said to be a mere puffing off, and matter of ostentation. Many look down on riches, whom, being content with a little, poor fare and a shabby style of living please; and as to honours, with a passion for which some men are fired, what numbers so utterly contemn them, as to consider nothing more hollow, or more frivolous! And there are likewise very many persons who esteem of no account other matters which to some appear of admirable excellence. About friendship all men, without a single exception, hold the same opinion; both those who have devoted their attention to State matters, and those who find pleasure in the search for knowledge and the possession of it; and those who, leading a life of quiet, attend only to their own private affairs; and lastly, those who have given themselves without reserve to pleasure,—namely, that without friendship life is worthless, if only men wish in some degree to live as becomes those of a generous spirit. For friendship in some manner insensibly pervades the lives of all, and suffers no way of life to be exempt from her influence. Nay, if there even is any man of so rugged and savage a disposition as to shun and hate the society of mankind,—such as we are told was one Timon at Athens,—yet even he cannot refrain but that he must seek out some one in whose hearing he can disgorge the venom of his bitter soul. And this would be most clearly discerned if it could so befall, that some god should remove one of us from this human society, and settle him in some wilderness; and there supplying him with a plentiful abundance of all things which nature demands, should prevent him from ever looking on the face of man. Who would be of such iron mould *as to support* that life, and from whom would not the fact of being

solitary, banish all enjoyment of pleasures. That saying is then true, a customary saying, I believe, with Archytas of Tarentum, which I heard the old men of our generation repeat as they had heard it from old men of a former generation, "that if any man should ascend to heaven, and obtain a perfect knowledge of the nature of the universe and the glories of the heavenly bodies, that admirable knowledge would be without any delights for him, though the same would be most delightful if he had any one to whom to impart it." So nature loves nothing solitary, but ever leans on something as on a support; which in the case of the fondest friend imparts most pleasure.

XXIV. But while this same nature is declaring by so many indications what she wishes, seeks, requires, we are nevertheless unaccountably deaf, and do not hear the admonitions we receive from her. For the exigencies of friendship are varied and manifold, and numerous reasons for suspicion and giving offence occur; which it is the duty of a wise man sometimes to shun; sometimes to make light of, and at other times to endure. This one means of giving offence must be nicely guarded against, yet so that both sincerity and good faith be still retained in friendship: for friends often stand in need of advice and rebuke, and these same must be taken in a friendly spirit when they are offered with a kindly intention. But somehow or other, that is true which my intimate friend says in his Andria, "Complaisance begets friends; truth, ill-will." Truth is odious, since from it springs ill-will, which is the poison that kills friendship; but complaisance is much more odious, because, by indulgence to his faults, it suffers a friend to rush down hill to ruin without a check. However, the fault is especially great in him who both disregards truth, and is thus by complaisance driven into error as to his own merits. In this particular, then, every consideration and care must be used: first, that advice be without bitterness, and secondly, that rebuke be free from what might wound the feelings. In complaisance, moreover, since we gladly use Terence's word,—let courteousness be present; but let flattering assent, the fosterer of vices, be far distant,—a thing unworthy, I do not say of a friend, but even of a free man: for the terms on which a man lives with a tyrant are different from those on which he lives with a friend. Likewise, whoso has his ears closed against truth, so that he cannot listen to what is true from a friend,— his chance of recovery is desperate. For this is one of many shrewd sayings of Cato,—"that bitter enemies do greater services to some persons than those friends whom they think agreeable, since the former frequently tell them the truth, but the latter never." And this is an absurd thing, that they who receive admonitions do not feel the annoyance which they ought to feel, but feel one from which they ought to be free.

For they are not grieved at having done wrong; but are provoked at being reproved: whereas, on the contrary, they ought to grieve at error, and rejoice at correction.

XXV. As, then, it is the province of genuine friendship to give and receive advice, and that the one should perform his part freely and not harshly; and that the other should hearken patiently and without repugnance: so it should be held that there is no greater bane to friendship than fawning blandishment, caressing words, and servile assent. For this vice should be branded by as many names as possible,—[the vice, I mean] of worthless and deceitful men, who speak everything according to [their friend's] inclinations, nothing with a regard for truth. Now while counterfeit appearance is in all things pernicious,—for it does away with the power of discriminating truth, and adulterates it,—so it is especially at variance with friendship; for it destroys truthful sincerity, without which the name of friendship can have no force. For since the force of friendship consists in this, that one soul is, as it were, made from several; how can this possibly be, if there shall not be even in one individual a soul constantly one and the same, but fickle, changeable, manifold? For what can be so flexible, so apt to stray, as the soul of him who veers, I say not with another's feeling and wish, but even with his very look and beck? Does any one say no? I say no. Does any one say yes? I say yes: in a word, I have laid it down for myself to assent to everything;—as Terence likewise says; but he, speaking in the character of Gnatho; which species of friend it is the part of downright folly to select. Now since there are many resembling Gnatho, though above him in position, fortune, and reputation, their flattery is odious, seeing that to insincerity is added the influence of rank. Now the adulatory friend can be separated and distinguished from the true, if attention be exerted, as surely as all things, which are but glossed over and counterfeit, can, from what is unadulterated and genuine. A popular assembly, which consists of the most untrained minds, is yet accustomed to discern the difference between a popularity-hunter,—that is, a flatterer and worthless citizen,—and a man of consistency, strict morality, and worth. By what fawning arts was C. Papirius lately insinuating himself into the ear of the popular assembly, when he was proposing the law about re-electing the plebeian tribunes. I spoke against the measure. But of myself I shall be silent; of Scipio I shall more willingly speak. Good gods! how great was the weight, how great the dignity in his harangue! so that you would call him undoubtedly the leader of the Roman people, and not one of themselves. But you were present, and the speech is still extant. Therefore, *that bill*, though a popular one, was rejected by the people's

votes. And, to return to myself: you remember, how popular was thought the bill of C. Licinius Crassus about the priestly offices proposed when Q. Maximus—Scipio's brother—and L. Mancinus were Consuls; for the co-option of the colleges was transferred to the gift of the people. And he first began to address the people with his face towards the Forum; and yet our religious obligations towards the immortal gods, of which I was the advocate, easily defeated his showy and plausible speech. And this occurred in my prætorship, five years before I was elected Consul: therefore, that cause was supported rather by its intrinsic merits than the influence of its advocate.

XXVI. Now if upon the stage of life,—that is in the popular assembly, wherein most place is given to what is feigned and unreal,—yet the truth prevails, if only it be opened to the view and brought into light; what ought to be the case in friendship, which entirely depends on truth? in which,—if you do not behold an open bosom, as the saying is, and expose your own to view, there is nothing you can hold trustworthy or fully ascertained; not even to love or to be loved, since you are ignorant how far it is sincerely done. Still, that flattering assent, albeit mischievous, can, however, injure none but him who admits and takes pleasure in it. So it is the case that he chiefly opens his ears to flatterers who flatters himself and is best satisfied with himself. No doubt, virtue does love herself; for she is best acquainted with herself, and is well aware how amiable she is; but I speak not now of virtue, but of a man's opinion of his own virtue. For there are not so many who wish to possess virtue, as there are who wish to be thought possessed of it. Such men flattering assent delights; when to such men language is addressed, insincerely fashioned to meet their wishes, they think such truthless words a testimony to their merits. This, then, is not friendship, when the one will not hear the truth, and the other is ready to lie. And in comedies the flattery of parasites would not seem to us humorous, if they were not swaggering soldiers:

"Does Thais then return me great thanks?"

It were enough to answer "great;" but he says "immense." The flatterer always exaggerates that which he for whose gratifications he speaks wishes to be great. Therefore, although that caressing insincerity of language may have weight with those who themselves solicit and invite it: nevertheless, those of weightier and firmer characters require admonition, in order to be heedful that they be not taken in by crafty flattery. For there is no one who does not detect an undisguised flatterer, unless one who is utterly senseless: but it requires careful precaution lest the practised and covert flatterer should insinuate himself. For

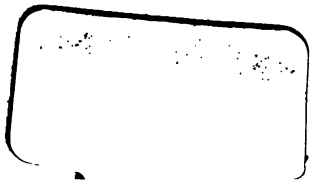
neither is he very easily detected: as he frequently flatters by contradicting, and, under a show of disputing, fawns upon you; then at the end, surrenders and allows himself to be defeated; so that the man, who is deceived by him, may appear to himself to have seen further [into the subject]; and what can be more disgraceful than to be taken in? Now to prevent this from happening, we should take good heed as [is represented] in the Epiclerus:—

"To day you will have turned me round your finger, and cheated me most cleverly;—more than was ever foolish old man in a farce."

For in dramatic pieces this is the most foolish character, that, namely, of improvident and credulous old men. But, I know not how our treatise, leaving the friendships of perfect, that is, of wise men (for I am speaking of that wisdom which seems to be within the reach of man) has turned aside to frivolous friendships; wherefore let me return to that with which I commenced, and at length conclude that same subject.

XXVII. It is virtue, virtue, I say, C. Fannius, and you, Q. Mucius, which both wins friendships and preserves them; for there is in her, agreement on all matters, in her, steadfastness, in her, consistency; and when she has exalted herself, and displayed her own light and hath observed the same, and recognised it in another, she approaches near it, and receives in her turn that which is in the other; from which love or friendship is kindled; for both of these derive their name from loving. Now to love is nothing else than to cherish *for himself* him whom you love, not from any sense of need, without seeking any advantage; which, however, spontaneously springs forth, even though you may not have pursued it. It was with affection of this sort, that I, when a youth, loved those old men, L. Paullus, M. Cato, C. Gallus, P. Nasica, T. Gracchus, the father-in-law of our friend Scipio. This is even more clearly apparent between persons of the same age, as between me and Scipio, L. Furius, P. Rupilius, Sp. Mummius. Now in turn, when old, I repose in the affection of young men, as in yours, as in that of Q. Tubero: nay, I indeed take pleasure in the familar intercourse of even the very youthful, of P. Rutilius and A. Virginius. And since the plan of our life and nature is so arranged that one generation succeeds another, it is indeed particularly desirable, that with those companions with whom you were sent forth, as it were from the barrier, with the same you may be able, as the saying is, to reach the goal. But since human affairs are frail and perishable, some persons must ever be looked for whom we may love, and by whom we may be loved; for take away affection and kindly feeling, and all pleasantness is taken *away from life*. To me, indeed, Scipio (though he was suddenly

carried off) still lives and ever will live: for I loved the virtue of that great man, which [virtue] is not yet extinguished. Nor is it present before my eyes only, who ever have had it placed before me, but even with posterity will it be distinguished and illustrious. No one will ever undertake in imagination or in hope things of any magnitude, without considering that the memory and example of that great man should be set before him [for imitation]. I, for my part, of all the things that either fortune or nature has bestowed on me, have none which I can compare with Scipio's friendship. In this I found identity of opinion on political matters; in this, advice about my private affairs; in this too, a repose replete with delight. Never did I offend him even in the most unimportant matter, so far at least as I was aware: I myself heard nothing from him, which I was unwilling to hear. We had one house, the same food, and that too in common: and not only our military service, but even our travelling and country excursions were in each other's company. For what need I say of our anxious cares ever to know and learn something [in addition], in which, withdrawn from the gaze of the world, we spent our leisure time? Of which things, if the recollection and memory had perished along with him, I could in no way have borne my regret for the loss of that most intimate and most affectionate friend; but these things are not dead and gone, nay, rather, are cherished and increased by reflection and memory. And even if I were quite deprived of them, yet my time of life itself would bring me great comfort; for I cannot now be very long in this state of regret. Now all troubles of short continuance, even though they be great, ought to be endurable.

Such are the remarks which I had to offer on friendship. But I exhort you, that you should place virtue (without which friendship cannot exist) in such a position [in your estimation] as to consider, with the exception of it alone, nothing more excellent than friendship.

THE END.